

Chatelaine

For the Canadian Woman

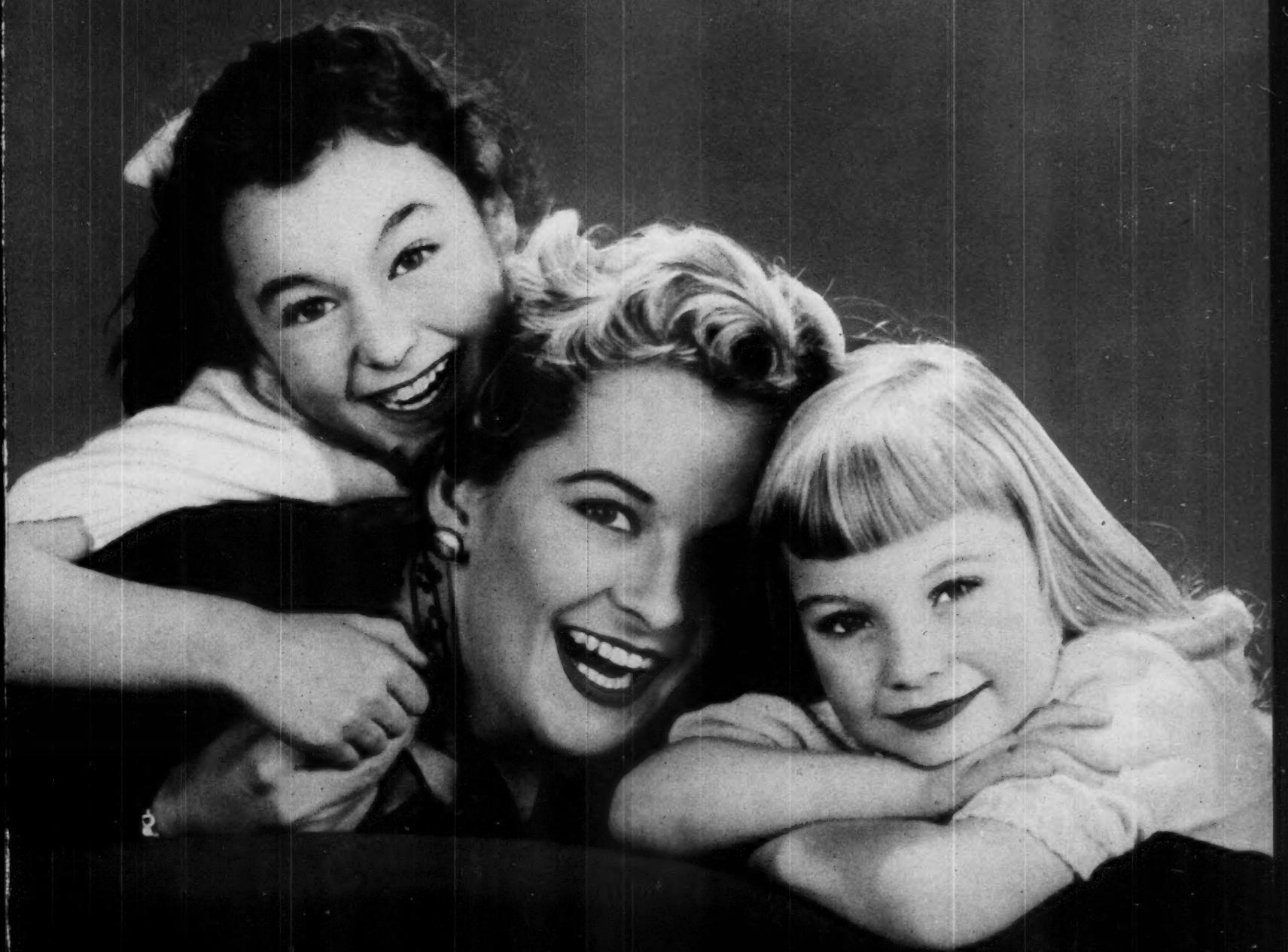
20 Cents

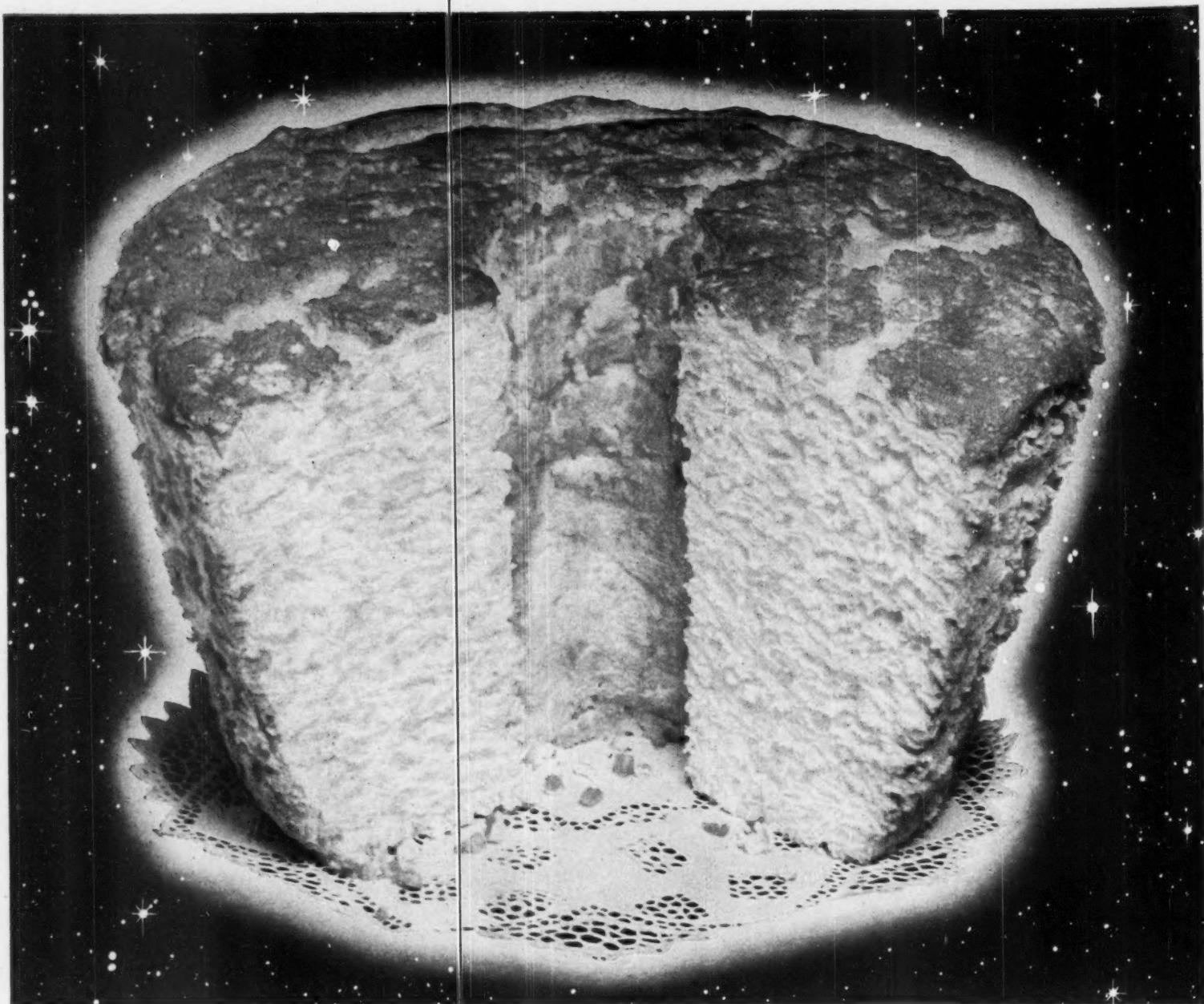
May 1954

ROYAL TOUR'S INTIMATE STORY

Teen Etiquette — Claire Wallace

A FRANK TALK TO BRIDES



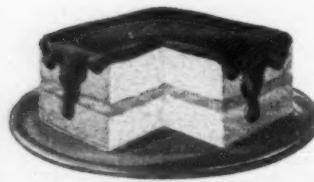


Another Robin Hood triumph!

Just add water to new Robin Hood Angel Food Cake Mix, beat and bake. And look! The lightest, tenderest, biggest angel food cake of your life!

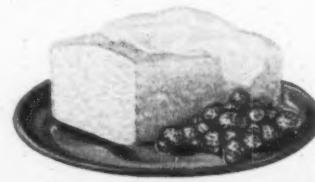
Contains 13 egg whites, 14 full ounces of complete ingredients. No other angel food cake mix gives you such a towering-tall cake, such a temptingly tender beauty. Serves 10 or 12 generously.

More economical than the old-fashioned way. No egg yolks left over. No waste.



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New Robin Hood Angel Food Cake Mix



Hunting happiness by subway and jet plane, today's young lovers need help to make it last.

TORONTO'S NEW SUBWAY ARRIVED with spring and on our first ride we saw a young couple holding hands, the girl wearing an engagement ring. This demonstration that love can go underground and still thrive made us feel good, because it must often seem to young people these days that it takes a lot of nerve to fall in love, and more to get married.

Suppose our subway couple met at a summer resort last August. In that case their ardor would be just nicely aglow under its first harvest moon when it was scared almost to death by a man named Kinsey who reduced sex to a statistic. Their newly attuned spirits must have quivered joyously, after that, to the winter's crop of Hollywood headline divorces, climaxed by the fifth marriage of dime-store heiress Barbara Hutton, which began to go flat almost as fast as the champagne left from the toasts. Determinedly ignoring all such ill omens, along with the lifting of rent controls, our subway couple must have decided that two can still live cheaper than one if both keep on working, just as an eminent Canadian churchman denounced all such alliances as marriages of convenience.

Small wonder we felt cheered that instead of diving for the subway as for a bomb shelter, and riding off in different directions forever, our young lovers were holding hands as they rode northbound—probably hot on the trail of an apartment house with a vacancy sign. Fortunately there continues to be something within all normal young people which makes them feel that marriage is good and meant for them. They

experience the romance and drive of young love. They want a home of their own; they want children; they want security; and above all they want the comradeship and affection which marriage alone can provide. And they want it to last.

But because the stresses and strains and jolts of life today do make this a tough time to fall in love, they need a little help. One place they can get it is the seven-year-old School for Brides and Grooms, held each spring in Howard Park United Church, Toronto. Here thirty-six engaged couples (more apply) attend a series of six weekly lectures on all aspects of marriage—spiritual, economic, homemaking, physical, emotional—by a panel of qualified speakers. The whole course is keyed, however, to the annual opening talk by Rev. Earl Lautenslager, and his talk so impressed Chatelaine's editors that the minister was asked to present it as a magazine article on page 18 of this issue.

Marriage counseling services, we've been pleased to discover, are steadily increasing. In most areas young couples who make enquiries will find a minister, priest or rabbi specially trained to offer such guidance. Most frequently this involves a friendly interview with their minister when they meet to plan the wedding. Frequently good books on marriage are suggested, and also an appointment with a physician for a checkup and a chat on the physical aspects of marriage. Rev. D. B. Macdonald, of Westboro United Church in Ottawa, arranges for a series of interviews, a course of study and written tests on the subjects covered.

A number of churches hold marriage schools, as at Howard Park. In fact, Father F. W. Stone of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Toronto, holds two schools a year, so great is the interest in his parish. However, Roman Catholics anywhere can take a correspondence course in marriage by writing to the University of Ottawa.

The Church of England is encouraging its clergy to counsel all couples planning marriage. A few of those who specialize in this work are Rev. A. Leaker, Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa; Rev. A. M. Trendall, St. John's Shaughnessy, Vancouver; and Rev. E. J. Tucker, St. Mark's West, Toronto.

Among non-church organizations, the YWCA and YMCA can frequently advise members on marriage problems. And young couples facing no special problems but simply wishing to get their marriage off to a good sound start are also welcomed at the new mental health clinics being set up in many localities. The Montreal Hygiene Institute, for example, has recently opened a special department of marriage counseling.

Chatelaine hopes all young people in love will take the business of marriage seriously and will seek out some qualified advisor—and we have one bit of advice of our own: Don't take marriage *too* seriously, because it always was a tough time to fall in love. Wars, depressions, economic booms and atomic bombs will always be incidentals compared to such fundamentals as love, marriage and the raising of families. So get a ring, a license, two tokens for the subway—and hang on. *

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Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married... but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly... and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily... so quickly... and for hours on end, usually? Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop

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Every week on Radio:

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET" See your paper for time and station



On our cover a happy young mother and her daughters help turn the spotlight on this month's three-star Young Parents section starting on page 102. Photo by Paul Rockett.

Chatelaine

MAY 1954

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Reader Takes Over

What's the Shouting For?

First we get an overdose of the royal family, then you give us Kate Aitken, and now Mrs. Gouzenko (March), ugh! And if the Gouzenkos have to live in hiding (for fear) let them live in hiding, instead of shouting about them from the rooftops. It reads like very poor fiction.—R. S., Edmonton.

... My husband and I think your article on the interview with me is wonderfully written. The opening part of it is really effective...—Svetlana Gouzenko.

Teaser in the Dressing

Among the many things I enjoyed in your latest issue of Chatelaine was the article on herbs by Mr. Bannerman. I am a working wife with a nine-year-old and have learned the art of spending the minimum amount of time in the kitchen, but my friends and family seem to enjoy the results. My mother, English like I was seven years ago, was a superb cook and we had a prolific "herbaceous border" in our large garden.

I was astonished to find that among all the herbs he mentioned, all of which I use, Mr. Bannerman left out the two which I probably use most... the common parsley and the inevitable bay leaf. Perhaps Mr. Bannerman would like to try my brand of stuffing in a chicken some time. Added to the finely chopped onion and merest dash of sage a little sprinkle of parsley and mint is a real teaser when friends try to distinguish the difference between their stuffing and mine.—Cynthia J. Davies, Kingston.

Women Are Highlights

Congratulations on your "Women of..." series. It should be one of the highlights of your excellent magazine for months (and years) to come.—Mrs. Dorothy Sutton, Zeballos, B.C.

The Defense Rests

I note from Reader Takes Over in your February issue that our beloved Kate Aitken is not popular with all people especially M. Gregory, Toronto.

I think that Kate Aitken is Canada's leading woman and also Canada's liveliest radio personality. Was she not presented to the Queen when she made that tour to England? If this is correct, there must be others who think she is above the ordinary... she deserves a lot of credit for she came from a humble but a highly respectable home. How many of us housewives could be as smart?

M. Gregory stated that Kate is hard to take on the radio but that she could shut her off, and she also thought that

the December issue had too much of her drivel. Well, if this is what you think, you did not have to read about her as there are lots more articles in Chatelaine. Why not turn over, the same as you do on the radio? May our Kate be spared to us many years.—Mrs. W. K. Lee Kelly, Fruitland, Ont.

... No doubt M. Gregory is a woman. A man would not be so catty. I feel it is a case of sour grapes. We all look up to Mrs. Aitken and consider her a self-made woman, and if she had not had brains and personality she would not have reached the goal. Mrs. Folliwell (Reader Takes Over, March), your sentiments are mine.—Alice A. Leach, Peterborough.

... This letter I hope, Mrs. Aitken, will impart to you the pleasure I have received in reading your articles in Chatelaine. The article, You Never Really Leave Your Old Home Town (March), gave us quite a chuckle. 'Tis true you don't. My childhood days were spent in Wisconsin—happy days, so carefree. I can still hear my mother say, "Oh, she is such a tomboy." Those days passed quickly.

I became a registered nurse and lived in Philadelphia and Chicago, seeing a great deal of the seamy side of life in Chicago as a district nurse, but childhood memories of climbing trees and playing ball with my two brothers still linger.—Mrs. W. A. Braddon, Melbourne, Ont.

Kate—Regrets!

I only voice the thoughts of all your readers when I say it was with deep regret I learned we are to be favored with your last installment in your series of small-town childhood. If you could only keep them coming! Congratulations, Kate, they have been cherished treats ne'er to be forgotten.—Evelyn Carter, Rutherford, Ont.

Well-Traveled Chatelaine

I thought you might like to know how Chatelaine is appreciated in other countries. An August and September copy was posted from Canada to a friend of mine in England, who in turn posted it to a friend in South Africa, since when it has been sent to me back in England. I am now going to post it to someone on the lonely Island of Tristan da Cunha. After some months (allowing for the time when the next ship calls there, according to weather, demand, and necessity) it will be sent to someone in Mauritius, and if still in good condition, these copies will finally reach Australia, by which time over a year will have passed.—Mrs. Doris N. Tesch, London, England. *

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Peter Croydon (page 1, 18, 19, 32) Gilbert Milne (4), Ed Hausman (6), Canada Pictures (6), Alyn Richards (13, 15), Melbourne Herald (13), Miller (14), Lloyd Knight (22, 23), Panda (24, 25, 28), Paul Rockett (26, 27, 30, 31, 102, 103), John Milne (76), Page Toles (110).

THE CONQUEST

OF

TUBERCULOSIS

THE STORY of our fight against this disease is one of the most heartening in the annals of health progress. Among other things, it shows what people can do through organized efforts to attack a disease.

Fifty years ago, tuberculosis was the leading cause of death in our country. If it had continued to kill at the same rate as in the early 1900's, more than 30,000 Canadians would die of the disease this year.

Our fight to control tuberculosis, however, has been so successful that its annual toll in Canada has dropped to less than 2,000 lives.

Despite the dramatic decline in the death rate, the number of tuberculosis cases remains high. Today more than 35,000 Canadians are affected by the disease... and over 20,000 of them have tuberculosis in an infectious form so that it can be spread to others.

Worse still, thousands of these potential spreaders of tuberculosis are not under medical supervision. These cases account for many, if not most, of the new victims discovered each year in our country. The number of cases with active, or probably active, tuberculosis found in 1953 was over 10,000.

How can we reduce the tuberculosis death rate still further and prevent the development of new cases? Here are some of the ways which authorities recommend:

1. See your doctor for regular health examinations and follow his advice about how to keep in the best

possible physical condition. *The higher your level of health, the better your resistance will be to tuberculosis.*

2. If you notice any of the possible symptoms of tuberculosis—persistent cough, constant fatigue, loss of weight, pain in the chest—consult your doctor promptly. Through an X-ray of your chest, he can usually tell whether tuberculosis of the lungs is present. *Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.*

3. If tuberculosis occurs, your doctor will recommend treatment... probably in a hospital... where the most modern care can be given. While rest in bed is still an important method of treatment, doctors now have many new weapons to combat tuberculosis. Among these are surgical operations which give diseased lung areas extra rest and often hasten recovery.

There are also new anti-tuberculosis drugs which doctors sometimes prescribe singly or in combination with other forms of treatment. In many cases, these bring rapid improvement.

Once the disease is brought under control, you can usually resume your normal way of living, with periodic check-ups to make sure the disease does not become active again.

If everyone observes these and other safeguards and precautions recommended by health officials, the number of tuberculosis cases could be even further reduced.

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FASHION AND BEAUTY



Memo from Rosemary

HOW I DO MY TWO JOBS

Since wives who work seem to be getting more than the usual number of pained looks from assorted sociologists these days I'm going to tell you how this mother of two children divides her time and her energies so she can run a home and a job at the same time.

I don't want to get into a controversy with any learned viewers-with-alarm but let me say first (and last) that I think this is a pretty personal decision which every woman who wants to work has to make on the basis of what is good for her family. If her home life is going to suffer she will not, of course, work.

As for me, and I can only speak for myself, I think a woman who wants to work and is prepared to plan can end up being a better wife and mother because of her outside activity—not despite it.

She will deliberately and carefully plan her day so that her family is not neglected and there is time to engage in the stimulating and profitable activity of an outside job. I know working mothers whose families see more of them than do the children of mothers who think they are devoting all their time to them.

This planning is not easy. I learned this when I first began to produce fashion shows. But now I have a tested procedure which works well for all of us at our house. Perhaps an account of a typical day will be of interest and help to other mothers who have asked me for advice on how they can organize a part or full-time career outside the home.

Get-up time is early every morning except on Saturdays and Sundays when the children hop into Mommie's bed for an hour or so of the comics and their currently favorite game of making hand shadows on the wall and guessing what animals the different shapes are supposed to represent. But for the balance of the week from 7:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. I'm on a schedule. Both my housekeeper and I combine efforts to dress and feed the children. Between bites of toast Gayle, who is just turning three, makes her daily comments about my clothes (which she usually likes, thank



Continued on page 6

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Engagement Ring
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Engagement Ring
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Wedding Ring
\$60



Engagement Ring
\$250

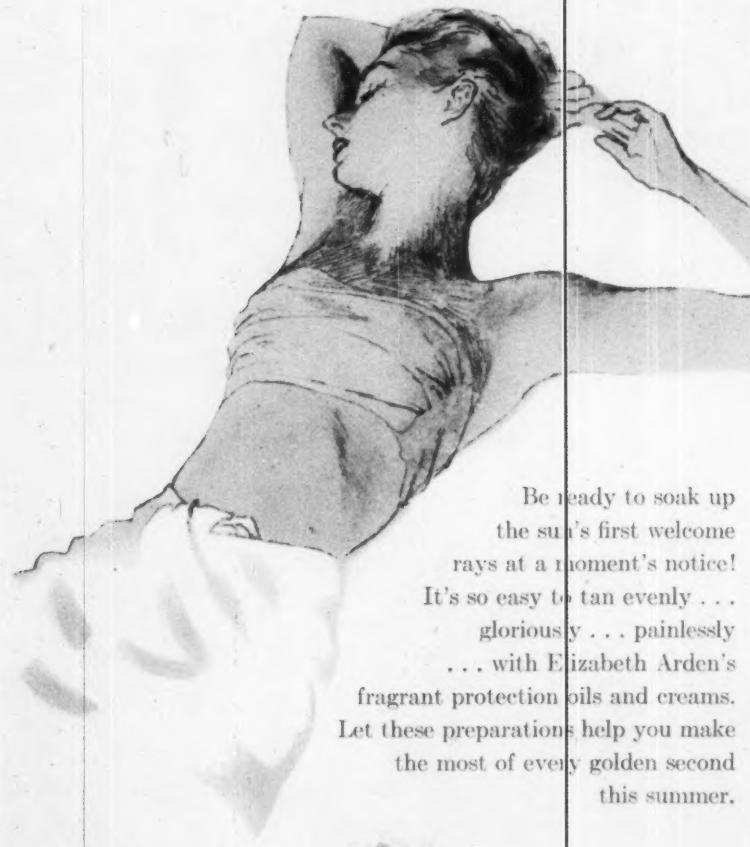


Engagement Ring
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item from Rosemary CONTINUED

goodness) and on Wednesdays asks disappointedly why I didn't dance on my television show of the day before. Brian isn't too much impressed with me either and would far rather watch Uncle Chichimus. Breakfast for my husband and myself is next and after 8:45 when Brian (five years old now) catches the school bus I organize the household for the day.

At 9:00 I'm soundly and moistly kissed by Gayle who waves good-bye to me from the front window and watches while I manoeuvre the car onto the street from the garage. I backed it into the shrubbery once and I think she's been waiting to see a repeat performance ever since.

Mornings are generally spent on the market (a term which covers a lot of territory) where fashion and beauty editors like myself keep tab on the latest fashions and developments in the beauty field. It might be a round of fashion houses on Spadina Avenue; an out-of-town beachwear collection being shown at a downtown hotel or a visit to a cosmetic manufacturer. Once every two weeks there's a recording session for my radio series and occasionally a conference with someone who wants a fashion show produced.

Any two or even one of these appointments might last until it's time for lunch when I find the nearest and quietest restaurant where I can relax for an hour or so over soup and a salad. Occasionally, however, the timetable goes askew and I have to eat lunch on the run. There was the time, for instance, when a dress manufacturer I called on asked if he could sketch my dress for his summer collection. It was a cherished original I'd been lucky enough to get at a bargain while I was in France, and sketching it took the better part of an hour—my lunch hour. Nobody offered to go down the street and buy me a sandwich so when the sketching was over I had a hot dog at a lunch counter on my way back to Chatelaine. Later I saw my prized "original" in a dozen different stores around the city.

On Tuesdays I am hostess on an hour-long television show which takes up the entire morning and afternoon, including rehearsals. One of the most pleasant duties connected with this show, Matinee Party, is interviewing people like Ethel Waters and Ilona Massey.

Once every month or so I produce and commentate a fashion show. It might be an exclusive high-fashion affair for a local designer and over in a day or, like the annual National Motor Show's Wheel of Fashion, in Toronto, a mammoth nine-day production.

Usually, however, afternoons are spent at a photographer's studio where Chatelaine's fashion pictures are shot or here at the Chatelaine editorial offices preparing copy, discussing picture layouts, covers, future articles or keeping appointments. Callers range from public-relations people and hopeful young models to women with fashion and beauty problems. Once a queen-size fairy princess carrying a painted pumpkin called as a promotion stunt to introduce a new hand lotion.

Five o'clock finds me a trifle weary, I'll admit, but always filled with a wonderful sense of accomplishment. The career is firmly deposited on the doorstep and I become a wife and mother again surrounded by the quiet and comfort of my home and family. The children eat early and watch their favorite television programs until it's time for their prayers. I rarely keep late hours myself because 7:30 a.m. always comes early. ♦

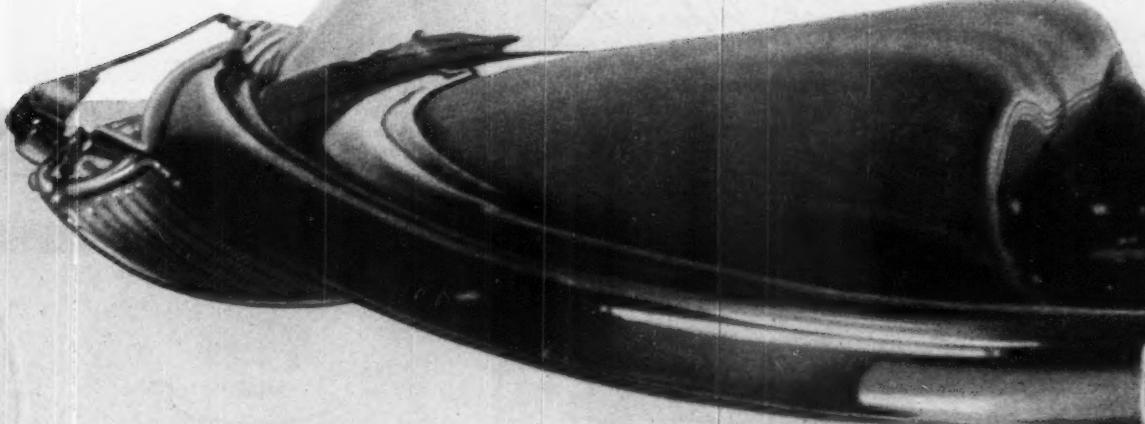


Ethel Waters was my TV guest.



A fairy princess called at the office.

New "Slant"
in Windshield
Design!

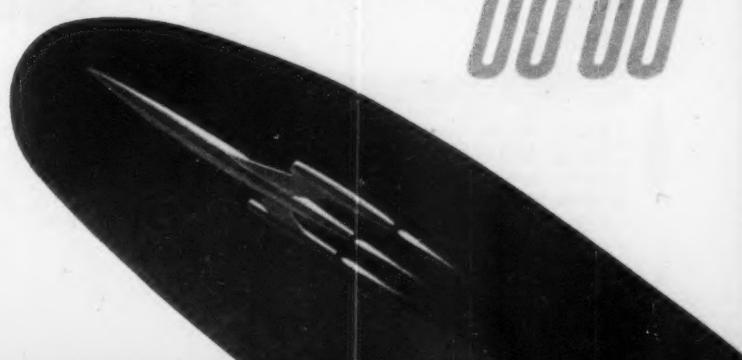
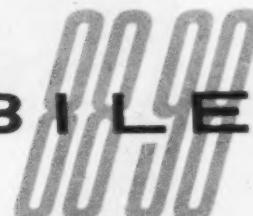


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Outstanding

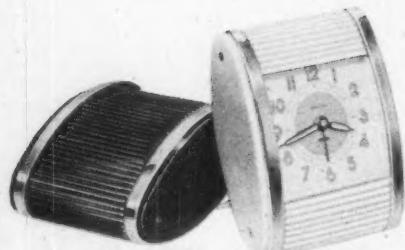
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Are they comfortable to handle? Could they be made better for the job they have to do? Are they pleasant to look at and easy to keep clean?

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The General Electric "Airliner"—the only console Range selected for its advanced design, distinctive styling, its labor-saving features and for the magic of push-button cooking at a lower price than ever before!



NEW 1954 EASY WASHER

Selected as outstanding in design among wringer-type washers—for excellence of functional features, ease of operation, efficiency of performance and exceptional standard of quality and value. Has exclusive Easy "Waterflow" agitator.

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Designs for Discriminating Canadians

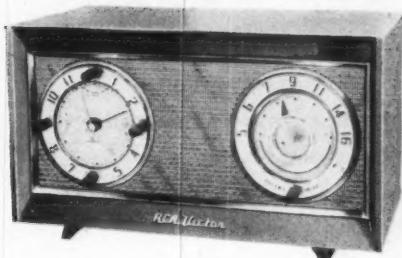
Recently, to encourage good design, the National Industrial Design Council granted awards to a number of Canadian manufacturers. The award-winners were judged outstanding for the following qualities: FORM—pleasing

appearance and good taste; FUNCTION—suitability for purpose; ORIGINALITY—basic improvement on traditional designs; GOOD VALUE—simplicity, usefulness and price; CONSUMER ACCEPTABILITY—suitability for the market.



WALLACE NEW CITATION PATTERN

In stainless steel. Designed and produced with the same precision and craftsmanship that have made Wallace Sterling a world famous hallmark for generations. Will not tarnish. For folder, write Wallace Silversmiths, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto.



R.C.A. VICTOR CLOCK RADIO

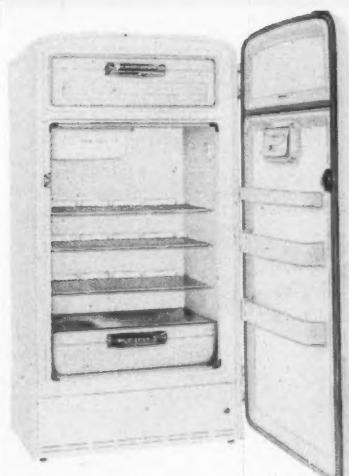
(Model C-516)

With magic "Slumber Switch" and automatic clock control . . . it lulls you to sleep at night, rouses you to soft music in the morning, turns on your coffee-maker or other appliances. Exclusive "Golden Throat" tone and luminous pointers . . . just \$49.50.



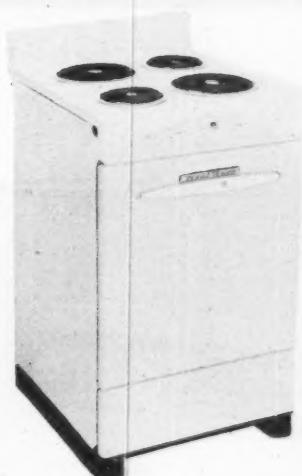
SMITH-CORONA 'STERLING' PORTABLE

Again the 'Sterling' portable wins the plaudits of the N.I.D.C. with this beautifully engineered design. Principal features are its Page Gage, Colorspeed Keyboard, Quick-set margins, Touch Selector and full-size professional keyboard.



RACINE DEFROST-O-MATIC

Combines economy and long-lasting beauty. Completely automatic defrosting. Huge freezer compartment holds 50 lbs. of food. Butter-keeper in door. Well-spaced shelves provide 14 1/2 square feet of storage space. Capacity 9.5 cubic feet.



DELUXE MODEL R-70 HEATWAVE RANGE

Modern in styling and appearance. One-piece "Waterfall" top is easy to clean. 5-heat switches. Concealed oven vent eliminates staining of walls and range. Large oven with counterbalanced door. Handy appliance outlet on switch panel.

Canadian products which bear this label have been rated as outstanding in their category for appearance, usefulness and consumer acceptability by the National Industrial Design Council.



These advertisers have presented these pages in the interests of sound design in the service of the Canadian home. Continued on next page.

1954 N.I.D.C. Award Winners...

Outstanding Designs

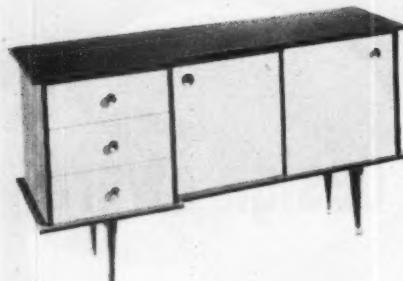
What Is Good or Bad Design?

How can you tell whether an article is of good or bad design, when there exist so many variations in personal taste?

Experts reply that there are a few constant and basic principles by which articles can always be judged. These principles may be summed up in the following questions.

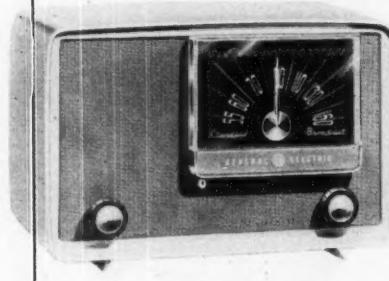
If the answer to each is yes, then the article can be accepted as of good design.

1. Is the form suited to the job it has to do?
2. Is there a harmonious relationship of all parts?
3. Is it as simple as it can be in shape and outline?
4. Is there an absence of unnecessary or meaningless ornament?
5. Is it efficient to use?
6. Is it comfortable to handle?



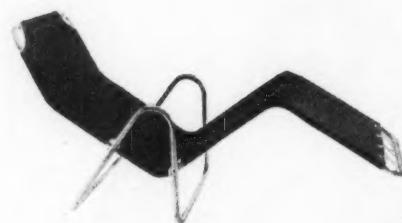
THE CATALINA BUFFET BY SPANNER

The slim, beautiful Catalina Buffet mixes with moderns . . . looks equally at home with timeless tradionals. Has white sand front with teak-tan finish. Three drawers, cutlery tray, sliding doors, adjustable shelf and brushed brass fittings.



GENERAL ELECTRIC C-409 TABLE RADIO

It's easy to see why this beautiful G-E model with its wrap-around case and easy-to-read dial was chosen. Powerful 6-tube chassis, built-in antenna, large Dynapower speaker, record player outlet. In Walnut, Ivory or Pearl Grey plastic.



SUN-LITE CONTOUR LOUNGE

Automatically adjusts itself to two comfortable positions but has no moving parts. Features strong, lightweight aluminum frame. Nylon cover is laced on . . . easily removed for washing. Available in green, red, royal blue, and gold.

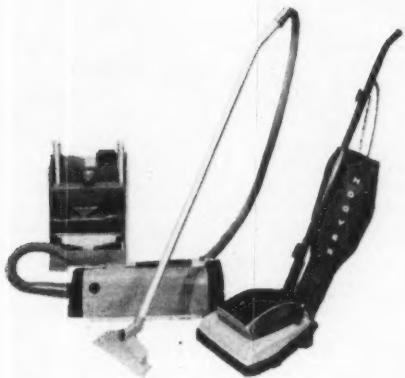


NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC MIXER

Here's G-E's full powered mixer, featuring —beater ejector, finger-tip speed control, easily cleaned beaters, convenient heel rest, exceptionally low price, \$29.50. Other award winners were G-E Floor Polisher and Automatic Toaster.

gns

for Discriminating Canadians



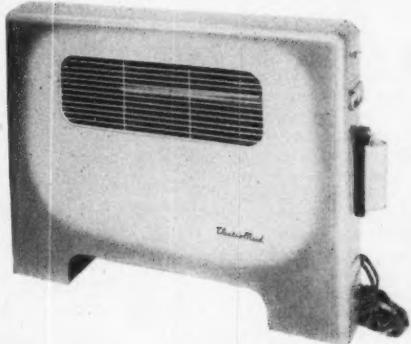
AWARD WINNERS IN TWO CLASSES

... were these new Hoovers. Functional design, color harmony, and disposable bag are features of each. Tank type's light, extremely flexible 'Veriflex' hose; and Triple-Action cleaning of upright model, are exclusive with Hoover.



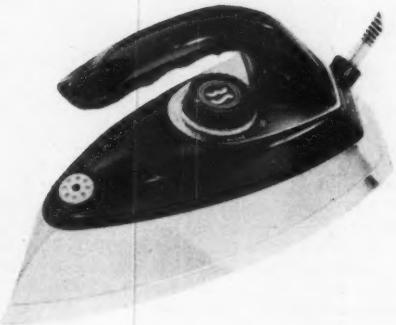
Canadian products which bear this label
have been rated as outstanding in their category
for appearance, usefulness and consumer acceptability
by the National Industrial Design Council.

These advertisers have presented
these two pages in the interests of
sound design in the service of the
Canadian home.



ELECTROMAID PORTABLE SPACE HEATER (No. 1306AT)

This heater is equipped with heavy duty sealed elements and is available as a standard or water type unit. The operating cost is low and it is fireproof. Chrome finished. Covered by 5 year guarantee plan. A product of Canadian Armature Works Inc.



VAPOR-JET 600 STEAM AND DRY IRON

The first time a steam iron's won a design award. No wonder it won! Has all the features women want. Lightest steam and dry iron ever made. Uses ordinary tap water. Completely automatic. Selective dial for right amount of steam for any fabric.



MAGI-CLOSE WASTE CAN—IT'S SILENT

An outstanding feature of the GSW waste can is its exclusive, completely silent closing action. Seamless inner containers are either galvanized or porcelain enameled. Both are rust and stain resistant. Variety of colors. All have chrome covers.

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



LOOK AS FRESH AND PRETTY as Spring itself by trying such tricks as these: Gently massage your cheeks with an ice cube to bring out the rosy color . . . use a complexion brush to whisk away dry flaky skin from face and neck . . . and cream your arms and elbows daily to keep them soft and lovely when on display in short-sleeved frocks.

LUCKY YOU . . . for now you can tan gloriously the very first week-end . . . without burning! All it takes is SKOL . . . the marvelous suntan lotion that "shutters out" the sun's skin-searing rays and "filters in" just enough of the ultra-violet rays to give you a beautiful, golden tan. And you can tan in languorous comfort with SKOL . . . there's no oil film to pick up sand and attract insects. And here's good news if your skin can't "take" the sun . . . about a new "invisible" cream called SKOLEX which completely prevents sunburn as no suntan lotion or oil can! Why? Because it contains science's most powerful sun screen and was developed by dermatologists especially for people who have a sun allergy . . . offers absolute protection against painful burning, rashes, blisters and even reddening! And since SKOLEX is "invisible," it's the ideal protection for nose, lips, shoulders and other "tender skin" areas. So use SKOL for a beautiful tan . . . SKOLEX for sun-fun protection.



I BOUGHT A KITCHEN YESTERDAY . . . at the BANK OF MONTREAL! How? Well, I'd saved just enough to realize a home-improvement plan I'd had in mind for years . . . a really modern, efficient kitchen! On my last trip to the B of M, I happened to mention my plan to the Manager. But he had a better idea! "Why not save your savings," he suggested. "Instead of spending them, buy your kitchen with a low-cost B of M Personal Loan. In that way," he explained, "you keep your savings intact and free yourself from money worries. Then you can pay back your loan in easy monthly installments." That made good sense to me. Of course, I discussed it with the man-of-the-house who shared my enthusiasm for the plan. In almost no time the deed was done . . . and I just wish you could see my wonderful new kitchen! So, if you have home-improvement dreams—or need money for some major expenditure—discuss the matter with your husband and then see the manager of your nearest branch of "My Bank." I'm sure he can help solve your financial problems, too.



I'M CALLING ALL TRAVEL LOVERS . . . to announce that air travel to Europe, such as you've only dreamed of before, is now yours . . . on TRANS-CANADA Air Lines magnificent Super Constellations! These world-famous planes are really the last word in speed, comfort and luxury . . . offering the finest, and the fastest air service between Canada and Europe! They fly at five-miles-a-minute to get you overseas in hours . . . with seats, lounges and murals designed by world famous Henry Dreyfuss to provide the ultimate in modern travel luxury. Everything's bigger and roomier to increase your travelling pleasure . . . and you get all this plus that wonderful feeling of confidence that's always yours when "flying TCA". Furthermore, you can choose between First Class and low-fare Tourist Flights . . . both with unexcelled TCA service and complimentary meals. So visit your TCA Office or see your Travel Agent . . . and let them help you plan your trip to Europe on a TCA Super Constellation.



CELBRATE "BABY WEEK" . . . by choosing a tissue that will keep your baby happy every week! And of course that means downy-soft NANCY Bathroom Tissue . . . for Mothers everywhere have found that there's extra comfort in the gentle smoothness of NANCY Tissue. You can trust it completely . . . because NANCY Tissue is made by the Face-elle people of their own "facial quality" tissue. It's pure cellulose, too, which means it provides a double blessing for baby . . . it can't irritate tender skin and lessens the aggravation of diaper rash! But besides being softer, NANCY is stronger and more absorbent! And it has non-shredding, tear-of perforations . . . is truly the most practical tissue for your home in every way! You can get NANCY in dainty pastel tints of blue, peach, yellow and green as well as white . . . so when you shop for Baby, choose several colours to add a bright touch to your bathroom.



MY KITCHEN REALLY SPARKLES these days . . . for I've discovered a wonderful new way to costly kitchen equipment, cabinets, walls and woodwork! How? With Johnson's JUBILEE Kitchen Wax . . . a magic blend of detergents and wax that whisk away dirt in seconds and protects with wax for weeks! It's as great a work-saver as it is a bright idea, too . . . because you just apply JUBILEE with a damp cloth and lo! . . . fingerprints, dirt and greasy cooking films disappear. Then buff lightly while still damp with a clean soft cloth and behold . . . you leave a lustrous protective coat of wax! What's more, it's as smooth as hand lotion . . . contains no harsh soaps, sudsers or abrasives which might dull paint luster or scratch enamel. Still, it's very economical . . . you can clean your kitchen week after week with a single bottle of JUBILEE Kitchen Wax! So be sure to try JUBILEE Kitchen Wax . . . created by Johnson's for everything in the kitchen but the floor.



MAYTIME IS BABY TIME . . . during the week of May 1st to the 8th. And to make it a really happy occasion for you and your baby, I'd say it's time for a change . . . to PLAYTEX* Panties! That's what most of the mothers I know are doing and I'm no exception . . . because these soft, smooth panties of creamy latex provide a world of waterproof protection . . . keep baby "socially acceptable" always! PLAYTEX Panties will also put more play in baby's day and keep your young member of the bib 'n' crib set calm, cool and collected . . . fit snugly, but gently, and stretch all over for all-over comfort . . . yet circulation, never bind and never, never irritate! And since they're accurately sized by baby's weight, they always fit. In addition, PLAYTEX Panties are wonderfully long-wearing . . . and rinse fresh in seconds, pat dry in a "wink". So give your baby a new Spring wardrobe . . . by changing to PLAYTEX Panties!



MY HOME IS MY HOBBY . . . so naturally handy accessories to dress it up always catch my eye. But eye-catching appeal is just one reason I'm constantly buying articles made of POLYTHENE . . . it's the most practical of all plastics for household use! You see, it's both tough and flexible . . . it won't chip, crack or shatter even when dropped. That's why C-I-L



polythene is so ideal for refrigerator bowls, vegetable crispers, canisters, pretty "squeeze" bottles and ice cube trays . . . as well as many other items. And for the same reason polythene is wonderfully safe for infants' tumblers and dishes . . . something every mother will appreciate! Colourful polythene toys are a special delight, too . . . for they have no dangerous, sharp edges, are practically unbreakable . . . and they float in the bath! So look for articles made of polythene when you shop . . . easily recognized since it's the *lightest* of all plastics, is flexible and feels pleasantly warm and smooth.

I'VE ALWAYS MAINTAINED, and always will, that a table service of WALLACE Sterling is the most eloquent expression of good taste . . . for WALLACE is the only sterling endowed with famed "Third Dimension Beauty"! That's why WALLACE patterns have a timeless grace and charm . . . are the only patterns, in fact, with the artistry of fine sculpture . . . perfection in beauty that grows even lovelier with time. You must see it to appreciate how distinctly different WALLACE Sterling is from all others . . . so visit your Favourite Jeweller and ask him to show you the four WALLACE Sterling patterns . . . Grand Colonial, Rose Point, Stradivari and Grande Baroque. Just pick up one of these precious pieces and turn it in your hand . . . you'll see its rich beauty from every angle . . . beauty in front, beauty in profile and beauty in back! It's this exclusive "Third Dimension Beauty" that sets WALLACE Sterling patterns apart . . . that makes WALLACE truly Canada's *extra value* sterling!



MOTHERS KNOW BEST what's best for babies . . . and they like to save money, too. That's why so many of them now insist on CURITY Diapers . . . which are down to a new low price of only \$4.75 a dozen! Furthermore, just 2 dozen CURITY Diapers do the work of 3 dozen of other brands . . . because they're extra-thirsty and *uper-absorbent*! As for being best for baby . . . well, CURITY Diapers are made of special soft gauze with a surgical weave . . . have no *hems* to chafe or harm a little one's tender skin. They're no trouble at all to wash, either . . . and dry in "no" time. And I'm not the only one who's enthusiastic about them . . . CURITY Diapers are endorsed by mothers, medical authorities and hospitals everywhere. Want one . . . to try? Then take advantage of this:

SPECIAL OFFER . . . a chance to get a genuine sample CURITY Diaper to see for yourself why I say they're better in every way for baby and you! Just send 25¢ to Nancy Sasser, 801 Bank of Montreal Building, Toronto. Sorry . . . but only one to a family!

YOUR BABY ASKS SO LITTLE OF YOU . . . just to be loved, well fed, kept comfortable and protected. The first two "requests" you answer instinctively . . . but to keep baby deliciously comfortable and protected, I think it's wise to use BABY'S OWN SOAP for all of baby's baths!

That's because it's now enriched with Lanotrate²⁵ . . . a marvelous new discovery made from pure lanolin concentrated 25 times . . . which gives baby's thinner skin the greatest possible protection from harm! And after bathing baby with BABY'S OWN SOAP, follow with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL and BABY'S OWN POWDER . . . for they're also made by specialists especially for babies and contain all the right ingredients to give baby's delicate skin added protection from chapping and irritation! You see, the pure antiseptic OIL contains lanolin, too . . . and the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc. So follow BABY'S OWN 3-Step protection every day . . . and keep your baby soothed and sweet, safe and comfortable!



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The Intimate Story of



THE ROYAL TOUR

*Here are episodes from Down Under
you didn't hear about—like the
big bottle-top rumpus and the flower
that startled the Duke*

By JIM HENDERSON

WELLINGTON, N.Z.

EVERYONE who has followed the tour of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh through New Zealand and Australia has read about the withering midsummer heat, the great crowds and the little girl who broke from the watchers and tried to crawl into Her Majesty's lap.

You may even have heard the familiar echoes of criticism directed at officials who seemed to get between the visitors and the people they were visiting. However, you may not have heard of the battle of the milk-bottle tops that shook Wellington or of the quads who cried when they saw a queen for the first time. This article is made up of such lesser-known incidents which taken together gave this tour a special flavor and meaning that stemmed from the character and the loyal devotion of the people of the Down Under part of the Commonwealth. In its

Continued on next page

"You are our sunshine," the crowd sang happily to the Queen on a rainy day in Lismore, N.S.W. But elsewhere there were complaints that people treated her too much like a movie star.

PEOPLE KEPT REACHING OUT TO TOUCH THE QUEEN AS THOUGH TO MAKE SURE SHE WAS

broad pattern this latest royal tour, which ends when the Queen and the Duke return to Buckingham Palace on the fifteenth of this month, was in the classic mold that seems to have been struck for such formal visits by the journey to Canada. By the time they return the couple will have traveled 19,650 miles by air, 18,850 by sea, 9,900 by road and another 1,600 by rail. In their three months down here they had only ten full days to themselves. By the time they get home they will have attended fifty state balls, garden parties and luncheons, eleven investitures, one hundred and thirty-five public receptions and presentations of officials, twenty-seven rallies for children and seven race meetings.

The flying trip of the Duke to western Canada this summer could be the test run of a more informal alternative which would permit members of the royal family to drop in on parts of the Commonwealth without much fuss to perform perhaps one ceremonial duty and then go on to have a look at the country.

But the royal progress just concluding had all the trimmings including the cries of concern lest the Queen see too many officials too often and not enough of the children and the country. Premier Cahill of New South Wales earned a reputation for popping up in all reception lines and one reporter expressed surprise that he didn't come in on water skis with the rest of the performers at the aquatic display given by the famous Bondi swimmers. However, at Katoomba the aldermen voluntarily deprived themselves of a royal handshake and stepped

back so the royal visitors could have a better look at the Blue Mountains from Echo Point.

When the time came to show the visitors the view of the mountains, which are the pride of New South Wales, an official who had undertaken to show how the place got its name was unsuccessful in raising the customary echo. A nearby press photographer covered the acoustical lapse on the second try by filling the silence with a voice that was an adequate echo although it didn't quite match.

Observers were afraid the Queen and her handsome husband were being greeted too much like movie stars. Concern was expressed in Australia because people in the crowds showed a desire to reach out and touch the arms of the royal visitors as though to make sure they had really arrived after three disappointing postponements of royal tours. A Sydney newspaper was worried, "What will the Queen and Duke think?" it asked.

This urge to touch royalty was a phenomenon documented by the Duke of Windsor in his memoirs. He called it an "Australian complex." When a bouquet and a felt hat were thrown in the royal car the actions were laid to "hysteria." But security officers went to work in earnest following an incident which was recorded under the headline "Who threw the bottle behind the royal car?" They decided it was the work of a youthful prankster. Later a threatening letter was investigated.

Two thousand collapsed in the crowd of a quarter of a million that "cheered and screamed,

swayed and wept at the sight of the Queen." One writer called it "the royal ordeal."

As the visitors drew near, the battle for invitations was conducted by bluster, intrigue and abject sleeve-plucking. Melbourne stores soon ran out of top hats and morning coats but Moss Bros., the London firm with a reputation of never having let the well-dressed man down, rushed a plane load of them across the Pacific in time for the race meeting. But the Duke, who was going on to a cricket match, came to Randwick in a business suit.

For months in Melbourne none of the "little" dressmakers were available for assignments. They were all busy on "ball work."

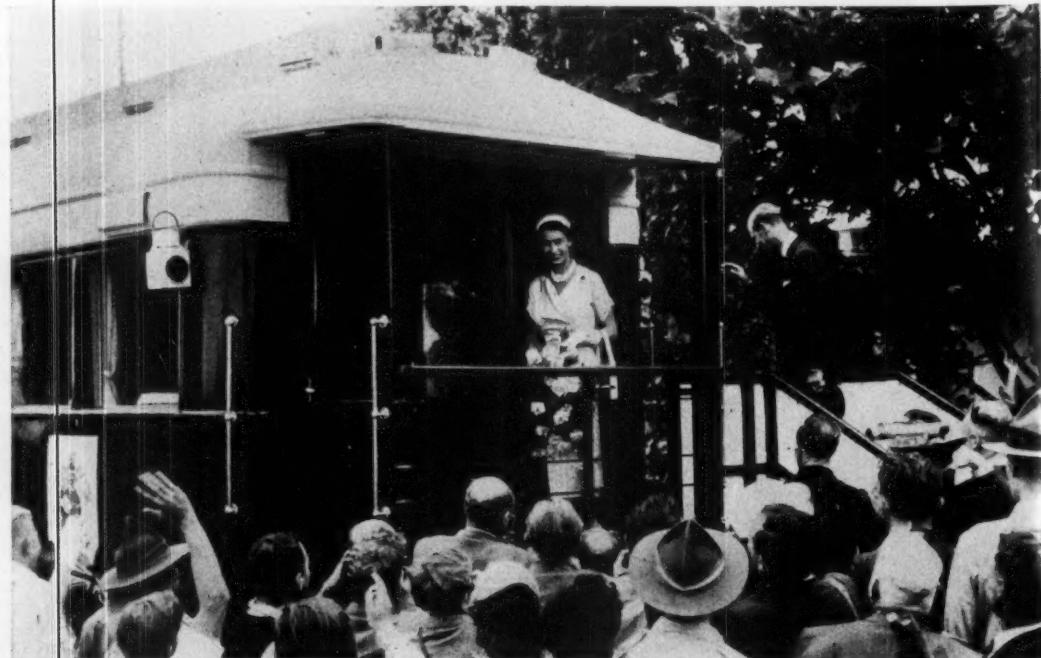
In New Zealand one officers' mess ordered a tea service from England at a cost of a hundred guineas so the Queen might join them in a morning cup of tea. She took a soft drink instead.

When the strongly Labor city council of Wollongong refused to vote money for robes of office Mayor Jeremiah Kelly abided by his colleagues' wishes just as long as he could and then went out and bought them "off my own bat." The robes were ermine-trimmed black silk with red-lined sleeves and the chain of office alone cost him a hundred and sixty pounds.

Melbourne newspapers scolded the crowds for "bad manners" because they stared at the royal couple. One cartoonist pictured a jockey putting binoculars to his eyes as he rode past the royal box in the course of a race. When the crowd at a New Zealand track did train their glasses



Prince Charles asked especially for kangaroos and koala bears in the trip record the Queen shot for him.



REALLY THERE AMONG THEM

on the visitors the Duke, with emphasis, swung his glasses on *them*. He lowered his binoculars when a babe in arms near the box began to howl piteously. He gestured to the flustered mother indicating that he thought she should put the child over her shoulder and burp it. His advice worked fine.

Running through the whole tour, particularly in Australia, was this worried public examination of manners. Concern reached a nervous peak in Tasmania where the guests at the city-hall reception were given a talk over the public-address system on how to behave just before the royal pair arrived. However, whenever visiting British correspondents undertook to join in the criticism, ranks were closed and any excesses that might have been admitted earlier were attributed to the result of loyal fervor working on the yeasty demonstrative natures of the people.

The preparations and the arguments began early in Wellington. When the city milk department announced its plan to produce red-white-and-blue milk-bottle tops, carrying a facsimile of the crown and the words "Welcome to our Gracious Queen—1953-1954" the government's internal affairs department, which was running the tour, declared that the whole project would be in bad taste. The milk department, with two and a half million tops printed and ready to go, defied the assault on their judgment and the little cardboard discs have since become collectors' items with requests for them coming from towns in Idaho that no one ever heard of here.

Continued on page 100



Maori war dances and songs greeted the Queen and Duke at Rotorua, N.Z., where their guide, Rangi, showed them these intricately carved houses which form part of a model Maori village.



By night the Queen's dazzling jewels took everyone's breath away and her favorite daytime pearl earrings sent women rushing out for copies.



How could she shield her children from this burly siren's songs of the sea? Perhaps her answer lay in the petals of a flower

By DOROTHY ROBERTS

Illustrated by James Hill

MR. SAMSON brought the sea to the school in the songs he taught, rollicking sea songs often too deep-pitched for the trebles of the children, however he bellowed at them, "It's done from the belly, it's done from the belly!", however he made them poke their fingers into his full rumbling beginnings of a roar.

Mr. Samson had the children in thrall. They strained to follow his singing into depths, into fullness of bulging sails, billows, storms, sinkings to ocean bottoms, heartiest disdain of landlubbers. When their shrill voices whistled the wind through wet rigging, he clapped his thighs in approbation, and they berated.

This ardent love of the sea would not stay confined to Mr. Samson's singing hour on alternate days. It flooded over into the other lessons and all the doings of the

boarding school to the distress of the other teachers, Miss Cox and Mademoiselle. The snatches of sea song, the whispered schemes for sea adventure, the sea names the children had appropriated disrupted botany and languages, spelling and arithmetic. Sea life took over play completely. When Mrs. Skinner, the headmistress, gave extra pudding to her own child May the others marooned May for an hour in the rhubarb bed, and all the garden around became vast and fearful with sharks, so that next time the pudding spoon descended too generously to her plate, she shrieked, "Mumma, that's enough for me. Please, Mumma, no more!"

That sea phrases should invade languages quite infuriated Mademoiselle. "He is a sailor, not a teacher—of what right is he here?" Mademoiselle said with dignity. "I have a good mind, *Continued on page 86*

THE MENACE OF MR. SAMSON





Happy marriages are the aim of Toronto's Howard Park United Church marriage school which records no failures in all its seven years. The minister, Rev. E. S. Lautenslager,

A MINISTER'S FRANK TALK TO

BY REV. E. S. LAUTENSLAGER

ALL OF LIFE is a matter of relationships. The first is with God. The second is with people. The third with things around us. These relationships are intricately tied up with each other. Whether or not we make a success of living depends upon our success in working out these relationships.

It is the second sphere of relationships, with people, that we are concerned with here, and of these, marriage is the most important and intimate. In marriage we have the greatest possibility for joy and fulfillment, and the greatest possibility of pain and destruction.

In Genesis we learn that male and female were created by God to complement each other. Man is incomplete without woman and woman is incomplete without man. Together they constitute the perfect partnership for their mutual good.

They are different from but equal to each other. There are certain spheres of the partnership in which the male is dominant and certain spheres in which the female is dominant; yet God made them equal.

The Scriptures tell us that in marriage a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife. Once married, not your parents nor your brothers nor your sisters are your closest associates or confidants. Your spouse is closer to you than anyone else, and to your spouse your first loyalty must be given.

The prime purpose of marriage, according to the Scriptures, is twofold: the expression of mutual love and helpfulness and the perpetuation of the race. The persistent attempt to carry out both of these purposes throughout the years of marriage is necessary to happiness. The partner who does not consistently try to be helpful to the other will certainly destroy a marriage.

This is such a simple thing that many people overlook it. I remember a wedding reception at which the late Dr. Peter Bryce was asked to give some advice to the happy couple. He stood up, looked at them and cleared his throat in such a way as to indicate a very important and perhaps complex announcement. We all held our breath. Then he simply said this: "Be kind to each other."

It is easy to say and it is easy to hear but let me, as an old married man, tell you it is hard to carry out. More people than you can at this time imagine, after a short period, become unkind to each other in a manner and to a degree that they are not unkind to anybody else. I have had couples come to me who have become each other's worst enemy. The greatest satisfaction either of them can get is to gain an advantage over the other. These come to a clergyman or to a marriage counselor not for advice, but for a sympathetic listener who will say, "Yes, I agree with you." To that sad condition can marriage degenerate.

The second purpose of marriage under God is the perpetuation of the race. No one has any right to be married unless he or she desires offspring.



gives each class the same frank advice he offers below.

BRIDES AND GROOMS

from the union. There are some exceptions—for example, when people are organically disabled and medical opinion (not the opinion of one doctor but medical opinion) cautions them not to have children. But in this case they should certainly plan to adopt children. Again, if a couple should marry late in life I do not think it is necessary for them to have children.

But people who do not have children, because the mother does not want to give up an interesting job, or because they travel, or because of some other convenience, cannot really care for a marriage partner either. They had best remain single.

Lack of money is no excuse. There is a great tendency in our day for married people to defer the birth of children until they are in a secure financial position. Fear of the future is no excuse. There are people today who, bemoaning this atomic age, declare that no one has a right to bring children into a world torn by strife. If you think conditions are so hapless, do not get married. Actually the possibility of little children having a good life has never been as great as at the present moment. The root reason for our refusal to have children or to adopt children is selfishness. My advice is that you should start having a family in the first three years of your married life and that you trust the good Lord for the material means to raise them.

Some people come to me for sympathy because the other partner does not want children or has been hostile since *Continued on page 96*

- *A good fight can help a marriage*
- *Physical love grudgingly given sours a man's palate*
- *Never run to mother for comfort*
- *Extramarital flirtation is a type of theft*
- *The wife who works can unman her husband*
- *You must forgive, without condoning, adultery*



Only thirty-six couples may attend the six-weeks' course which covers such topics as children, common pitfalls, sex and economic security. Talks are given by specialists, followed by questions and informal discussion over coffee.



Love Me LOVE OUR BABY

*Allen shuddered at the thought of a child. It took a girl
like Kate, a howling storm and
a whining dog to show him what kind of father he'd make*

By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

Illustration by Eileen Richardson

KATE WAS LITTLE and round, dark and soft, very sweet and not one bit coy. Nevertheless it took Allen quite a while to get around to saying that he loved her.

In less than thirty seconds Kate lifted up her face so that her hair fell in curls on her cheek, opened her honest eyes wide and answered, "I love you, too, Allen. Something fierce."

And Allen remembered ever after the way it choked him to hold her in his arms and the words that repeated themselves in his mind, "Somebody of my own."

The thing was that Allen Baird had never had anything of his own. He wasn't pathetic about it. It was an accepted fact when he thought of it at all; as a grown man he realized impersonally that it probably affected his attitude toward certain situations.

When he first found Kate it erased once and for all the forlorn Christmases, the cakeless birthdays, the hard work to get through college, the dark one-room apartment, the loneliness.

In the short weeks before they were married Kate took him by the hand and showed him off to her family. There were a lot of them. They were all glad about what had happened to Kate and seemed to like him. He liked them, too. But he was relieved, once the wedding was over, to take Kate to the city where his job was. The hundred miles gave him a feeling of safety from intrusion. Shamed him a little maybe, but made Kate seem more permanently and privately his.

He owned quite a few things then. Sometimes before he went to sleep, with Kate a soft bundle of sweetness beside him, he counted them over. The down payment on the small house. All of the furniture. Two good suits and several pairs of slacks with a jacket which went with all of them. He seemed to own, thanks to Kate's good management, more clean white shirts than he'd ever had. And he owned, outright and lovingly, the polished secondhand car which he had started. *Continued on page 41*

He was almost to the stairway before the screaming started again. He went back and got milk from the refrigerator.



Out of the rubble I picked a chunk of melted glass and silver that was once our casserole. Here Bob and I, with our son Noel, stand where our house was.

*A pretty pink glow
on the snow
signaled the start
of the fearful hour
in which this Alberta
ranch family lost —
and found — so much*



The night our house



We towed our secondhand cabin almost to the old site, looking across to the foothills. Garage (right) was never touched by the flames.

IT WAS like any other evening at home. I put the supper dishes in the cupboard and went into the front room to relax after my first day's spring cleaning. Two-year-old Noel was splashing happily in his tub and Bob, my husband, was strumming the new guitar which I had bought in Lethbridge the previous week end as a belated birthday gift. I sat down for a moment to listen, before getting up to prepare Noel for bed.

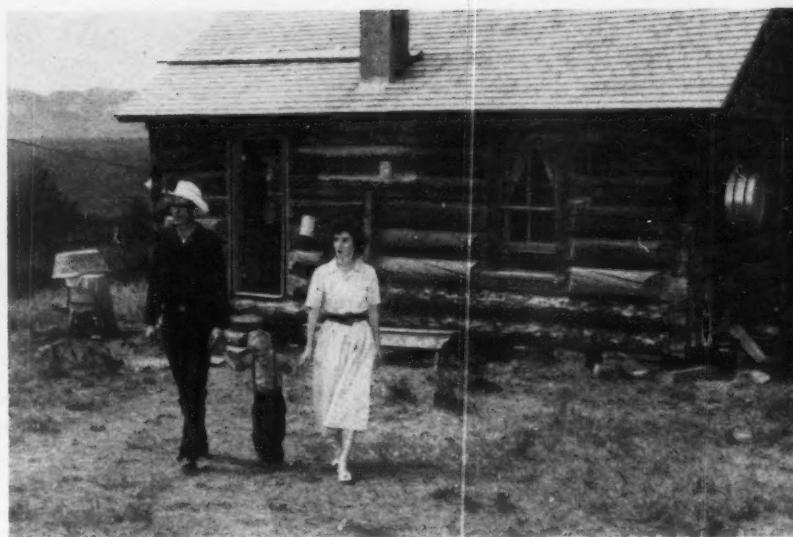
Noel's room, with the rabbits on the wallpaper, always gave me a special feeling of pleasure. After three years we had almost finished redecorating the house and I loved to look at it. It was a lovely old six-room house nestled on our ranch in the Alberta foothills near Cowley. We are about seventy miles west of Lethbridge and about thirty miles east of the British Columbia border, with a view of the mountains to the south and the west.

The house had been built by Bob's father when he first homesteaded in the country forty-five years before, and the logs had weathered well. Some of the shingles had been replaced and a new coalshed added to the back of the house the previous spring, but otherwise it was just as the nine Burles children who grew up there had always known it.

Our work had all been on the interior. As I came out of Noel's room I noted with pleasure that our new drapes harmonized with rose and green beautifully. And the new linoleum, when we got it, would make it look even nicer.

I wandered over to pick up a catalogue and started pricing coffee tables. I leafed through the pages for a while and then sat down at the table to type a business letter for Bob on our

Continued on page 60



It's heartbreaking to start fixing up a home all over again but Bob and I know we're lucky that all three of us are alive.



I remember how dazed I felt that night. I'd seen it and heard it, but still I couldn't believe it—our house was on fire.



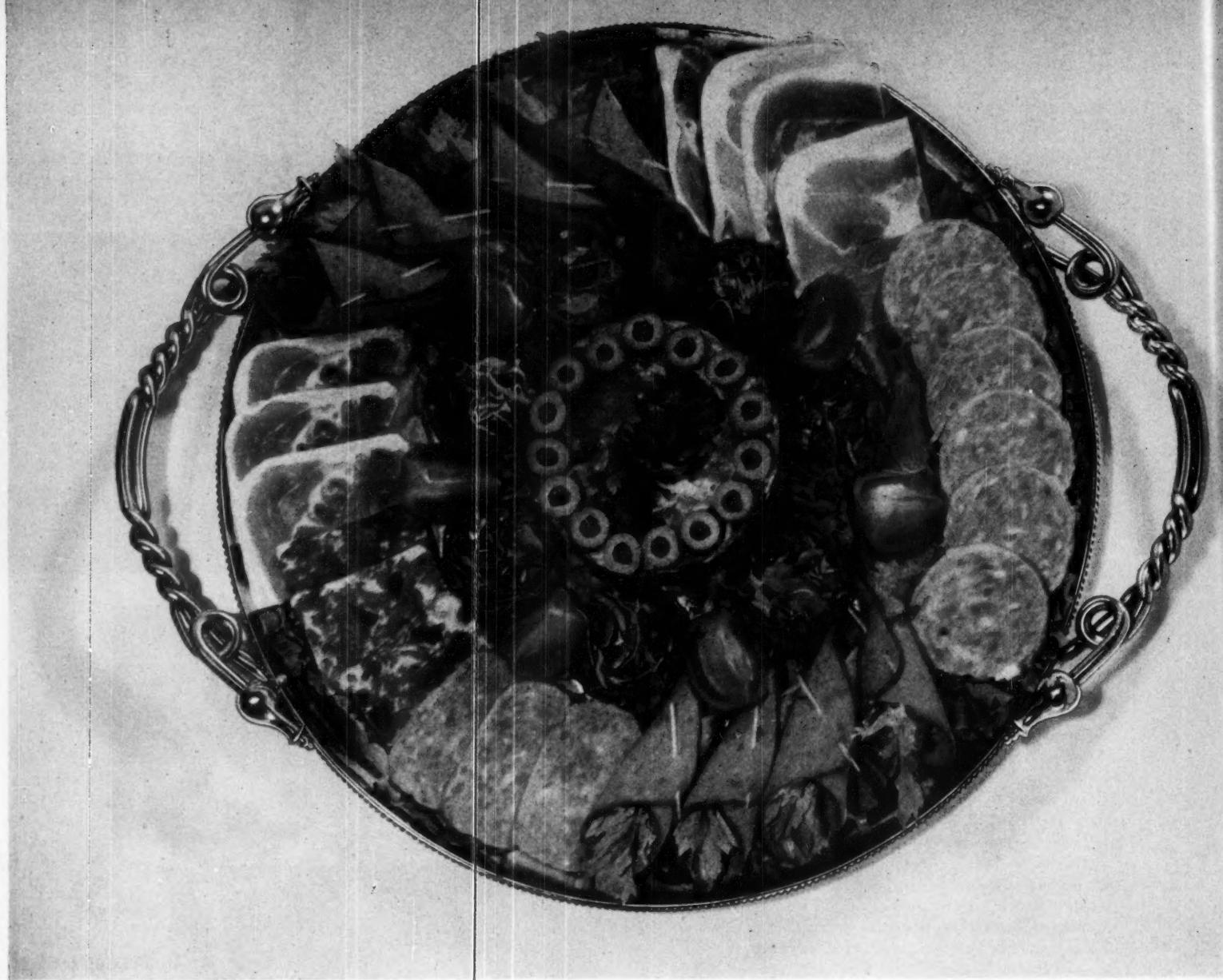
Serving tea to company in our one-room cabin really crowds us but some day, we know, we'll have another new home.



This was the house the fire destroyed.

burned down

BY MARY-JO BURLES
Photos by Lloyd Knight



A PARTY TRAY TO TEMPT AND SATISFY YOUR GUESTS STARTS WITH A RING OF CANNED AND COOKED MEAT SLICES AROUND A CENTRE OF JELLED TONGUE, LIME HORSERADISH MOLDS AND TOMATO WEDGES.

SERVE IT COLD

READY-COOKED MEATS come in greater and tastier variety today than ever before. Hot or cold, canned or counter-cut, they're the perfect answer for family picnics, impromptu evenings and dinner parties any clever hostess could be proud of.

By MARIE HOLMES,
Director *Chatelaine* Institute

IF CANNED MEATS are to be served cold and sliced keep them in your refrigerator for several hours beforehand. You will notice some canned meat labels recommend refrigerator storage at all times. This depends on the type of meat and the way it has been processed. Read the labels before putting your canned meats away.

Ready-cooked meats such as bologna, the specialty sausages, meat loaves and ham should always be kept refrigerated. Wrap them in waxed paper or store in the wrapping in which they were purchased at the self-service counter. Most of the

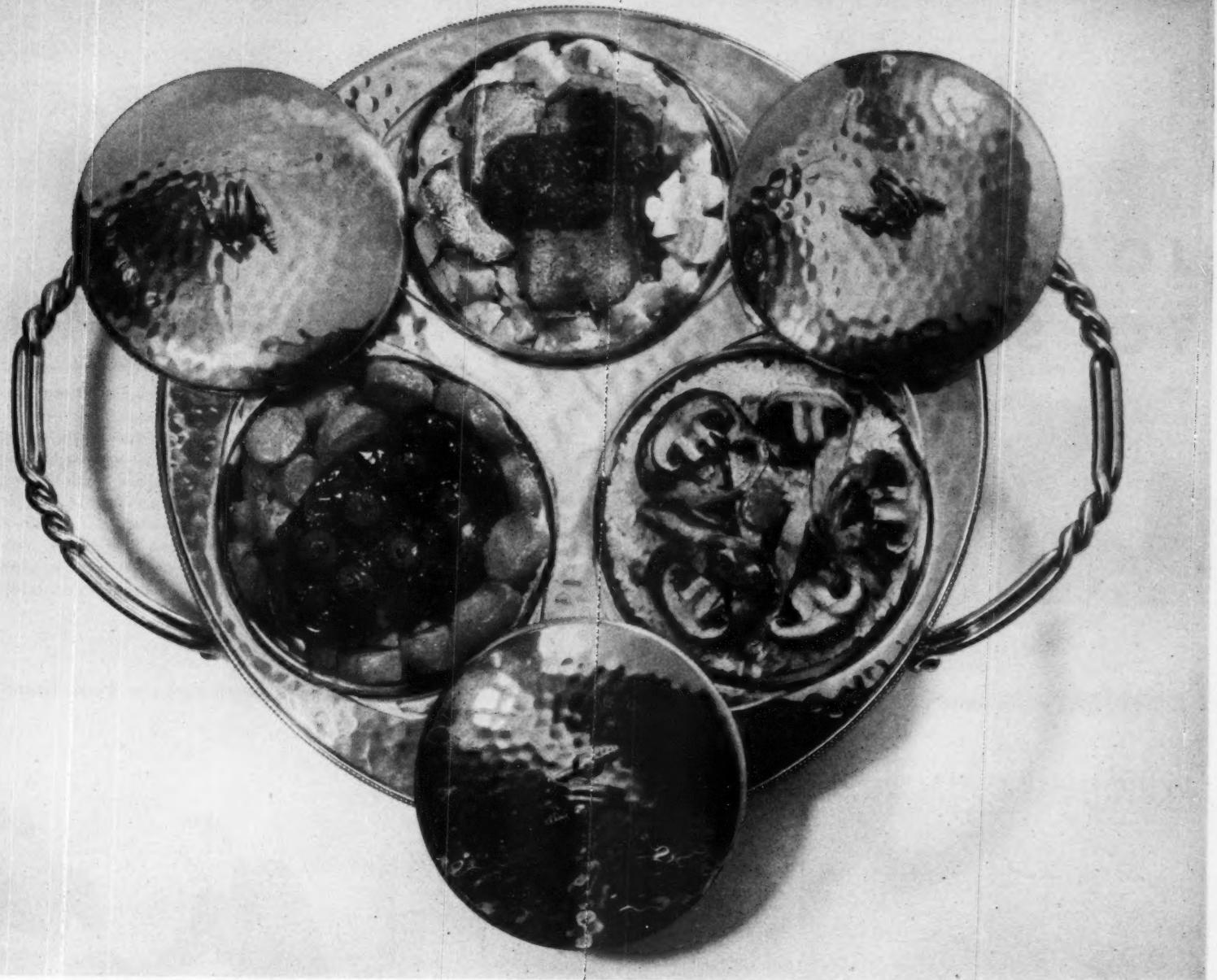
ready-cooked meats today are protected with a viscose casing from the time they are cooked until they reach your table but be sure to use them within a few days.

For a party supper tray of canned meats and cold cuts include slices of different sizes and shapes: round slices of luncheon meat, square slices of canned or cooked ham, cornucopias of bologna, small round slices of salami and liver sausage. Centre the tray with a shallow bowl filled with salad greens, tomato wedges, sliced ham, cooked eggs tossed with French dressing. Or use a relish dish filled with dill pickles, ripe olives, carrot curls and stuffed celery. Our party cold-meat tray above is centred with a canned

tongue garnished with sliced olives. For color contrast we circled it with lime horseradish molds and tomato wedges.

With cold meats serve pickled fruits—peaches, pears, crabapples—or garnished fruits such as pineapple slices, cheese-stuffed prunes, peach halves filled with spiced cranberries, pear halves filled with green or red jelly.

Other good companions are: jellied vegetable molds—add lemon juice or vinegar to gelatine for slight tart flavor; mustard pickles with pork, ham or tongue; prepared mustard with bologna and ready-to-serve specialty sausages; sweet pickles with any cold meat; dill pickles, watermelon rind, pickled onions with assorted cold meats.



IT'S THREE TO ONE IN FAVOR OF THESE CANNED-MEAT DINNERS — CHERRY GLAZED HAM (LEFT), BARBECUED TONGUE FOR SPICE (TOP), OR A CHINESE SUPPER WITH MUSHROOMS. SEE RECIPES BELOW.

SERVE IT HOT

CHERRY GLAZED HAM

1 canned ham	1/2 teaspoon whole cloves
1 (15-ounce) can cherries	1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon vinegar	1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 stick cinnamon	2 tablespoons cold water

Place ham in baking dish. Drain juice from cherries and to it add the vinegar and spices. Simmer for 10 minutes. Strain to remove spices. Combine mustard, cornstarch and water. Mix until smooth. Blend with cherry juice and cook slowly stirring constantly until thickened. Garnish top of ham with cherries secured with whole cloves. Add remaining cherries to thickened juice and pour over ham. Bake 45 minutes at 350 deg. F. To serve surround with hot buttered canned sweet potatoes. Nice for dinner with green beans or peas or a crisp spring vegetable salad to add taste contrast to your meal.

BARBECUED TONGUE

1 medium can tongue	1/2 cup chili sauce
1 stick celery, finely chopped	1/2 cup water
1 small onion or garlic clove finely chopped	1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon butter or margarine	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
	1/4 teaspoon dry mustard

Cut tongue in 1/4-inch slices. Arrange these slices spread out in a greased bake dish. Cook celery and onion (or garlic) slowly in butter or margarine for 5 minutes or until lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer for 5 minutes then pour over tongue. Cover and bake 45 minutes at 350 deg. F. Serve with creamed potatoes and raw vegetable salad. Or instead of the above, before baking spread tongue slices with a tangy mixture of prepared mustard and currant jelly for a new-tasting treat.

CHINESE SUPPER

2 tablespoons cooking fat	1 cup hot water
1/2 cup sliced green onions	2 teaspoons soy sauce
2 cups celery cut in strips	1 can luncheon meat cut in strips
1 thinly sliced green pepper	1/2 pound mushrooms sliced
6 cups cooked rice	1 bouillon cube

Melt fat in heavy frying pan. Add onions, celery, green pepper and mushrooms. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, for 5 minutes. Add bouillon cube dissolved in hot water. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add soy sauce. Fill greased casserole 1/2 full of cooked rice. Pour first mixture over top. Add luncheon meat. Cover with rice, garnish with green pepper, mushrooms and meat. Cover and bake 20 minutes at 350 deg. F. Serve with grapefruit and onion salad and ginger muffins, as complementary touches. Recipe serves 4 to 6.

JOAN LEARNS TO SHOP FOR SHOES

... and gets a personal preview of what's afoot in style and comfort for every taste, every hour, the year round.

By ROSEMARY BOXER, Fashion and Beauty Editor

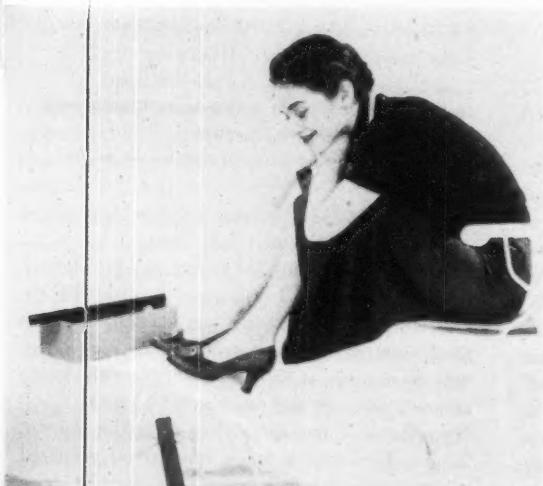


ONE PAIR WAS RED . . .

And Joan fell in love with them. They're top-notch fashion this year and, with her slim feet and legs, Joan can wear them particularly well.

NO HARM IN LOOKING . . .

An obliging clerk gave Joan a private preview of the latest fashion shoes for grownups. There were stiletto and tapered heels, low-cut shell pumps and incredibly bare sandals.



MANY TO CHOOSE FROM . . .

Joan found styles, colors and medium heel heights galore. She even discovered a bared-down evening sandal with tiny tapered heels designed just for the junior set's busy social life.



SHE FELL FOR THIS PAIR . . .

Like most teen-agers, sixteen-year-old Joan Carnegie wasn't considering the fifty-two tender young bones of her feet that wouldn't be completely formed until she was around twenty and needed support to grow gracefully. I explained that the time for wearing high-style shoes would come later when both she and her feet were ready.





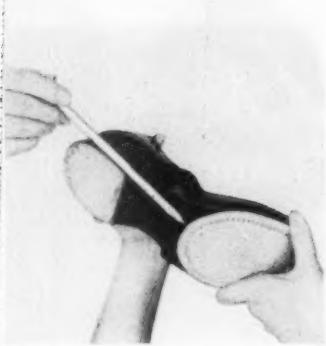
THIS IS MORE JOAN'S STYLE . . .

The new "illusion" heel on this shell-type pump satisfied her craving for a high heel but is actually lower than it appears to be. She agreed that this type of lower-heeled closed pump was more suited to her youthful clothes and was pleased to hear the news that the fashion spotlight will be turned on medium heels this year.



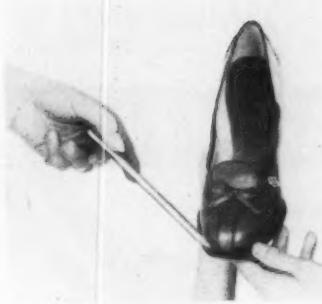
HEEL HEIGHTS VARIED . . .

It was news to Joan that high heels shouldn't be worn continuously—especially by teen-agers like herself. This tends to shorten leg muscles and a sudden switch to low heels will cause pains in the calves of the legs. We chose this opera pump in kid with the baby Louis heel as an alternative dress or daytime shoe for girls her age.



PICKING A PLAY SHOE . . .

As far as fashion is concerned, we explained, the flat play shoe is a has-been. It's not only an unflattering style even for youngsters like Joan, but gives no support and allows feet to spread unattractively. Our choice was this fashionable play shoe with low tapered heel and molded shank that's as flexible and springy as bare feet.



A DOUBLE-DUTY MUST . . .

Cleverly designed in unscratchable, unscuffable aniline leather for dress or casual wear, this style will help Joan cut down her shoe budget. She was thrilled with the squared "jewel box" toe that's not only up to the minute but provides lots of room for her feet that can grow as much as one size every six months until she is mature.

She finds it easy to bypass those glamorous spike heels, with the fashion spotlight on new medium heel heights



AND SO COMFORTABLE . . .

The hand-crafted softness of the new casuals delighted Joan who discovered the reason why they were unlined—to let lots of air through the pores of the leather.

Fashion shoes, Geo. C. Williams, Toronto. Casuals, George-Morgan, Toronto.



FIT IS IMPORTANT . . .

Learning all about lasts—that's the shape of the shoe—Joan found there were lots of them and that she should shop around until she found one that matched the shape of her own foot.



NORMAL STATE OF AFFAIRS . . .

Joan chose a party-going pair by proxy for her mother with every ounce of grown-up aplomb. Our clerk had that old familiar feeling.

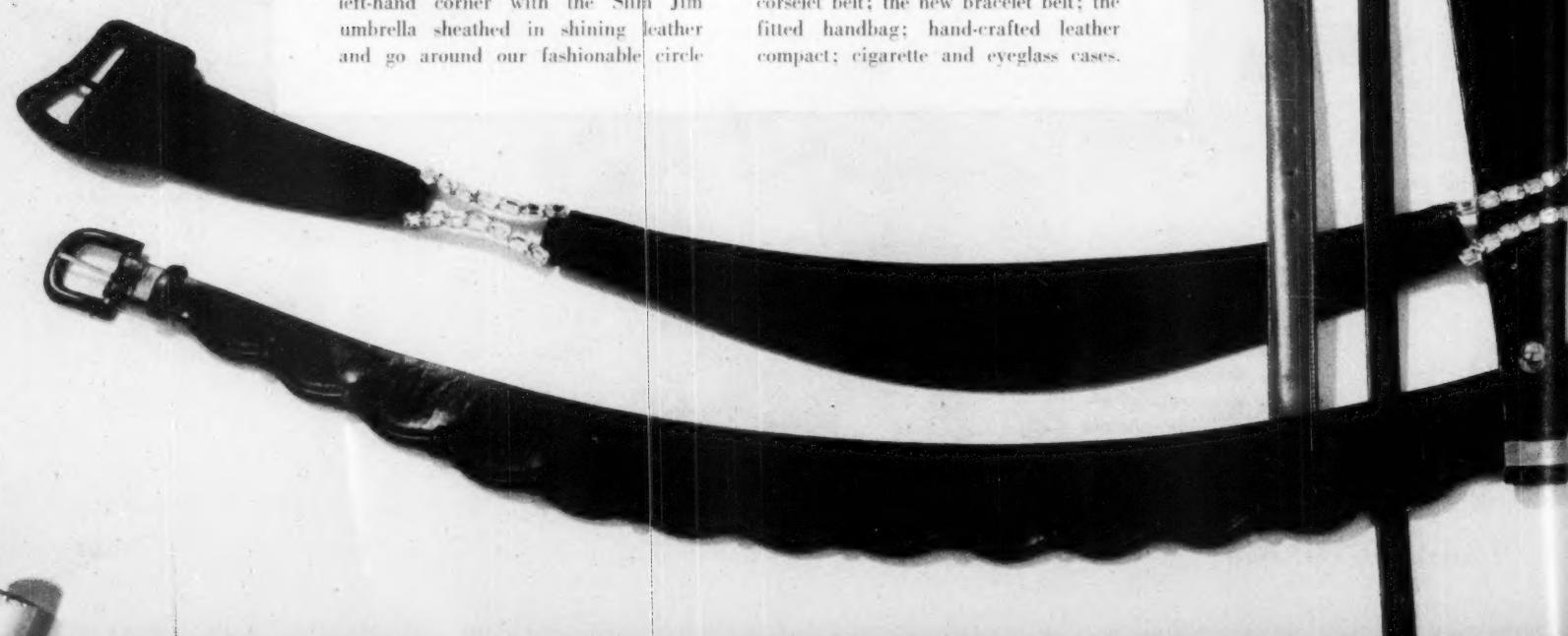
Let Leather Lend a Glow



Polished perfection in year-round accessories

Leather steps into fashion prominence this year with the emphasis on authoritative accessories to complement brisk new fabrics. Let's start in the upper left-hand corner with the Slim Jim umbrella sheathed in shining leather and go around our fashionable circle

clockwise: combination straw and leather handbag; the new leather collar; to the right and bottom of the page, contour and straight, narrow belts; the corset belt; the new bracelet belt; the fitted handbag; hand-crafted leather compact; cigarette and eyeglass cases.





Delicious...nutritious...and very easy!

Soup for lunch

CAMPBELL'S
CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP
Cottage Cheese Salad
with Fruit
Hot Tea

JUST 4 MINUTES
FROM SHELF
TO TABLE!

What could be simpler... or more delicious... than a big bowl of good hot soup to plan a meal around? Soup at lunchtime "warms the innards" and nourishes... gives the children (Daddy, too) a new fund of energy for the afternoon. It's thrifty, a good food value. And 21 Campbell's Kinds to choose from! So today, start your family on this grand eating habit. Have soup for lunch!



"I just pick a soup from my Soup Shelf—and plan a meal around it. For lunch or supper there's no main dish like soup. I keep plenty of the family's favorite soups always on hand; especially Tomato and Cream of Mushroom—I use them so much in cooking."

Campbell's SOUPS

NEW! CAMPBELL'S ONION SOUP . . . TRY IT TODAY



How does a fellow leave a girl he has taken out but does not kiss good night?

No need for humming and hawing; fill in the gap by seeing she has her key and making sure she can get in safely. After a brief remark to show that you've enjoyed taking her out, she will no doubt thank you for a pleasant time and you can make your escape.

Whether they're dating, dancing or working,
today's teen-agers want to know
the right way to act. Here are the problems
they worry about most, answered by



CLAIRE WALLACE

The Questions

ONE OF THE THINGS that has delighted and interested me most in becoming an author is the wholehearted manner in which my dictionary of Canadian etiquette has been taken up by you teen-agers. A pretty teen-ager was the first person I saw actually buying *Mind Your Manners*—I thank you, dear, for giving me one of the greatest thrills a brand-new author can enjoy. It is apparent that teen-agers are eager beavers when it comes to lapping up tips on etiquette—a fact that has impressed and surprised more than one mother.

I am proud and glad that my book is of help to you. It is not so far back that I cannot remember my own teens when I longed to know the right thing to do and when I always tried to appear sophisticated—with embarrassing results on a few occasions.

Once, a gangling fourteen and being introduced to a group of my parents' friends, I pushed out my hand to shake hands with one adult but she was talking so hard she did not notice. I was left with my digits dangling in mid-air—and had my lesson then and there to wait for the older person, whose prerogative it is, to shake hands.

Another teen-ager *faux pas* is burned into my memory. At the end of a gay two-step—if you know what that is, my young friends—I thanked my partner for the dance. He was handsome and I was hoping he would ask me again. Instead, he squelched me with an etiquette reminder, and he was quite right. He was the one to thank me; my place, merely to indicate that I had enjoyed the dance with him. I always learned the hard way, but I guess every teenager does.

At any rate, so many of you have been firing questions at me about the special etiquette problems a teen-ager encounters, that I've decided the best thing to do is answer them all at once—so here they are. They seem to fall into four main categories: *Introductions*, *Conversations* (with dates or older people), *Money Matters* (who pays for what when going steady, or just dating), *Necking* (including how much). Well, here are the most common problems as you've asked them, with answers I hope will help.

Q: Should you refuse a last-minute date if you're not busy that particular evening?

A: No, that's foolish. I know girls sometimes fear they will appear unpopular if free to accept last-minute dates but no one can be dated up every evening.

Q: What do you do when you meet the parents of a girl friend or boy friend for the first time?

A: As older people they will take the initiative in offering to shake hands and in conversation. Stand up when introduced, look them square in the eye, be natural and friendly and you'll get by.

Q: Should you date someone who is dating your girl friend, and vice versa?

A: No. It usually means the end of a beautiful friendship. However, if the girl friend isn't particularly interested in the boy and if you can discuss it and she doesn't mind your dating him, go ahead. She's a real friend!

Q: How can you let a boy know that, even though his manners

Teen-Agers Ask About Etiquette

are very good, he has one big fault—not standing when my mother enters the room for the first time?

A: I know it seems a small thing but it isn't. A gentleman always stands when a woman enters the room. If she enters the room several times, she should certainly say: "Please don't stand up," and then it is permissible to remain seated.

You have three choices in dealing with this problem. You can tactfully mention to the boy that he is lacking in good manners on this one point; if you do it kindly, he may be grateful. Or you can arrange for your dad, a brother or some other male to be in the room and when they stand as your mother enters, your friend will probably follow suit. The third, if it bothers you and the family too much, drop the boy.

Q: How do you say "No" politely to a boy when he asks you out and he knows you're not busy—but you want to wait for another boy's invitation?

A: In refusing an invitation, it is not necessary to state why. You can refuse politely by simply saying, "I'm sorry but I cannot," and thanking him cordially so his pride won't be hurt too much. If he follows up by enquiring, "Are you going with someone else?" reply with honesty, "I'm not really sure yet." Then he cannot tell the other boys that you are dated and spoil your chances of being invited by the one you like.

Q: When a girl is sitting in a room and someone older enters, should she stand or is it just up to the boys to stand?

A: She should stand for a middle-aged or elderly woman, for an elderly man, for any member of the clergy, such as minister, rabbi, priest; she should also stand when her host first enters the room.

Q: I'm awkward when introducing people and it happens every day. What is the best way? How do I introduce my parents and my date? How do I introduce friends to other friends in an informal way?

A: This is a stumbling block for many but there is a small key to introductions and once you have it, the problem is solved for life. This is the general rule: When introducing two people decide in your mind, quick as a fox, which is the more important or older person and mention that name first. Thus when introducing your parents and your date, whether the date be girl or boy, you mention your parents first: "Mother and Dad, this is Mary Smith," or "Mother and Dad, I'd like you to meet Bill Jones."

If you are introducing a celebrity or public figure, such as Ottawa's clever and colorful Mayor Charlotte Whitton, you would mention Her Worship's name first: "Mayor Whitton, may I present Miss Smith?"

Follow the same procedure when introducing young people and your grandmother, the principal of your school or your minister — mention the senior person's name first.

When introducing a man and woman, the woman's name is mentioned first, as in matters of courtesy she is considered the more important: "Mrs. Smith, may I introduce Robert Jones?" When introducing your young friends who are of equal age, always mention the girl's name first: "Mary, I'd like you to know Bob Jones."

The actual words of introduction

Continued on page 54



What does a boy do on a date if he runs out of money?



Should a girl ever telephone a boy? How long should they talk?

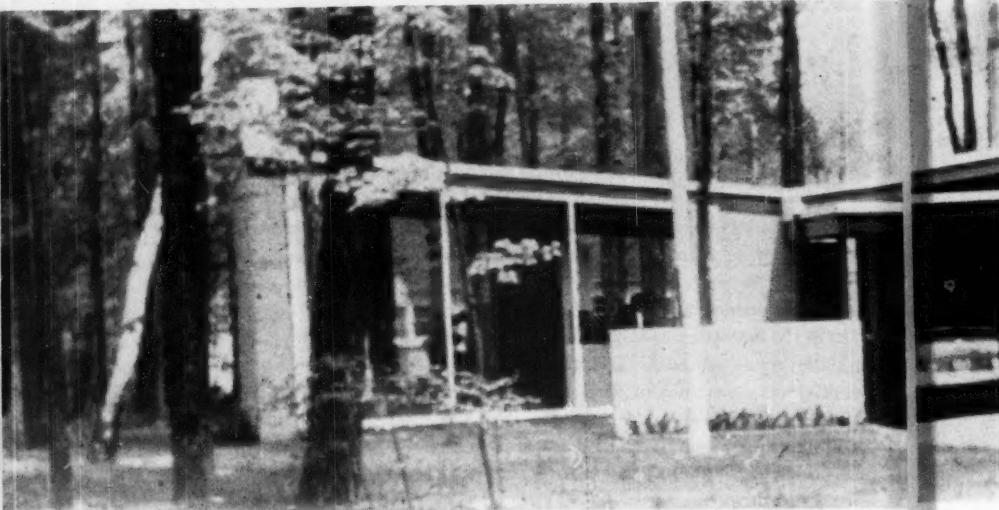
In a restaurant the most sensible thing is to confide in the girl and see if she can help you out, but you must repay her the very next day. Or excuse yourself, seek the manager and make arrangements with him to pay the debt immediately afterward. In a taxi, again you can confide in your companion. If funds are still short have the taxi drive you home or to the cab office to telephone your parents or make some arrangement to pay later.



What do you do on a dance floor if your partner is an exhibitionist?

If you are in the same school, church or social group you can easily get acquainted. If you are total strangers, find a friend to introduce you. A boy shows his good intentions by telling the girl he would like to get to know her, and if she accepts a date calls at her home so her parents can meet him. While a girl does not pick up with a boy at a movie, meeting on the beach at a summer resort while on holiday may be different.

Look What's Happening



To prove his theory the author went ahead and designed this new five-bedroom house to fit the special needs of his wife, Cecile, without discussing it. Because their four small children keep her

HOW WOMEN

"All my troubles begin," says Venchiarutti, "when a man comes into my office and tells me, 'That plan looks fine—now I'll take it home and show it to my wife.'"

Women shouldn't interfere with the design of their

own houses any more than they should tell the

doctor what to do, says this exper-

He thinks they're too close to the problem

to see through their prejudice

By SUIILIO VENCHIARUTTI
as told to DORIS McCUBBIN

At thirty-four Suiilio Venchiarutti is known appreciatively among fellow Canadian architects as a constant and outspoken advocate of contemporary design. After four years in the RCAF he attended the University of Toronto School of Architecture and set up in partnership with his cousin Leo. Since then Venchiarutti & Venchiarutti have been busily and successfully designing modern homes and schools, modern shopping centres and factories.

I AM AN ARCHITECT and designing houses is my business. When a man comes into my office to see me about plans for a new home I find that, in almost every case, I can solve his problem simply and directly to everyone's satisfaction—up to a point. That point is when he says, "Well that plan looks fine to me. Now I'll take it home and show it to my wife."

At this moment my troubles begin. Women are the biggest professional headache this architect has. In fact, I'd say flatly that women are the greatest single factor holding up progress in architectural design today.

"Huh!" you are very likely to reply, "it's obvious that this man is one of those wild-eyed modernists who want to stick every Canadian housewife in outlandish houses that look like pancakes, chicken coops or bomb shelters."

Believe me, madam, I am no impractical idealist. I am a businessman. My greatest desire is to provide you, the Canadian housewife, with a house that will give you more living space, convenience and comfort and at the same time cut drastically the number of hours you spend in keeping it polished, dusted and washed. I want to do all this for the same amount of money most couples spend on the average Canadian home today.

"Why, I'd like that," you say, and I believe you would, once you got rid of your old-fashioned and fixed ideas of housing—ideas that in most women are as unchangeable as the Pyramids. Before you throw something may I assure you that nobody figures more importantly in this business of creating and buying houses than you do, because women spend more time living and working in them than anyone else. Women's needs in houses must be met and if I didn't think so I wouldn't take up my time and yours explaining the architect's point of view. And why your point of view and an architect's differ, I suspect, is just this: A woman is too busy living in houses ever to stand back and look at the whole subject of houses objectively, as an

to Living



constantly busy, he built the house on a split level to save stair climbing. The open-floor plan of living, dining and kitchen areas eliminates extra corners to clean, and hardwood floors are entirely banished.



Women often choose old-fashioned houses to match furniture that will wear out and be replaced in a few years anyway.



With all the pseudo styles to choose from—Tudor, Georgian, Spanish—some houses end up a hodgepodge.

DRIVE ARCHITECTS CRAZY

architect does. And anyway, men are by nature more objective than women.

For instance, the wives of men who ask me to design houses for them come to me with bundles of clippings from different magazines showing different rooms taken from different houses. To begin with they want a shiny new modern kitchen full of electrical gadgets—they've been educated to expect that. They also want an elegant Georgian living room with an ornate fireplace—but the small-paned windows must be changed. They want picture windows. There is no moss growing on these girls. They're modern.

They are very definite about the dining room. They want one; and somehow I must build in some kind of niche, like the one they had in their old house, or where else are they going to put their collection of china dogs? And—oh yes!—there has to be a Lazy Susan cupboard in the kitchen . . . they've always wanted a Lazy Susan. Then, as if the prospect of fitting this jigsaw puzzle together hadn't already driven me to chewing blueprints, they sweetly add that they want the whole thing enclosed in a cute cosy cottage.

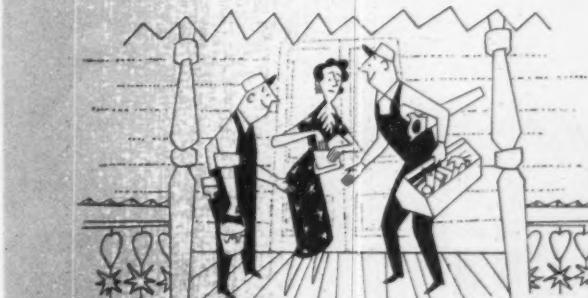
Women are not consistent. They are always asking me to plan houses that are actually hodgepodge collections of old-fashioned ideas and personal prejudices and sentimentalities. If I did plan such houses (please don't ask me to) I would not be giving the Canadian housewife the best value for her housing dollar in workmanship, efficiency, space or design.

Just why should women try to interfere in the design of their houses anyway? Designing houses is a specialist's job. You wouldn't think of trying to advise your doctor, so why try to advise your architect? A woman has every right to sit down and discuss her actual requirements in housing —how many rooms she needs; whether she actually can afford to include space for a little-used library, den or dining

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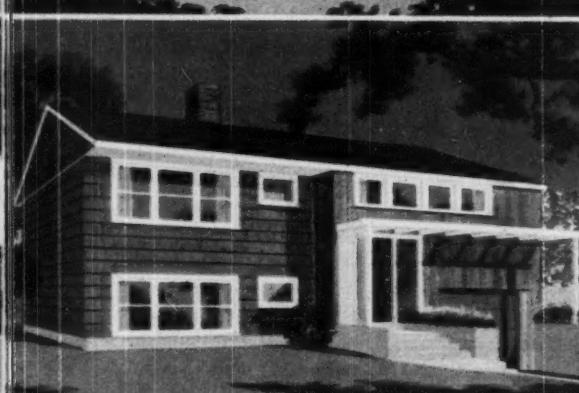
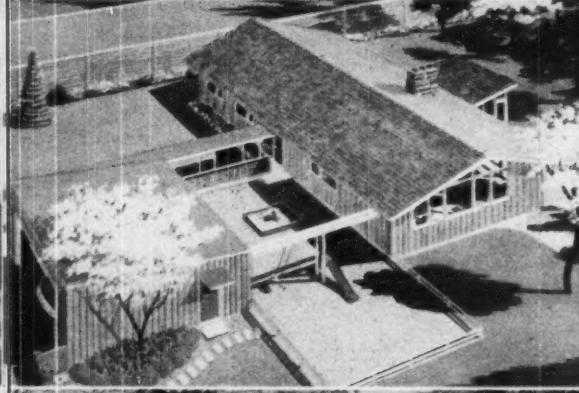
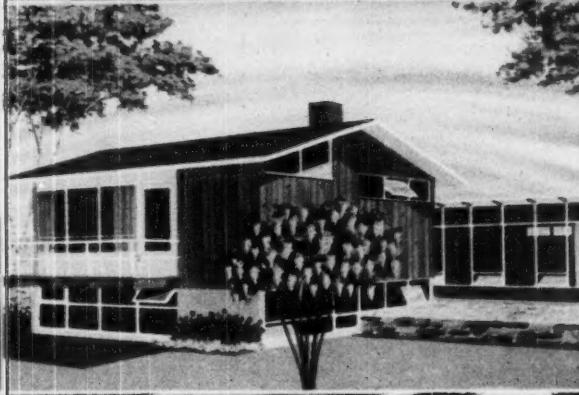
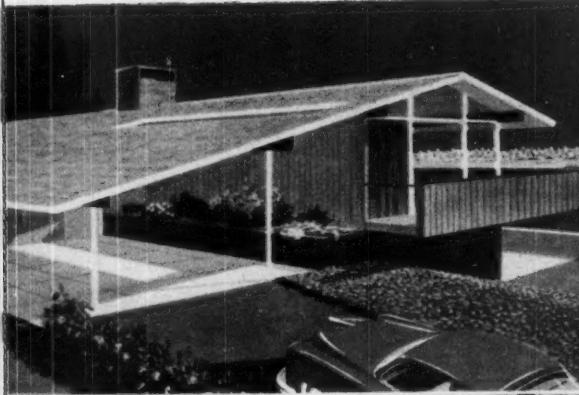
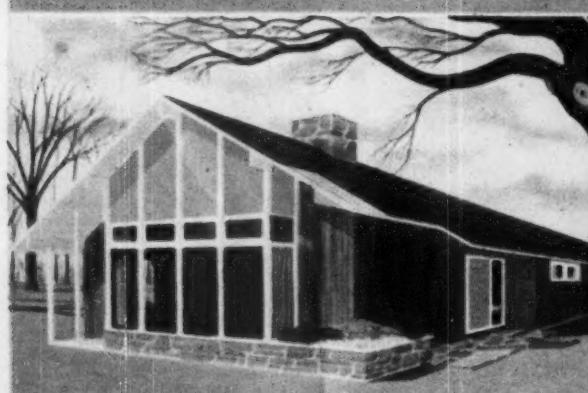
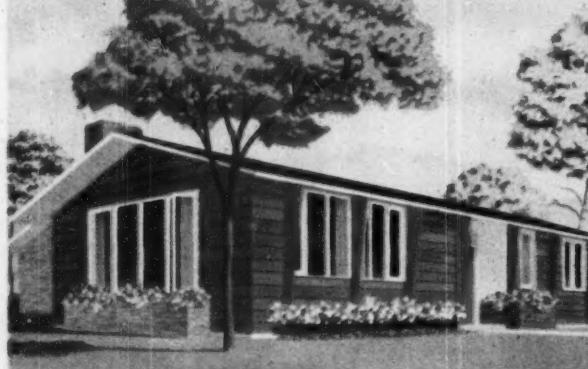
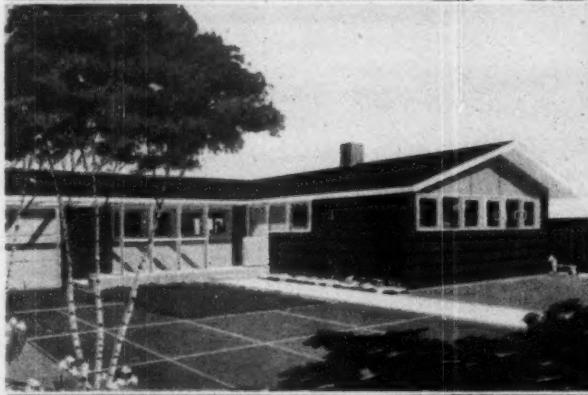
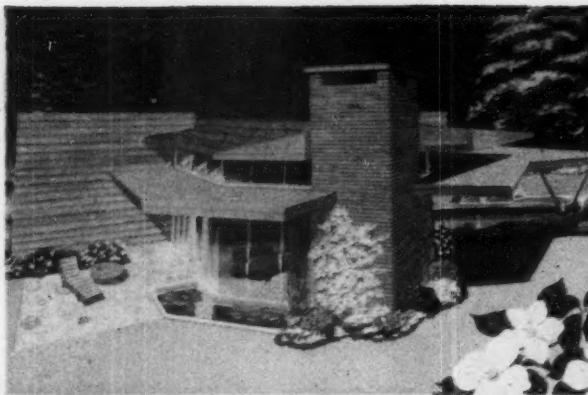


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Today's costs are high for hand labor on fancy scrollwork, pillars and cornices, but women still cling to these useless trims.

Drawings by John Thorne



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Continued from page 33
room: how much time she wants to spend in keeping her house clean; whether she intends to furnish it in period or modern.

Then let the architect take over—and don't try to hamper him by insisting on clinging to all your old horse-and-buggy living habits.

Furniture that is out of date can be an old habit. Women are always telling me, "I really like modern houses, but my furniture would look out of place in

that kind of setting." If this woman has authentic period furniture, she is completely right and she should live in a period house. (I disagree with many of today's interior decorators for I believe period furniture calls for a period house. I don't believe in mixing modern and

But most of the women who worry over this problem don't have authentic period pieces. They simply have old furniture. What they don't stop to realize is that the

furniture is only about one sixth of the life expectancy of the house. Why saddle yourself with an old-fashioned house to harmonize with furniture that will have to be replaced in five or ten years? Besides being inconsistent—my favorite word—you are creating a constant demand on the market for old-fashioned furniture that's just as inconvenient and impractical as old-fashioned houses.

Women's yen for period furniture and houses is one of the chief reasons for

the high cost of housing today. Mortgage companies insist that women want conventional houses and won't lend as much money on styles that are bolder in design. Rows and rows of strawberry boxes keep springing up in the suburbs of every Canadian city and thus women's old-fashioned tastes in housing are responsible for the creation of badly designed and inefficient housing on a large scale.

Of course the entire blame can't be heaped on the woman, although I suppose she, as the consumer, deserves to get what she asks for in housing, as in everything else. But I must admit she is presented with a bewildering selection of pseudo styles to choose from. There are the imitation Tudor houses with gables and leaded windows. There are Georgian houses. Then there are Georgian houses with flat roofs which are termed "modern." Twenty years ago we were in a pseudo-Spanish period. Today we're deep in a period of imitation ranch-style houses.

A Diet of Gingerbread

To be consistent in design Canadian houses shouldn't be modifications of any particular style. Modern Canadian architecture stems mainly from two schools. There is the European (or International) school and the Frank Lloyd Wright school in the United States. The European school takes the stand that we are living in a period of industrial mass production and we must use machine-made materials in building houses if only for cost reasons. Frank Lloyd Wright advocates the organic approach and builds houses using materials that are found in the vicinity and blend in with the landscape. But Frank Lloyd Wright's houses depend as much on the skill of the artisan, as did houses of the pre-machine era. Today we need houses on a large scale and skilled artisans are a costly and fast vanishing breed. For this reason I believe the European approach to building houses is the right one for us to take.

But women still insist on styles that keep house building a handicraft process. They want elegant arches and even pillars that serve no purpose. Women who dress themselves with simple exquisite taste want to live in outrageously overdressed houses, with useless shutters, mantels, door frames, paneling and leaded windows. All these trimmings, besides being anachronistic, add to the cost of the house.

In the pre-machine era, when a wealthy man wanted a certain piece of hand-carved furniture or hand-produced silver, or a new house, he ordered it to be made by local craftsmen who had spent their entire lives in learning their various skills.

With the age of mass production and machines, people still try to imitate these styles because, to them, they represent wealth, elegance and good taste. But now, instead of skilled workmen, they use machines. The early results were the Victorian monstrosities we abhor—turrets, towers, scalloped eaves, fanciful gingerbread all over the outside of the house. The scroll saw and turning lathe were trying to do the artisan's work.

Most women still yearn for houses that require too much hand work done on them.

They don't realize that because they

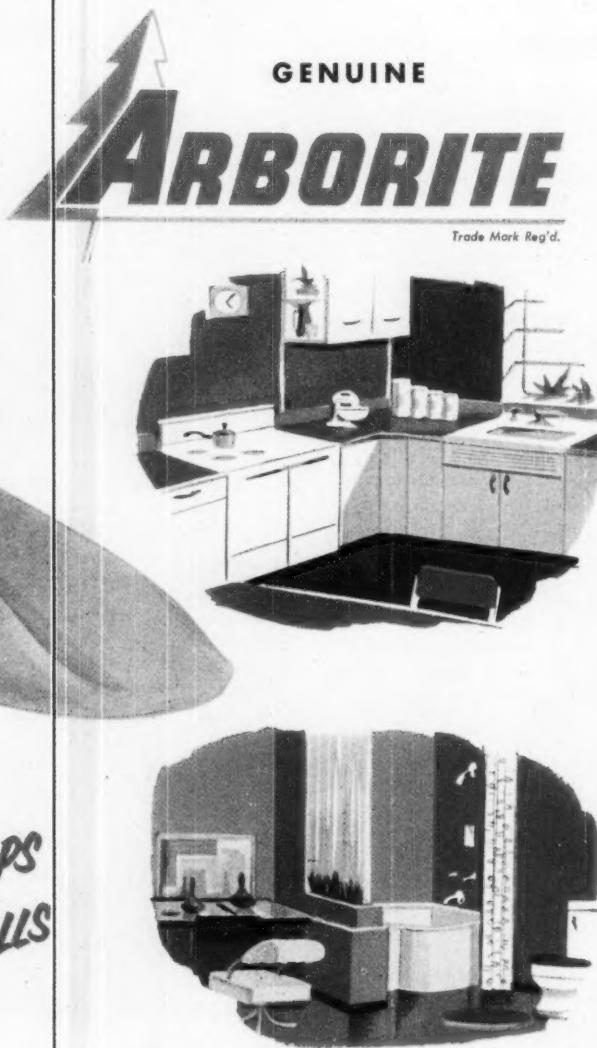
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More men want to lend a hand in building houses and furniture. The house should be fluid in design and, in our servantless modern day, dust-catching trims should be eliminated—yesterday's fancy carving being replaced by the natural textures of wood and stone. Perforated paper board and exotic plywood veneers are two excellent examples of modern, machine-made materials that can be used, and belong, in today's houses. Broadloom is another machine-made material—but when it is carved or patterned it is an imitation of artisan-produced rugs.

To put my theory to the test, I built a house for my wife, Cecile. When our third child (which turned out to be twin girls) was coming, we were living in a conventional six-roomed strawberry box in Toronto. It was inconvenient and time-wasting with a dining room we rarely used because we ate most of our meals in the kitchen, and a full-sized basement used chiefly to dry clothes. The hardwood floors had to be polished every week and because of our two small children I relieved my wife of this job myself.

Strangely, when I suggested to my wife that I design and build her a larger house, she was apathetic about it. But I went ahead anyway. I bought a treed lot in Port Credit, outside Toronto, and sat down to plan a home that would fit my wife's needs. When the blueprints were finished I brought them home.

I must admit she wasn't completely happy about leaving the plans for her new home entirely in my hands. But she did approve of the big closet in the bedroom and the automatic washer and dryer in the kitchen and she did have confidence in my ideas.

Only once, when the house was partly finished, did I take her out to see it. She asked me, "Did the roof look like that in the plans?" I said, "Yes," and that was that. When she moved in even the drapes had been hung and the broadloom laid.

Dirt Stays Put

The house has five bedrooms. It is built on a split level which saves my wife many steps. In the centre is a large entrance hall running right through the house. In one wing is the combined living, dining and kitchen area. In the other wing, up a short flight of stairs, are three bedrooms and the bathroom. Down a few steps is a basement providing two spare bedrooms and a storage room.

The open floor plan of the living, dining and kitchen area saves work. Instead of the twelve corners to clean, my wife has only six. She doesn't feel isolated from the guests or the rest of the family when working there. The washer and dryer in the kitchen are so modern and well designed they are not unsightly in this area. The entire kitchen is tiled which is easily wiped off. The light from the big windows makes it a pleasant place to work in.

"With these big windows I can always see when the place is dirty," Cecile claims. Besides this, radiant heating doesn't circulate the dirt the way other forms of heating do. The house is built on a concrete slab with radiant-heating pipes laid in the concrete. The entire floor has been overlaid with tile or broad-

Continued on page 40

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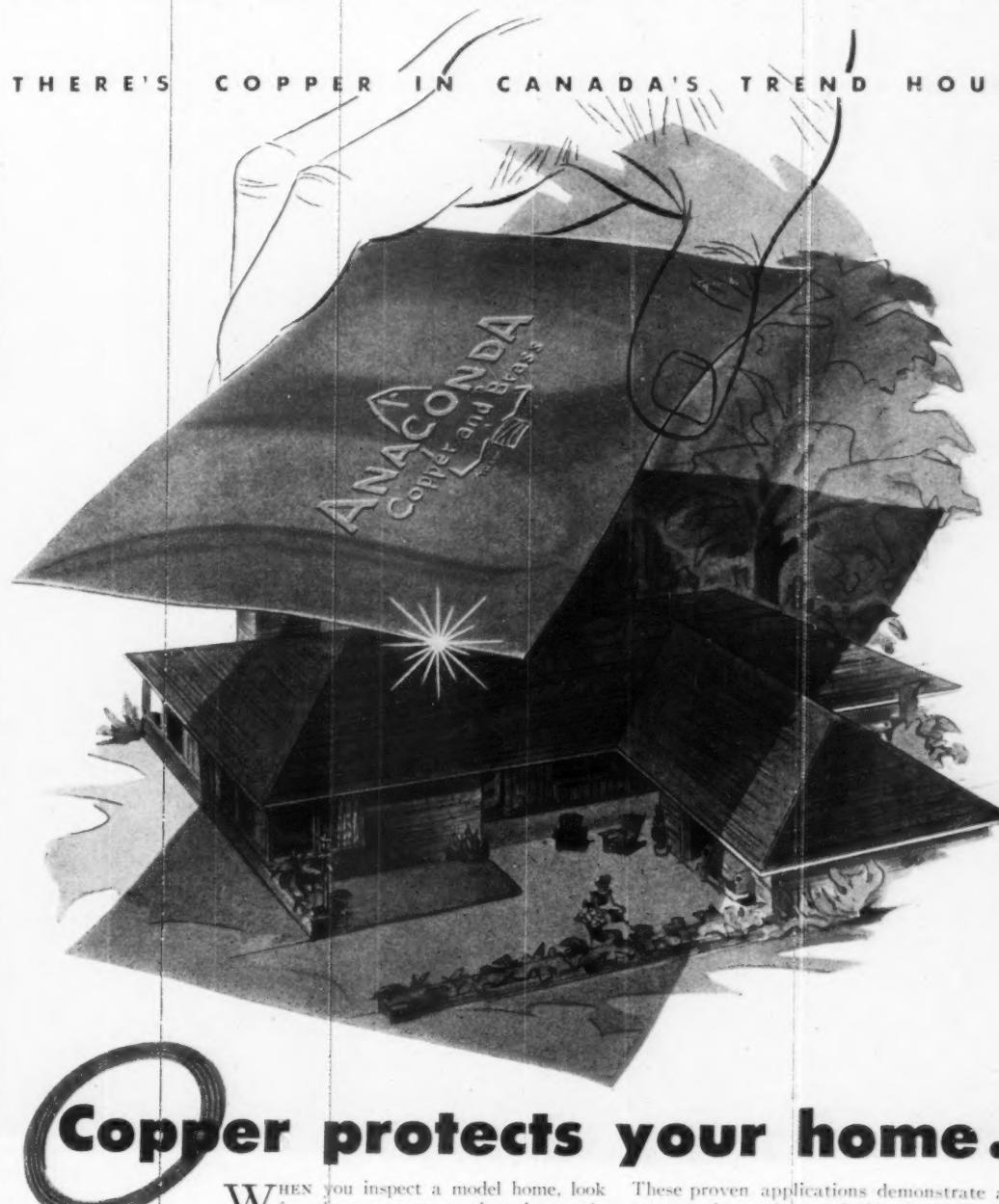
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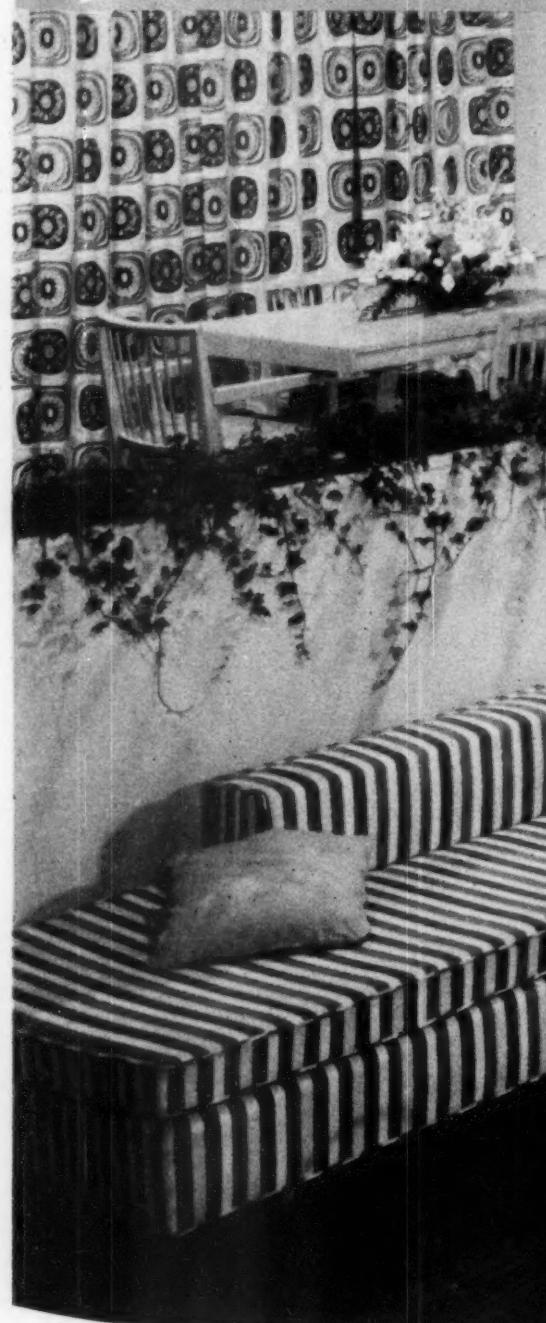
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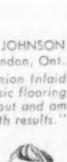


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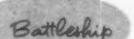
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Continued from page 37
loom, saving my wife many woman hours of cleaning.

I saved money on plastering by using wood and brick for all the walls except those in the bedrooms, which are papered. The marble floor in the entrance hall while admittedly expensive (though I got it at a bargain) is practically indestructible. The children have spilled paints and crushed crayons on it and it shows no wear. Besides providing us with a bright, spacious entrance, it provides the twins with an excellent place to play.

There is no need for screen doors, which are an eyesore, because beside the door I have installed screened louvered panels which can be opened for excellent ventilation. Another convenience is the extra washbasin in an alcove just outside the bathroom. There are no curtains that have to be washed anywhere in the house. The full-length drapes give us all the privacy we need in the living area.

One of the biggest expenses in the construction of this house was two thousand dollars for glass windows, but my house is so light that I can take a photograph inside without any extra light. In fact we've noticed that our two youngest children, Pierrette and Paulette, become unconsciously depressed when they visit other homes which are darker.

One expense I cut out was a heated garage. As the car sits outside for eight or ten hours a day while I'm at work, I reasoned, why should it be pampered at night? Let into the centre of the house is a carport I can drive right into and step out by my front door. I don't have to get out in the snow in winter and the car is protected from the weather. In summer we use this carport as a shaded terrace.

The property had a lot of trees, birch and oak, and I left them there. Left in its natural state the lot makes a perfect place for the children to play. I have a small patch of grass at the back just big enough to accommodate a hammock and deck chairs, and the only other lawn is in front.

How does my wife like living in this house?

Too well, I've got an idea for another house I'd like to build some day that would be even more convenient for her. You'd think, now I've proved my point, that she would be delighted at the prospect of moving into an even better house, but every time I bring up the subject, she gently changes the conversation.

You can push even an architect's wife only so far. *

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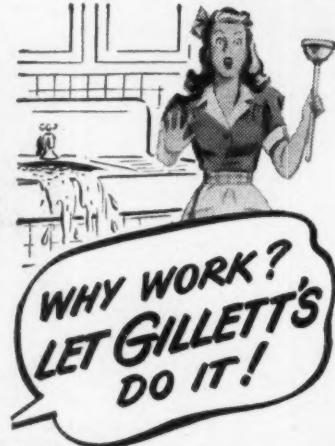


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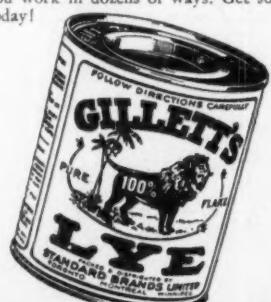


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LOVE ME, LOVE OUR BABY

Continued from page 21

paying for after his first date with Kate.

It was more than that, of course. Kissing Kate good-by in the morning, walking across the narrow new porch, down the two cement steps, sizing up the new lawn for encroaching weeds, climbing into the car and driving down to the office, Allen felt as if he owned the world. All of it, total, secure, full of sunshine.

It was a level on which he stayed for quite a time. One that possibly he would have savored all of his life. But Kate spoiled it. She spoiled it one night in the middle of their first summer together, when they were both on their knees to the weeds.

"Allen," she said, keeping her head down, digging neatly around the claw-like fingers of the worst type of grass destroyer, "I want to ask you something."

He leaned back on his heels. He felt grubby and contented. It was an early Sunday night. All Sundays were pure and of themselves, as if there were a circle drawn as sharply as Kate's around the weeds. A circle around the house, the yard and the girl who belonged to him.

"Ask it," he said happily. "If it doesn't cost more than three dollars and—" he reached into his pocket and counted out the change "—sixteen cents, it's yours."

"You can't buy it." Kate looked up at him with her quick grin. "Although it'll cost us a lot more than that. Over a period of time."

He watched for the one dimple that sometimes was there and other times was hidden. Her smile was too short to bring it out. For some reason he felt uncomfortable. He stood up, stretched, and brushed the soil off the knees of his dungarees. "Go ahead." He began to scoop the ravished weeds into a carton.

"Well." She was deliberate about it. She wasn't a very talkative person, anyhow, just a completely wonderful one. "I've cleaned every closet and waxed every floor. I've washed all the windows and made the curtains. Now it's all organized—"

"Except for the weeds."

"Except for the weeds," she agreed.

He said, feeling perverse, "I'm hungry. When do we eat?"

"As soon as I get to say what I have to say," she explained calmly.

"I'm waiting."

"Two hours a day does it. My house-work, I mean. I like to write letters, but I'm all caught up. I like to read, but not that much—"

Allen looked at her. "Don't tell me you want to go to work?" A quick picture of Kate out in the business world, with all the men who could talk with her and look at her eight hours a day, while he only had the dregs, evenings, early mornings and the sleeping hours, disturbed him.

Her surprised laughter reassured him at once. "I never thought of that." Then she turned serious. "No, Allen," she went on slowly. "What I'm trying to say is that I think it's time we had a baby."

He stood absolutely still and heard his heart thump against his chest. "Are

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you—are you—" He couldn't say it. Not here, outdoors like this.

She laughed again. "Indeed not. But why not?"

Why not? The phrase echoed through Allen's mind. With it came a dozen reasons, helter-skelter. Kate, too busy to meet him at the door. Too tired to go for long walks late at night. Too interested in somebody else to pay attention to the scraps he saved all day to bring home to her. Most of all, Kate belonging to somebody else, a small demanding first-call person. I'm not ready for it, he thought, panicked.

He said it. "I'm not ready for it."

Kate looked up at him with a little smile still on her face. He watched the smile get lost and her brows pull together. "You're serious, aren't you?" she said finally. He nodded, unable to speak.

Kate asked reasonably, "How old do you have to be? How much money do you have to make? He'd be little for a long time, you know."

"I know," Allen said miserably, and that was part of it.

Kate got up slowly, as if she were tired from the kneeling and the pulling. She walked into the house. She didn't slam any doors. She just paced in slowly, her head tilted to one side, as if she had a problem she was pondering mightily.

Allen took the weeds around back and burned them in the incinerator. He removed his soiled shoes and went into the house, avoiding Kate in the kitchen. He let a hot shower run cold over him and dressed in clean clothes. When he was all through he took a deep breath and went out to Kate, knowing that he still felt the same way and he couldn't help it.

She said, cheerfully enough, "Supper's all ready. Sit down."

He sat. When she was beside him in the breakfast corner, he said, "It looks wonderful."

"Eat it then," she suggested without a smile.

He took two bites. "Kate," he said almost desperately, "we're young. We have a lot of time. It's very good the way it is now."

She sipped her tea and didn't say anything.

"Well, you don't mind too much. Do you?" he persisted.

Kate stared at him, suddenly and thoroughly. "What do you want me to say?" she asked. "That I like going without a baby because you don't want to be bothered?"

He moved a hand toward her. She evaded him.

"I do mind," she went on, more calmly. "I mind very much. But it also wouldn't mean very much to me if I had to force you to have a child you don't want."

"Kate," he began.

"Drop it," she said brusquely, in a way he'd never heard before. "Let's just forget it. Maybe I could learn to play canasta." She smiled a little. Kate had no card sense and she knew it.

Allen smiled, too. He ought to be relieved. A passing fancy. In the morning she'd be on to something new. He wasn't. He felt awful.

In the morning she was, as always, fresh and humming and warm with her good-by kiss. But the uncomfortable feeling stayed with Allen until



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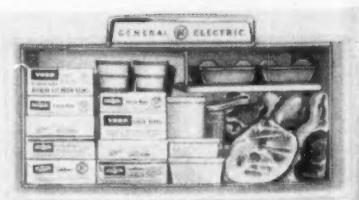


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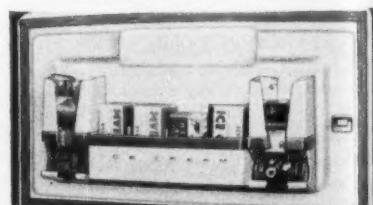
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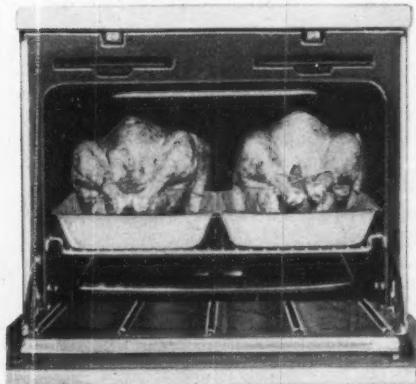


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GENERAL ELECTRIC
Push-Button
RANGE

he thought of the present. He'd cash a cheque and get her something feminine and special.

Then, after work, on the way to the stores, he came to the pet shop. He stopped to look at the puppies in the window. They were all shades of tan, from cream to mahogany. They had long curly ears and black noses and bright eyes that seemed to be reaching out to him. He turned abruptly into the place.

Fifteen minutes later he emerged with a squirming animal under one arm and a huge paper bag of assorted equipment under the other. Now he owned a dog, too, he thought and was surprised at the pleasure it gave him.

When he reached his house he let the puppy out. All of the wiggle seemed to be gone from it. The little fellow hugged tight to the ground, put his nose between his paws to hide his face. Allen picked him up and sauntered, trying to make it casual, in the back door. Kate wasn't there to meet him.

"Kate," he called. The pup let out one shrill startled yelp. "Kate, I'm home."

The sound of her footsteps came briskly toward him. She appeared in the doorway. He extended the pup to her, its legs dangling. "For you," he said, feeling shy. Then he noticed her best suit. "What are you all dressed up for? Are we invited out?"

Kate shook her head. "Where did you get him?" She didn't reach out at all.

"I bought him. For you." He tried to smile. "To help take up your time."

"Oh." She gave him a long considering look, and he knew that she saw right through him, and rejected the substitute. "Mother called," she went on, sounding in a hurry. "She's not feeling well. Neila is back east and Dad had to go to Ottawa on a business trip."

"That's too bad," Allen murmured.

"I tried to get you. Line busy. I thought if we started right now we could eat on the way, be there about eight and you'd have plenty of time to get back—"

"Two hundred miles?"

She frowned. "My family has never asked anything of us—"

"You mean you're going to leave me?"

The laughter bubbled before she could stop it. She came over to him and patted his cheek. She reached down for a brief moment and put her hand on the puppy's head. "Only for a day or so," she said. "You baby." He didn't know whether she meant him or the dog.

"What about him?" He held the dog up. The shrill yelp shot forth again.

"We'll have to take him along. You can bring him back with you."

A fine prospect, Allen thought. But after the look in Kate's eyes when he mentioned the mileage, especially after yesterday, he couldn't very well put his foot down. He couldn't blame her because he had to take the puppy.

"And what do I do with him tomorrow?" he asked.

"Take him back," Kate said calmly. "to wherever you got him." She turned away.

"I thought you liked dogs." Even to his own ears he sounded pathetic.

"I do," Kate said, over her shoulder. "But everything is relative." At the door she turned and looked at the pair of them. "Didn't anyone ever tell you, Allen," she asked, sounding both adult and indifferent, "that puppies are as



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much work as babies, as much trouble?"

When they were finally started on the trip they drove in silence for a long time. The mountains beside the highway were purple and ominous. There was the rumble of faraway thunder and the roar of heavy traffic. Allen was glad to have his attention caught, because in the background somewhere he knew that there was a wrongness between them that had never been there before. And that he had increased it by getting the dog.

He swung at last into a wide graveled circle. "Let's eat."

Kate protested. "This place is too expensive. And you've already broken the budget."

"How?" Then he remembered the dog. He peeked over into the back seat. A fluffy ball, full of food from the brown bag, slept on the old blanket. Allen opened the door. "I don't know what we're celebrating," he said, trying to keep it light, "but I'm in the mood for prime ribs!" He reached over and kissed Kate. "Love you, honey," he whispered.

"I love you, too," Kate said promptly, because she was honest, because she was Kate.

Allen kissed her again and felt a little better.

The dinner took a long time. It was worth all of the hour and a half, and worth most of the breathtaking check. When they came out he and Kate were both smiling, more relaxed, well fed, with yesterday practically forgotten. That was another thing about Kate. She didn't spoil today with yesterday's grudges.

They stood, momentarily shocked, under the eaves of the restaurant. The ominous look of the mountains had turned into wild lashing rain here in the valley. It sheeted, slanting, across the highway, blurring the trees, the slow-moving cars.

Allen said, "It'll take all night to go seventy miles in that."

Kate considered. "Mother wouldn't want us to," she decided finally. "We'd better go back home. Let's run for it."

Warmth raced all through Allen. Kate wasn't going to spend the next days and nights away from him. He knew, abruptly, that he hadn't believed her reason for going, that he was afraid she wanted to get away from him until she had decided something. "You'll get to like the dog," he called over the noise of the storm.

She didn't answer. She was at the car door. She was opening it quickly. Then she backed up and stood still, horror written large on her face, the rain soaking her through. Allen pushed up beside her and stared into the lighted interior of the car.

The puppy sat on the front seat. There was a fluffy white beard surrounding his mouth. The cottony froth of the beard was everywhere inside. In the air. On the seats, the backs. There was not a single untouched piece of upholstery left. The stuffing had been pulled out of it, rampagiously, thoroughly, efficiently, by the small beast that sat leering up at them.

"Oh, Allen," Kate cried.

"Get in out of the rain," Allen shouted furiously. Anger was a crawling thing in him. His palm ached to slap the grinning animal face. The dog started toward him, tail wagging. Allen

slid in under the wheel and slammed the door.

Screams filled the air, wild, terrorized, full of pain.

Kate screamed, too. "You've hurt him," she cried. "You slammed the door on him."

Allen opened the door again with shaking fingers, his ears buzzing with the mad sounds around him. "I couldn't," he muttered. "I don't see how—"

"Never mind now," Kate sounded as if she hated him. "Give him to me."

He reached down and picked up the hysterical bundle of fur. It snapped at him savagely, and baby teeth raked deep parallel tracks across the back of his hand. He offered the dog to Kate mutely. When he held him up one paw was limp and dangling.

Kate patted the bony head, smoothed the fur. "There now," she murmured. "Take it easy, buddy."

At least we have a name for him, Allen thought, hearing the yells subside to pitiful whimpering.

Kate's fingers moved slowly around to the dangling leg. "There now, buddy." She felt gently. "You've broken his leg," she said quietly. "We'll have to get to a vet."

"Don't say I did it," Allen cried.

"Well, didn't you?"

"The door did. I didn't mean—"

"You slammed the door."

Allen sighed. He felt out of his depth, in a nightmare, to blame for every miserable thing in the world, including the storm. He said, "We're on the highway between two cities, remember? It's past office hours. Where will we find a vet?"

Kate looked at him. Now he felt stupid as well as guilty. "You'll go back to the restaurant and ask about the nearest town, that's how. Call the vet from there and tell him we're coming."

She didn't say it, but Allen could hear the words. They were in her eyes. "Big bully. No sense of responsibility. Inadequate." He took a comprehensive look at the ruined interior of his precious car. He encompassed the scorn and distaste on his precious wife's face. He stared at the dog, who stared back at him, hate sharp in the brown eyes.

"I didn't do it on purpose," he told them both.

Kate said, "Call Mother while you're there, too."

Allen slammed himself out of the car and walked slowly through the rain again. It suited him to get soaking wet, to be as miserable outside as he was inside. He talked to the proprietor, made two phone calls, had a quick drink of whisky, then sauntered back.

The chewed cotton of the seat was lumpy against him. He started the motor.

Kate said, "It took you long enough. He's suffering, you know."

Allen muttered, "Suffering? What's that? I don't know anything about suffering. I've been so happy all my life."

"You've been drinking."

He nodded. He swung out on the highway. Except for the quick frightened panting of the dog there was silence in the car. Kate broke it. "How is Mother? Or did you forget to call?"

Allen said with dignity, aware of the ripe whisky odor in the closed place. "She is much better. By all means go back home. She would worry to have

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us on the road a night like this. Her dearest love."

Kate said, "You're going away from home now."

"I turn," Allen said formally, "at the next red light, go three stop streets, turn left, two houses, and there is a vet for your precious dog."

"Yours," Kate corrected.

"Yours. I gave him to you."

"And I refused him."

"Now listen here," Allen began, and stopped. This is how it goes, then. It gets started and it gets worse and you know it doesn't make sense, but you keep it up. Because it's based on something big that you won't admit and it has to get out of your system somehow. He tightened his lips and wrapped him-elf in anger. Kate has no right to make me feel such a fool and such a monster, he thought righteously.

The vet wore a white coat and was very professional, which surprised Allen.

"What happened?" he asked, picking Buddy up in firm professional hands.

"My husband," Kate said clearly, "slammed the car door on his foot."

The vet gave Allen a cool look which said, "You stinker."

"I never—" Allen began. Then he shrugged and sat down. He picked up an old magazine and thumbed through it.

The doctor vanished through a door. The stillness piled up thickly. Kate sat in the chair across from him, flipping the pages of another old magazine.

Allen said at last, "I didn't know you had it in you."

"Had what in me?" Kate asked coolly.

"Such coldness. Such meanness."

She didn't look up. She said, "I didn't know you could be so cruel, so childish." Then she lifted her head. "One thing's settled," she added, almost casually.

Allen's heart started to pound heavily. "What?"

"You're right. You're not ready for a baby. You're not even ready for a dog."

The silence drifted down again while Allen tried to think of the right thing to say, the thing that wouldn't make it worse. He shivered. His trousers clung to him, clammy and cold. He sneezed. He looked at Kate as he blew his nose. She seemed absorbed in the magazine. She didn't care if he got pneumonia, that was plain.

After seeming hours the vet came back, the dog limp in his arms. The paw was splinted and thickly bandaged. It stood straight out from the small body. The smell of ether smothered the remaining odor of Allen's drink.

"Had to knock him out," the vet said cheerfully. "Clean break. He'll be okay. That will be ten dollars, please."

Allen stood up and went through his pockets. He swallowed hard, counting out bills and change. "Kate," he managed, not looking at her, "have you got four bucks?" She opened her purse, condescendingly, extracted four bills delicately and flagged them toward him. He walked across the room for them.

She stood up and started for the door.

"Hey," Allen called, "you forgot Buddy."

"Carry him yourself," his wife said. "He's yours. He's also unconscious and won't recognize you enough to bite you." She went out.

The vet loaded the dog into Allen's arms. He winked broadly. Allen tried to return the wink, but somehow it turned into a sneeze.

It was still raining. He tried to balance the dog and open the door. He made it, set Buddy between himself and Kate, and knew a twinge of jealousy as she reached over, pulling the puppy close, tucking the blanket around him, making a fine cozy place near the warmth of her body.

Allen started the car and peered carefully out through the curved triangles cleared so momentarily by the wipers. He drove slowly. He turned on the heater, but he couldn't stop shivering.

When they were again back out on the highway he had to say something. Anything, to break the hot quiet inside the car. He said, "I won't be able to take him back now, will I?"

Kate took a while to reply. When

she did she sounded remote and sleepy. "Damaged goods," she murmured.

Oh Kate, Allen thought, do you mean just the dog? Or are you trying to tell me that this difference in viewpoint, the harsh things we've said tonight, have damaged us, our marriage? He swerved to avoid a passing car. Water swished high against the wheels, splayed out in two waves on either side of the hood. There was a sudden knocking sound and the motor went dead. For a moment Allen Baird, completely defeated, put his head down on the steering wheel.

Kate and the dog breathed quietly. Allen looked up at her and saw that her head was back on the seat and her eyes were closed. He said, "If I didn't think we'd get smashed from behind I'd stay right here forever."

There was no answer. There was, instead, an added swish beside him. A truck pulled up ahead, then a pale face appeared at Allen's window. "Want a

pull?" the man yelled. Allen nodded gratefully.

It was easy enough to pull them past the bad part of the road. After several tries Allen's motor sputtered alive again. The man's face returned, "Okay?"

Allen ran the window down. "Okay. Thanks a million. Wait a minute." He reached for his pockets, remembered, then stretched out a hand toward Kate. "You got some more money?" he asked.

Kate didn't answer. The man leaned forward to peek at her. "What's matter? She drunk?"

It was then that Allen became aware of the smell of ether, of the sleepiness in his own eyes, the thickness of his own voice. "She's ill," he cried frantically.

He reached for Kate and shook her. He patted her face. She moved her head slowly from side to side but her eyes stayed closed.

"Tell you what," the man said, "keep

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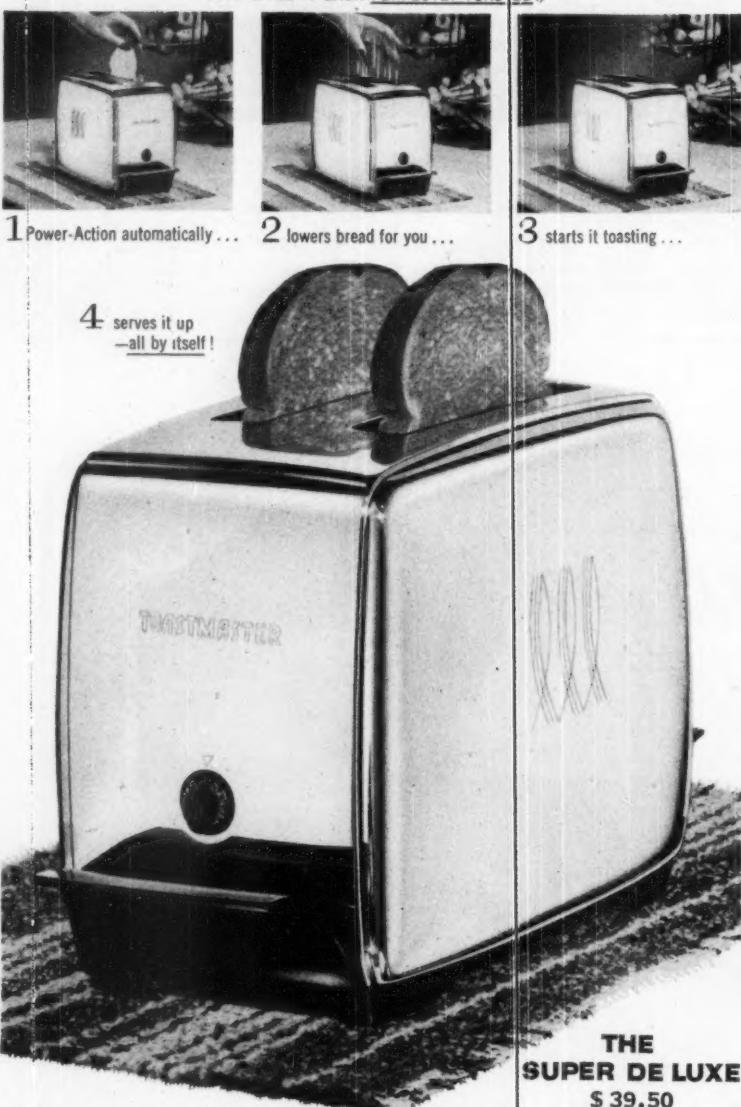
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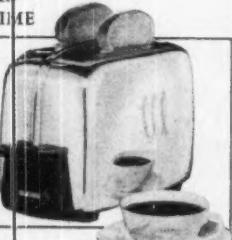
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all the windows open. Smells like a hospital in there."

Kate mumbled, "Good morning, darling."

Allen kissed her. The dog shrieked once, and subsided into renewed snores. Allen reached for Kate's purse. It contained only one dollar. He held it out. "Sorry. This seems to be it."

The man grinned. "Okay by me."

Allen leaned urgently over Kate. "Darling," he cried, "are you all right?" "Home," she mumbled. "Home."

He left the windows open and headed for home. He was shaking all over from the damp and he began to ache. It took a very long time, but it looked wonderful, like the nightmare ended, when he swung into his own drive. He put the car in the garage and went around to Kate's side. She was sound asleep. He picked her up, feeling strongly masculine, and carried her into the house. He undressed her and put her to bed. He was undressed himself, dreaming of the warmth of many blankets against his shudders, when he remembered the dog.

He went downstairs and found a carton. He lined it with an old sweater and put it near the register in the kitchen. Then he put on his raincoat and went out to the garage. The dog was dead to the world, like Kate. It gave Allen a queer feeling to be the only one awake. He tucked the dog into the box, piled the sweater arms over him and plodded upstairs, gripping the rail.

The bed welcomed him. His aches were almost pleasant under the four piled blankets. He knew that he couldn't go to sleep though, until he'd tried to make it right.

He leaned over toward Kate. "I'm sorry, dear," he whispered. "It was a terrible evening—and all my fault." He kissed her temple. She didn't stir.

All right, he told her silently, you can't hear me. We'll call it a truce till morning. He went to sleep. He dreamed that a thin high whistle was blowing and blowing without end. Up and down and down and up. He stirred restlessly and threw his arms around the pillow, bringing it close to shelter his ears. Even through it he could hear the shrill piping.

He waited for Kate to do something about it. She was the light sleeper, the one who heard the alarm clock, the one who got up to close the windows. The whistle kept blowing.

He sat up suddenly. "What's that?" he heard himself yell. "What's that?"

Kate mumbled and dug deeper into her own pillow.

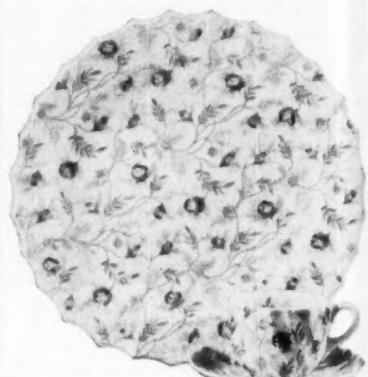
Allen slid out of bed. The whistle was a whistle no longer. It was the ear-splitting frightened cry of a small dog whose leg was broken. Whose leg Allen himself had broken. A dog coming out of anaesthetic in the dark, in a strange place, in pain. Allen sat there, breathing heavily, and remembered the night after he had his appendix out, in the orphanage hospital.

He made his way down the stairs dizzily. His head buzzed. He felt tall and floating. He switched on the kitchen light.

The cardboard box was tipped over on its side. The tan bundle of fur was caught, part in and part out. Allen knelt to it and picked the dog up, careful not to touch the outsize bandage. GINGERLY, too, remembering the sharp

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young teeth. But instead of a snarl, this time there was a whimper. Instead of snapping, there was a hot wet tongue that washed the back of his hand and stretched to touch his face.

Allen looked sombrely into the dog's eyes. "Don't feel so good myself, pal," he muttered. He turned on the tap, the dog cradled in the crook of his elbow, and let water run into a pan. He held the dog while it drank. Then he got himself a glass of cold water. He rearranged the sweater and tucked the dog into the box. "Hit the sack, pal," he ordered, and turned out the kitchen light.

He was almost to the stairway before the screaming started again. He went wearily back. "Now listen," he said firmly, "we're tired. I ache and I have to get up at seven while you can lie there all day. Will you kindly shut up?"

The stubbed tail thumped three times. The head tipped. The tongue tried to stretch up to Allen's six feet. He sighed. He got milk from the refrigerator and warmed it, poured it into a bowl and set it down beside the box. The dog couldn't reach it. Allen sat himself on the floor, put the dog on his lap and held the bowl under the dog's chin. Lapping sounds filled the room again.

Straighten the box, fix the sweater, put him in. "Now shut up," Allen whispered fiercely. Light out. This time he made the third step toward the heaven of warm bed awaiting him upstairs when the yelp came.

Annoyance, sharp as the pains throughout his body, stabbed him as he picked up the whole box and carried it with him. He stumbled over the foot of the bed, bumped his shin against the side, let out a special word and parked the box on the floor next to him. Then he climbed over it and settled himself with a deep sigh. He closed his eyes and almost immediately sleep washed up over him.

But only for moments. The yapping started again. Allen reached wildly toward the box and brought the dog up beside him. "Shut up," he snarled. "You little mutt. Shut up."

The tongue explored his face in the dark. The broken body settled warmly against his shoulder. The head tucked down into the collar of his pyjamas. There was peace.

Allen closed his eyes and the aches were a little less. He's like a hot water bottle, he thought. He waited for sleep. But it was coy, tip-toeing close and running away again.

He's my dog all right, Allen thought. I'll teach him to retrieve. Maybe I'll get a gun and we'll go hunting. He's a smart little guy. Good. Got guts.

Guts.

Allen's mind felt very clear and very busy. A baby would feel like this, asleep and nestled, if you got up to feed it in the night, to make it comfortable, so your wife could get her sleep. You could teach a boy baby lots of things, too. Easier than a dog, maybe. To walk and to talk and later to play baseball. He turned the idea around.

Kate's voice said, very clear, not at all sleepy, not mumbling, "You'll spoil him."

For a moment it was as if she'd said it about the boy baby. Allen leaned up on one elbow quickly, still careful not to disturb the dog. "You faker," he accused. "You weren't asleep. Even in the car. Then you heard him yelling

and you didn't do a thing about it. You just lay there and pretended—"

"It's your dog," she said calmly.

Allen thought, Yes, it is. It would be my baby, too. Not something of Kate's alone. Something of mine, too.

He heard Kate giggle. Suddenly it was all right. Everything was all right again. Only in a different way. Better.

He said, "Oh Kate, Kate."

She whispered, "Not mad are you? You did very well, you know. That warm milk was a touch of genius."

"You little sneak. You saw—"

He felt her nod, felt the tickle of her hair against his cheek. When she spoke again her tone was serious, and strangely tender. "You make a very good father," she said.

Allen took a deep breath. You don't own anything, except through love, he thought sagely and for the first time. He thought, This is exactly the best kind of dog for kids. By the time we have a baby I'll have the dog well trained.

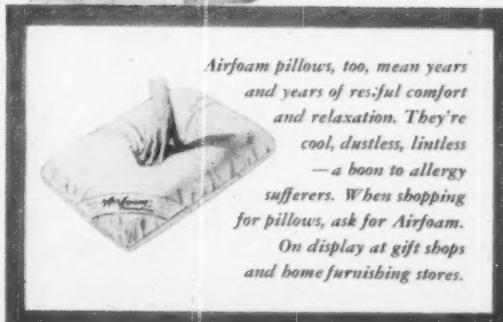
"I think you're right," he said definitely to Kate. "I think I will make a good father."

Kate kissed him. The dog grunted, as if in assent. Allen lay still, listening to the contented sleepy breathing of both of them. He felt deeply content, rich beyond any previous dreams, and powerful enough to be the head of a family. A family, he thought, just before he dropped suddenly and deliciously into the soft black pit of sleep. *

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and Daughter
Fashions



4292



3791

3808

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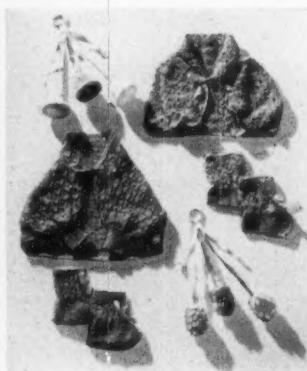
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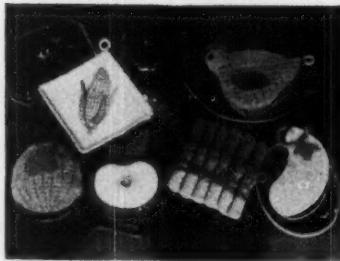


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TEEN-AGERS ASK ABOUT ETIQUETTE

Continued from page 31

may vary. The most formal are "May I present" or "I would like to present," "May I introduce" or "I would like to introduce." For informal, easy introductions, simply use: "I'd like you to meet" or "I'd like you to know" or the old stand-by, "This is"—"Mary, this is Bob Jones."

Q: Please tell me the proper way to introduce myself and my date to the receiving line at a formal dance at high school or some other place.

A: As you shake hands with the first person in the receiving line, introduce yourself by saying: "I am Mary Smith," and introduce your date by adding: "I would like to present Robert Jones." Then your responsibility ends. It lies with those in the receiving line to pass along your name and that of your escort so that you will be known as you continue along the line.

Q: Should a girl go stag to a party?

A: She should never go alone to a party to which the guests have been invited in couples. However, she may do so to a party to which girls and boys have been invited individually. In this case she should arrange to get to the party and home again on her own. However, the thoughtful hostess will try to see that every girl has a ride or at least company home.

Q: Some boys are more polite than others. What does a girl do when she wants to get out of the car—just wait? If her escort doesn't know he's supposed to open the door and asks if something is wrong, what should she say?

A: You are so right and it is the parents who should blush for the impolite ones. The girl should wait in the car until her escort opens the door for her. If she waits and he asks if something is wrong, she can say: "I thought you'd like me to wait until you opened the door." If said gently, it won't spoil the evening but may prove a useful tip to the boy. Boys like to appear sophisticated and sure of the right thing to do and girls can do a lot to encourage good manners in the lads they know, but it must be done tactfully.

Q: When dating a boy casually, do you invite him in at the end of the evening and provide refreshments?

A: This should not be expected. You may do so, as long as the hour is not late and you have your parents' approval.

Q: If a boy tries to get affectionate on a first date, what should you do without making the situation too difficult?

A: Tell him gently but firmly you disapprove. He will respect and like you a lot more for it. From letters I receive, it appears that many of the boys neck because they have run out of conversation. So, turn on the conversation!

Q: If a girl and boy have a disagreement about something and the girl realizes afterward that she was wrong, should she make the first move and apologize?

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A: By all means. It is your place to seek out the other person, apologize, and set the matter straight. You'll go up in the boy's estimation because he will admire and appreciate your honesty.

Q: If you meet a seemingly nice boy in a show, should you allow yourself to be taken home or, in other words, picked up by him if he's well-mannered, considerate and respectful?

A: No. At your age, you'll have plenty of opportunity for meeting nice boys. It would put you in a bad light to allow a pick-up.

Q: Is it a wise plan to go steady between the ages of sixteen and eighteen? If it is, what should be the terms?

A: Though it is the fashion, I do not think it is a wise plan because going steady means forgoing dates with anyone else. Only by having many friends of the opposite sex and dates, can a boy or girl learn about people, learn to get along with them, and gradually decide the type of person he or she would like most to marry. If going steady is decided upon, the young people would be wise to review the situation in a year, decide if they wish to continue or break up without any hard feelings.

Q: At what point in friendship with a boy should I invite him home for dinner?

A: The earlier the better. It is a compliment to him and gives you and your parents a chance to judge if the friendship is a good one. You may issue the invitation on behalf of your mother by saying: "Mother would like you to come for dinner with us tomorrow evening."

Q: When you go into a restaurant after a date, how do you know what to order without embarrassment either to yourself or the boy?

A: Dropping into a restaurant after a date usually indicates a soft drink or ice cream only, and that's what your escort means when he says, "What will you have?" If he wants to spend more he will probably suggest a sandwich or hamburger. Always order moderately, both in quantity and cost, and you will avoid embarrassment.

Q: How long a time does a boy expect to neck after he has taken a girl out on an expensive date when you've been out several times before? Are you supposed to kiss him three or four times, or longer?

A: The fact that he has spent money on you doesn't give him any special privileges. Don't kiss him at all if you don't want to. You will never lose his respect by being discreet and you may increase his interest in you.

Q: When should teen-agers assume they will exchange gifts? How much should you spend? How can you refuse a gift you don't want?

A: If teen-agers are going steady, they can exchange inexpensive gifts on anniversaries, such as Christmas, birthdays and Valentine's Day.

It is never in good taste to buy an acquaintance or friend an expensive gift as it puts the recipient under an obligation; nor should the gift be personal. A little time spent in choosing the gift will usually turn up something useful and appreciated. Limit the gift to two dollars or less.

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with the explanation that your parent does not wish you to accept it.

Q: Sometimes my girl friend and I go to a movie or ball game together. Afterward, I have a date with my boy friend and he joins us. Should he be responsible for my girl friend's refreshments and fare home?

A: No, he is not responsible and she should leave you and your date, unless you both press her to join you; in which case, of course, the boy would pay for her, too. However, your girl friend should be aware of your date before you and she start out together; thus she is not left in the lurch but can make her own plans.

Q: On a Sadie Hawkins' date—(1) Can you ask a boy who hasn't dated you? (2) Can you ask a fellow student you have seen but not met? (3) Should a girl ask a boy who is casually dating her girl friend? (4) How can a boy refuse tactfully? (5) Should the girl call for the boy? (6) Who pays for refreshments after?

A: Sadie Hawkins is a date—often a school dance—in which etiquette is usually completely reversed and the girls invite the boys. The girl not only buys the tickets, she calls for the boy, and she may even give him a corsage (usually a dreamy concoction of lettuce and radishes).

(1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) No. (4) He can say: "Thank you very much, I'd like to go with you but I have other plans." (5) Yes. (6) The girl, usually.

Q: When a teen-ager is a house or dinner guest, should he or she offer to help?

A: Yes, indeed. It will show your

good manners, and endear you to the hostess who will invite you again.

Q: How do you remove a bone or some other foreign matter from your mouth when eating?

A: Bones and pits are removed from the mouth by putting the fork or spoon being used to the lips and thus transferring the object to the plate. Fish bones are taken from the mouth with thumb and forefinger. In any case, it should be done unobtrusively, with no remarks, and no attention drawn to the matter.

Q: Is it acceptable to let a girl pay the treat quite often in a date (the girl is working but doesn't have money enough to throw away)?

A: No, and the girl is foolish to do so at all. She pays her own way when out with girls; she can go Dutch treat when in a crowd, even though accompanied by a boy. She pays her own check if in a restaurant and a boy happens to join her. But when invited out on a date by a boy, the girl should not pay for herself and never pay for the boy's entertainment and refreshments otherwise the boy will lose his self-respect. (The only exception might be for some very special occasion—such as giving a boy theatre tickets for his birthday celebration when a couple have been going together some time.)

Q: When returning home with girls from entertainment, should a boy be expected or allowed to pay the girls' bus or streetcar fare?

A: If one of the girls is his date, he should pay her fare home and let the

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rest look after themselves. If he has merely linked up with the group, he is not obligated to pay anyone's fare but his own.

Q: How do you indicate that your party has ended and you want the guests to leave?

A: The surest and safest way is to announce the party hours when inviting the guests. It can be done politely and without dampening enthusiasm by saying something like this: "The party is from 8:30 until 1. I thought you might like to know about the one o'clock curfew so you can plan your transportation home." I know a home where an amusingly drawn sign, "Curfew at midnight," reminds the guests that parties can't go on forever. No one has taken offense, as far as I know.

Q: If liquor is brought to a teen-age party, should you leave? Or if it is at your house, should you break up the party?

A: Alcohol certainly has no place at a teen-age party. The person who brought the drink should be asked to leave, but if not, and the party becomes unpleasant, you have no choice but to leave. At your home, it should not be necessary to break up the gathering. An older person should confiscate the liquor and the teen-ager who brought it be asked to leave.

Q: Topics of conversation when speaking to a stranger with whom you may have nothing in common?

A: This bothers many people all their lives but it shouldn't. There's always the weather—and as a subject of conversation, it becomes more popular all the time. Or talk about the gathering or affair you are attending. You can remark that it is large or small, that the hostess looks attractive, that you know lots of people, or few.

If you are shy about talking, ask the stranger about himself. The questions should not be of a personal nature, but general: "Do you live in this part of the city?" or "Do you know many here?" People love to talk about themselves and one question from you may bring such a flow of conversation, you won't have to worry any more. If the stranger is shy and very hard to draw out, then take the last desperate stand and talk about yourself. Perhaps some amusing thing happened on your way to the party and you can recount it; or tackle a newsy subject such as the latest sports or world event.

Q: How do you pour punch correctly? Do you put the ice cubes in your glass?

A: The ice cubes are to cool the punch in the bowl so are not put into the punch glass, but if one slips into the glass it doesn't matter.

Q: When one goes steady, is it necessary to do a lot of necking?

A: Not necessary and not advisable. Going steady is merely the fashion of the moment for teen-agers and does not indicate an engagement or contemplating of marriage. It's a wise time not to get too deeply involved emotionally.

Q: How does a boy who is a bit bashful about asking a girl for a date? Instance: This boy works in a factory with several other boys who know him as a woman-hater. The boy actually would like to ask this girl for a date but is afraid of the consequences, both from his fellow employees and the girl.

A: A woman-hater has a lonely life; it's not worth it. Show the boys and the girl you like that you are a man of action. Telephone her for a date; if this is impossible, try to meet her going to or coming from work. If you're too bashful for either of these write her a little note, asking if you could call at her home or take her to a movie on a certain evening. Don't let the boys' remarks bother you; if they are ribbing you now, it's probably because you are standing apart, and are not dating.

Q: What amount of money does a girl expect a boy to spend on a date?

A: Never spend more than you can afford on any date. A girl does not expect it; in fact, it makes her uncomfortable to know a boy is overspending. She won't even mind if sometimes you go out and don't spend anything.

Q: What do you say just after entering an office for a personal interview for employment?

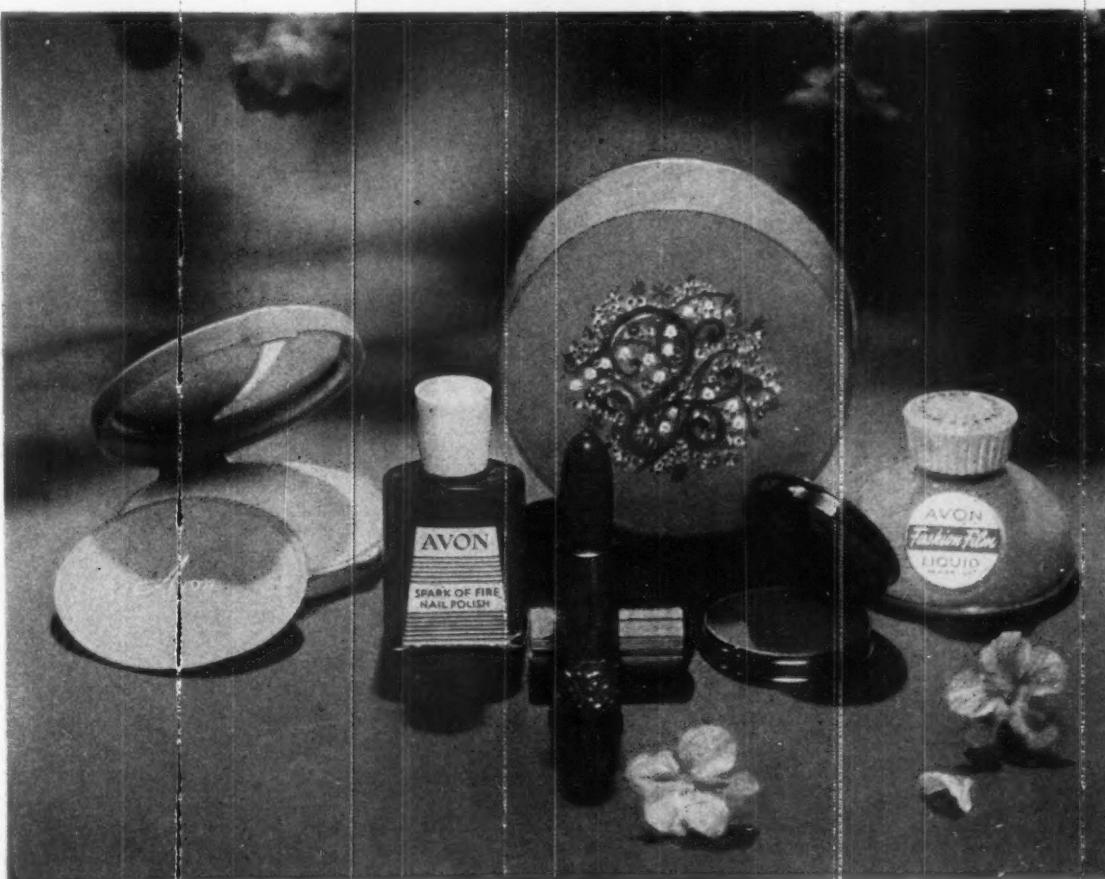
A: After "How do you do," say as

little as possible until the employer questions you about qualifications. A quiet manner, without fidgeting and without nervous chatter, will make the best impression.

Q: If you're working in a store and a customer comes in and starts to raise Cain how much are you expected to stand for and what should you do when you can take no more?

A: The customer is ill-mannered to vent her anger on an employee. Your

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only course is to excuse yourself as quickly as possible and summon the manager.

Q: How does a boy single out one girl to dance with from a group?

A: The girls are all really waiting for a boy to ask them to dance, so it is quite in order to single out a partner. Say: "Excuse me," if you are interrupting her talk, "will you have this dance with me?"

Q: Should a girl walk off the floor by herself when she doesn't want to dance with a boy any longer?

A: No, that would be rude. After they walk off the floor together, she can say that she would like to powder her nose, or there is someone to whom she would like to speak.

Q: What would be the proper thing to do if, after you have taken a girl out to an expensive place downtown, she meets some friends who are going to some other place where it will cost a certain amount of money? You're nearly broke now but just don't want to say that outright.

A: A considerate girl will refuse to join the friends unless you so enthusiastically suggested doing so that she knows you have the money. So don't feel uncomfortable; just tell the friends you can't join the party. Afterward, if you wish, you can explain to the girl that you were afraid your money wouldn't stretch. But if she shows any resentment or disappointment, she doesn't deserve any further attention from you.

Q: When a boy telephones a girl, if someone else answers should he hang up, leave his name or a message?

A: It is rude and a waste of time to hang up. Give your name and say you will call back later. If it is expedient to leave the message, do so.

Q: If an office clerk gossips about someone in the office and you are just new, how should you react?

A: Office gossip is dangerous and to

be deplored; it is particularly unkind to draw a new employee into it. Some are brave enough to say outright: "I don't like office gossip," and get out of it that way. Or excuse yourself: "I have to go back to my desk." Banish gossip from your memory, then if you are asked about it, you can honestly say: "I don't remember hearing anything."

Q: How do you tell a boy that you have a twelve o'clock curfew, without spoiling the evening or seeming childish?

A: Tell him when he is inviting you: "I'd love to go but I have to be home by twelve o'clock."

Q: Should a teen-ager state his own opinions in a mature manner when listening to a discussion among adults?

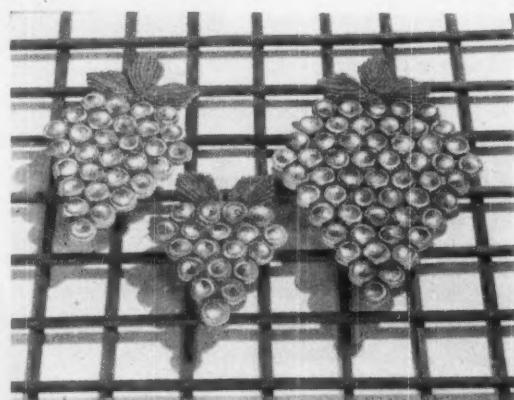
A: Certainly, it's a free country. These days, young people know their own minds and adults admire them and are interested in what they have to say. But don't hold the floor too long and don't show off.

Q: Should a person conceal his feelings with a phony smile or should he be frank, in business and socially?

A: Frankness is preferable but there are circumstances under which frankness can appear boorish. Occasionally, we all find ourselves in situations which we may not enjoy but which require us to smile and carry them off with an air.

Q: What type of entertainment is suitable when taking a girl out, and how much variety is expected by the date?

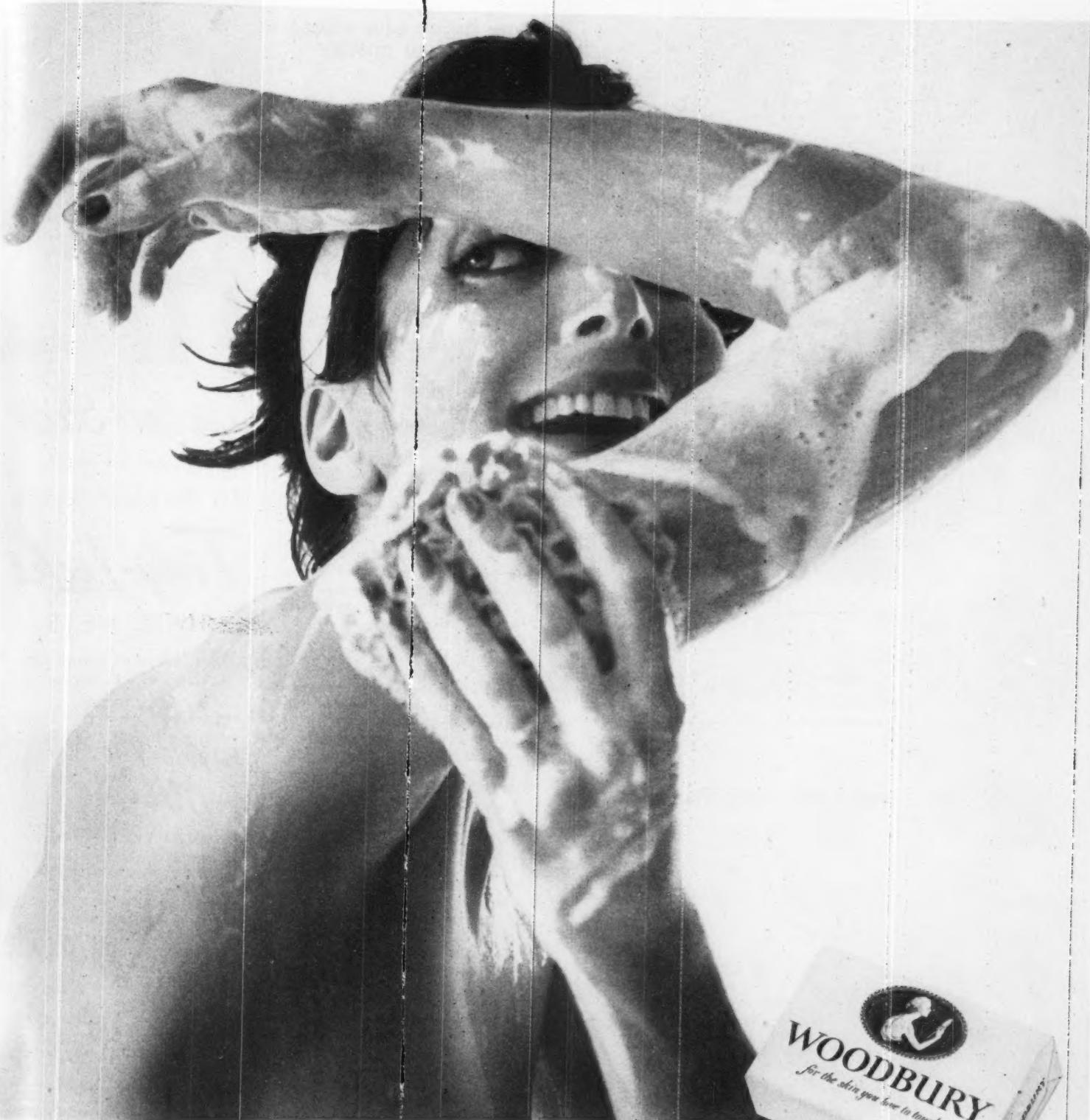
A: Never was there greater variety of entertainment for teen-agers than today. Sports events, school affairs, movies, dancing, ice or roller skating, visiting museums, art galleries, musicals, bowling are just a few. When you run out of ideas, ask your date what she would like to do. She may surprise you by saying she would enjoy a walk or going to church or window-shopping or spending an evening in her home, watching TV or playing records. It isn't the variety but the pleasure of companionship that counts. *



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THE NIGHT OUR HOUSE BURNED DOWN

Continued from page 23

brand-new typewriter. Bob put down his guitar and began to work on incometax figures. After half an hour he settled back to listen to the radio while I went out to the kitchen to make cocoa. I carried the cups and a tin of cake in and we listened to the ten o'clock news. Then Bob rolled his last cigarette for the night and I looked in on Noel to make sure he was well covered.

A tidy streak suddenly came over me and while Bob fixed the fires I collected Noel's clothing and placed it on a chair in the kitchen for the morning. Finally we were ready for bed. Clannie, Bob's brother and partner, and his wife, Olive, were still up; we could see their light not quite a quarter of a mile away.

I was asleep in a matter of minutes. Always a sound sleeper, I didn't hear Bob get up at twelve to put the kitten out, a job I had forgotten. I didn't hear him when he got up at two—"Just to look around," he said later. "Something seemed to be wrong but I couldn't find anything so I went back to bed." At twenty minutes to four he was awakened again by what sounded like rain hitting hard on the window. He shone the flashlight on the glass but there was no water. He got up again and looked at the fires. We had let the heater go out and there were only a few coals in the cookstove because it was fifteen to eighteen degrees above freezing outside. The winter of 1952-53 had been mild and this March night was particularly mild.

Bob prowled aimlessly around and had started back to bed when he noticed the light—a pinkish reflection on the snow. Quickly he was outside and this time I was instantly awake as he came racing back into the bedroom.

"What's the matter?" I asked, sitting up, wide awake and startled.

"Phone Clannie, Jo," he answered as he struggled out of his clothes. "The roof's on fire."

I was at the phone and ringing Clannie as I asked, "How bad is it? Shall I get Noel out?"

"I think we can put it out," Bob said, on his way past. "I'm going up on the roof to look. Don't wake him just yet."

I rang again. A long and a short and a long. I kept ringing, and after an agonizing interval a sleepy voice said, "Hello?"

"Olive," I said, my voice shaking, "can you send Clannie right up? Our roof's on fire."

"Sure thing," she answered. "He'll be up right away."

I went back to the bedroom and started to get dressed. In the darkness I couldn't find my slip so I grabbed my blouse and sweater and pulled on my jeans on the way to the kitchen. I stuck bare feet into flight boots and grabbed my parka from its hook.

Bob was in the little bedroom which led to the attic. He tore off the sheet of wallboard which covered the hole in the ceiling and climbed on a wooden chest full of sheets to look up for a second, while I waited anxiously. He ducked back as a blazing sack of insulation tumbled down and landed on half a sack of oatmeal stored in the



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bedroom. He pitched the sack to me and I caught it where the spark was eating into the cloth, dropped it quickly and stepped on it.

Bob jumped down. "Better get Noel out," he said. "We can't do anything but save what we can."

I was in the bedroom and bending over the crib, trying to keep the panic out of my voice as I spoke.

"Wake up, Noel. We're going outside now." He was good. Immediately he was awake and sat quietly on the kitchen table while I dressed him. Now for the first time I could hear the flames. Crackling above us, they grew noisier while my stiffened fingers put stockings, socks, shoes and then rubber boots on a half-awake child. I couldn't find his overalls. Here was his sweater. Over his pyjamas it went, and over everything his little parka which was hanging on a nearby hook. I carried him outside and stood him in the snow. "Stay here, honey," I said, knowing that he was too dazed to do anything else. "Mummy will be right back."

From the outside I could see how bad it was. The whole roof was blazing. The yard was floodlit by fire as the flames leaped toward the sky.

I was back in Noel's bedroom, sweeping coat hangers onto my arm and hoping desperately that in the darkness I was getting things I really wanted. I'd seen it and heard it but still I couldn't believe it—our house couldn't be on fire.

I grabbed Noel's feather comforter as I went by the crib. Clannie came up the path on the run as I dropped my things in a little heap on the snow. He threw the clothesbasket from its corner of the porch and wheeled the washing machine out into the yard.

"Get out of the way, Noel," he yelled and Noel backed up, a bewildered little two-year-old, and started to cry. I picked him up and sat him in the clothesbasket in the snow, hushing him and telling him just to watch.

The three of us were back in the house again.

"What do you want most?" asked Clannie, and suddenly I was faced with the sickening realization that I had to make a choice. Instantly I knew.

"Our piano," I replied. "Our new bookcase, my sewing machine . . ."

While I was still speaking the men had the piano halfway across the room and I was jerking chairs out of the way, but it wouldn't go through the door.

"Turn it this way—now try it—there!"

We turned it again to go through the kitchen door and again it got stuck. The music was falling off—our lovely collection of songs. Photos were toppling off. Our chest of silver started to slide to the floor and someone caught it and pitched it outside.

The darn thing was still stuck. Bob shoved a cupboardful of my good china further back into the kitchen and we were able to straighten the piano. At last it went.

A new fire had started in the bedroom and Bob threw a bucket of water on it and closed the door. That's the fire brigade for you, I thought hysterically—one bucket of water and let her go.

We were stumbling around in the darkness again. "Light a lamp," Bob had said earlier, but we had no time for that now. He carried the sewing machine as far as the kitchen and set

it down. Clannie went by with one section of our bookcase.

What else did I want to save? The curtains—and in the same instant the thought went through my mind that they probably wouldn't fit another house anyhow. Half a dozen things flitted through my mind and were as quickly discarded. The roaring overhead was growing louder. My mind was numb—round and round in circles went three things, the piano, the sewing machine and the bookcase. I looked

around in the dark, trying to select what I wanted most.

"Get the top dresser drawer, Jo," Bob called, and it was a welcome order. Someone had taken charge of my thinking. The top dresser drawer, the one with the leases and papers, which we always said we'd save if we ever had a fire—and I hadn't even thought of it. I jerked it out and swept a new attachment for the sewing machine from the top of the dresser into it, and ran. The noise was deafening now. I could

taste the vomit in the back of my throat. "Oh God, don't let me be sick now," I thought, and kept going.

Outside again, we stood in the snow and watched until we realized that the sewing machine still sat in the kitchen. Bob started for the door and Clannie yelled, "Stay out of there, Bob. That chimney's going to come down any minute." But Bob was in and back with the machine in his arms.

The heat was blistering now. We moved back to the hitching post and

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CHATELAINE — MAY, 1954

silently watched the little tongues of flame lick and consume the window frames. My beautiful new drapes, I thought, and blinked back the tears. Part of the roof collapsed and a shower of sparks cascaded into the air, burning themselves out in the night.

Bob started around to our bedroom window and I followed. It was all blazing.

"You can't go in there, Bob," I said.

"I'm not going in," he replied calmly, "I'm going to take the storm window off." I realized this was not panic but practicality; we could use that window in our next house. Even as he spoke two panes cracked with the heat.

It had been a beautiful warm night but now the west wind gradually rose and we thought of the trucks, ours and a neighbor's, each with a drum of gasoline in the back, sitting a few feet east of the house. I picked up Noel and followed the men to the trucks.

When they had been moved I got in ours with Noel and our dog, which cowered abjectly on the seat. I laid my head on the steering wheel and tried to think. Noel poked me back to reality—his pyjamas were sopping and he had kicked his boots off. He stood peering out the back window.

"Pretty, Mummy," he said softly. I put my head down and sobbed.

Sometime later I stood on the running board and looked back. The yard was full of men. Someone was up on the garage and others were passing up snow to put on the shingles. When had they come? The roads were impassable and yet here they were. But our house was gone.

"What time is it?" someone asked of no one in particular.

"Twenty to five," a voice answered. Less than an hour, and a landmark for almost half a century was gone. Nothing left but a few logs smoldering and the coal supply burning well in the ruins of the shed, making the warm night warmer.

Noel and I were driven down to Olive's. She had coffee for me, dry pants for Noel.

"This is one time you can have a cigarette," she said, "even if you have given them up." I accepted it along with the coffee, took two drags, stubbed it out, went outside and was sick.

Much later Bob, Clannie and one of the neighbors drove down on the tractor, our kitten sitting triumphantly on Bob's shoulder. Olive made breakfast while Bob went back to the barn to milk our cows.

It's too undramatic, I thought when he had gone. You don't watch your house burn down and then go out and milk the cows. But Bob did. It helped restore my sense of balance—we were all safe. Nobody had even a minor burn, and we had been lucky enough to get some pretty big items out.

After breakfast we sorted out what we did have. Someone backed the truck up to the veranda and we started unloading. Bob's face was a picture of amazement when we came to the clothing—both his suits, his overcoat, his winter jacket, good shirts, my fur coat and two or three wool dresses.

"Gosh," he said, "I told Tom Heap I had nothing but the clothes I had on."

The phone began to ring and rang all day.

"Could we use a crib for Noel?" "What about blankets?" "Clothing?"

Someone had a stove we could have as soon as we were settled again. Someone else had a table and chairs. "What did we need?"

A lipstick was my first thought. Here it was ten in the morning and I still hadn't combed my hair or put on my make-up. Olive supplied some of hers.

Later in the day, after some rest, we went over and over what had happened. We agreed we should have broken a window and just thrown things out. We could have saved so much more. In the afternoon we walked back up to look at the rubble. There were our cocoa cups, sitting on the floor where they had fallen when the table burned from beneath them. There was Noel's little crib, a twisted mass of blackened metal.

The ground was slushy, the snow melted and dirty for yards back from the house. The coal was still burning. The root cellar had caved in but not before a thoughtful neighbor had removed most of our canned fruit and meat.

But what were we going to do until we could find a place to live? Our insurance was pitifully inadequate—only fifteen hundred dollars on the house and nothing on the contents. The adjuster who

came out from Lethbridge was very nice.

He assured us there

was no suspicion of

arson; no one would

burn a house down for

that trifling amount.

We received the full

amount of the insur-

ance and set it aside

as the beginning of a

building fund.

But in the meantime we couldn't possibly build on that and we couldn't possibly stay with Clannie and Olive. They were crowded already with their own two children. But Olive said: "You and Bob take the bedroom and we'll sleep on the chesterfield. We have Craig's crib in the front room anyhow, because it's warmer." So for a month two families lived in a four-room house, peacefully, considering that there were three small chil-

dren.

But we were anxious to get back in a place of our own. There was the Jackson house, an abandoned log cabin sitting across the coulee on our land. We drove over to look at it and I could see the sky through the walls as we approached.

The floor was filthy from mice and pack-

rats and we could see

sky through the roof

too, but it could be

made livable. How-

ever, it was too far

from the barns for

Bob to walk back and

forth for chores and

they seal without licking



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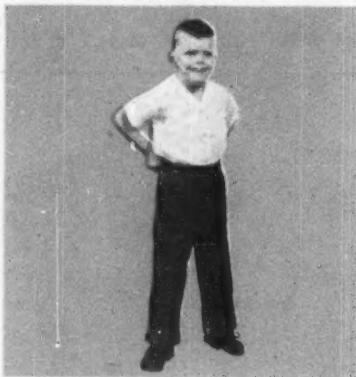
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From tots to teenagers, bluejeans have become a year-round uniform. The very newest jeans of lightweight cotton-nylon denim are sturdy playmates. They tub beautifully, dry quickly, stay new looking and wear like children! Wise mothers will look for bluejeans marked "cotton-nylon".



Mothers will find a good selection of sportshirts (look for them in tricot and pockers), sweaters and windbreakers . . . and they'll all keep up to Junior's rough-and-tumble life. And any extra pennies put out for nylon children's clothes will more than save themselves in laundry bills, in the long wear and easy care of these good-looking garments.

I've written a little book called "More wear — Less tear with children's clothes of nylon". Would you like a copy? Then write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, C-I-L House, Montreal, and I'll be happy to send you one.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED MONTREAL



I've seen sweaters for all your children this spring. There are cardigans and pull-overs for little girls and young, young men, and tiny toddlers have a wide choice of cosy sweaters and knitted suits. They come in a variety of patterns, from cable stitch to openwork designs, wear like mad, love tulipbing (lucky for pastel lovers!) and don't need blocking. Socks, from tots to teens, never never need darning when they're nylon. They come in anklets and knee socks, heavy and light, plain or in stretch yarn.



Nylon pucker is my choice for little girls' dresses this spring . . . and I know it will be a busy mother's choice too. They're causing quite a ripple in gay casuals, candy-striped or plain, in colors that will go straight to your child's heart — and yours too, because these dresses tub and dry in no time, don't have to be ironed! Save time and fuss too with pretty little tri-



there was no water near. While we were planning, the neighbors had put their heads together, too.

When we got back for supper Olive told us the news. There was to be a shower for us at Lanks', a neighbor, the next Monday. The chinook blew steadily and on Monday our dirt roads were a sea of mud. They'll put it off, we decided, but they didn't. They came with jeeps and cars and trucks and each vehicle was used to help the next one get through. One family came with a tractor and wagon.

We could hardly believe it. Lanks had a large house and it was full. People we might ordinarily see four or five times a year had struggled through miles of mud to show and tell us how badly they felt about our misfortune. Tea was served by the women and we were called on to take the seats of honor while the gifts were opened and passed around for everyone to see. There was something of everything—sheets, towels, blankets, pillowcases, a dinner set, tea towels, toys for Noel, pots and pans, and all the little items that take so long to acquire when you start with nothing. It was impossible to thank people like that; we tried it, and they just apologized to us for not being able to do more.

We went ahead with our preparations for moving the Jackson house. Fortunately no one told us until too late that it's almost impossible to move a log house. While the men anchored the chimney securely, put the skid logs underneath the house, and worried about getting through the coulee and

across a condemned bridge, Olive and I were busy preparing lunches and meals for the crew who showed up every day to help. On one memorable occasion we sent out tea for twelve men—the maximum we guessed could be there—and twenty-one turned up.

Finally the great day came—the day of the house-moving. Tractors began to arrive about nine o'clock, and while we watched from the kitchen window, they hooked onto the house and slowly began to move down into the coulee. We counted the minutes until we should see them coming out. An hour went by. They must be having trouble. I was ready to cry. Two hours, and I saw a tractor come shooting up the hill.

"They're coming," I shrieked to Olive and she came running to see. The tractor backed down the hill and we settled back for another long wait. An hour went by and then two tractors crept into sight. I held my breath. A corner of the house appeared and in a few minutes all of it could be seen. We joined hands and danced madly around Olive's kitchen, singing *Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush*.

Most of the afternoon was spent struggling to get up the hill. I chewed my fingernails and worried. More tractors appeared to help, and finally, with the aid of a winch, they got moving again and steadily towed the cabin to a spot just north of where the old house had been, right on the creek bank. The big job was done, thanks to our good neighbors who had given so freely of their time and work.

But we still needed help and we got

Recipe with a Story

MOCK TURTLE

Mrs. Thelma E. Huffman, Saskatoon

THIS DISH got its name when my youngsters saw me preparing hamburger and wanted to know what I was making. I told the girls it was "Mock Turtle" and they promptly assumed I was using turtle meat! So, with this in mind, I decided it would be a cute trick to make the hamburger look like a turtle.

I took a slice of pre-cooked sweet potato and fashioned a head, feet, and tail, marking the eyes with dots of food coloring. Placing these in position on a platter, I then put the browned hamburger, hot from the oven, on them.

When I brought my masterpiece to the table, the delighted squeals of "Oh, Mummy, it really is a turtle!" made this a favorite treat in our household.

MOCK TURTLE

1 lb. hamburger
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon chopped onion

Dressing:

4 cups stale bread crumbs
3 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons white sugar

1/4 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon sage
1/3 cup milk

Mix first five ingredients well. Press a deep layer of this mixture into bottom and sides of round-bottomed saucepan or bowl.

Mix together crumbs, onion, butter, sugar, salt, pepper and sage to form dressing. Moisten with milk. Fill hollow in meat mixture. Cover with remaining meat to put "turtle" in his "shell." Turn onto a greased baking dish. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Pretty speedy for a turtle!

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Colgate cleans your breath
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it. The roof had to be re-shingled. The floor had to be leveled. The door and windows had to be put back. The cracks between the logs had to be daubed.

I began to think we'd both be pensionable before we moved in. But eventually the new house was ready. The linoleum was glued down; the stove was set up with lengths of crooked, rusty pipe from the old house; and at five o'clock on April Fools' Day last year we began throwing boxes into the truck to move into our own home again.

"Heck," said Dick, our hired man, as he looked at the truckload of stuff, "you guys got burned out. You ain't supposed to have nothing. Think I'll burn my shack down."

I don't recommend it. Not everyone escapes as luckily as we did, or is fortunate enough to live in such a wonderful community. But the destruction of our home has given us something more valuable than any material possessions—a deep faith in the generosity and goodness of the human heart. I know we shall never forget what happened the night our house burned down. *

IF YOUR HOUSE BURNS

What to do now:

1. Prepare an inventory of all the contents of your home and bring it up to date every year. In case of fire the insurance company will only pay you for your actual loss and you must remember everything destroyed, including such little-used items as luggage and sports equipment, and such overlooked items as bedding and curtains. A list will prevent any omissions and is particularly important because many fires start in attics and basements where people can't remember what they have stored. Some insurance companies supply inventory books to clients.
2. Keep the inventory at the office or in a safety deposit box. It's no use to you if it burns with the house.

What to do if you have a fire:

1. Get in touch with your insurance agent the day of the fire because the company will want to send around an investigator to check on the cause that day. If your policy burned with the house, don't panic, just get in touch with your local agent and he will supply another.
2. Once the fire is definitely out, prevent further damage by mopping up water and moving any furniture, rugs, etc., left in the house to some place where they won't be stained by water.
3. Ventilate the house to let out smoke and gases.
4. Cover any holes in the roof, broken window panes, etc., with canvas to keep out rain and snow.
5. If the house is uninhabitable for the time being, lock all doors and windows against vandalism. You don't want another disaster piled on the first one.
6. The insurance company will give you several days to complete your claim, but once you have signed the "Proof of Loss" form, you have no legal claim to any further settlement, should you suddenly remember more articles that were destroyed. So make sure you remember everything before you sign—and prepare that inventory now. *

Hazel Bishop

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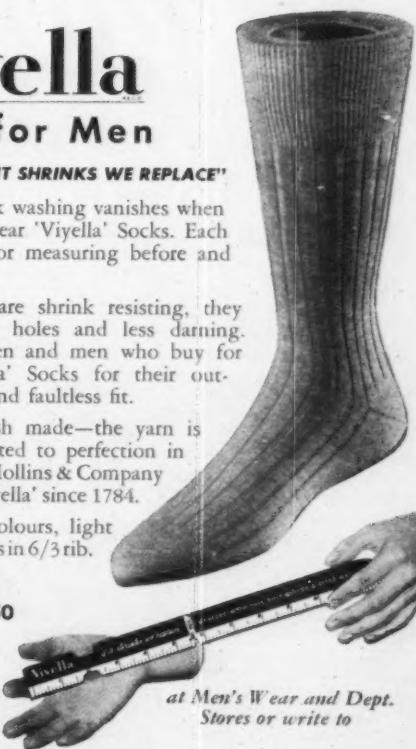
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THE BEST WAY TO WASH

Woolens

By MARIE HOLMES, Director, Chatelaine Institute

WOOLENS CREATE special problems in the changing washday, Chatelaine's laundry survey revealed. While wool is one of the old-time well-established fibres, there's some uncertainty as to the way it should be treated in new washing machines and with the new cleansing agents.

Readers have asked the Institute such questions as: Can I wash blankets in an automatic washer? Will the automatic dryer harm my handknit sweater? What is the best way to keep wool socks soft and prevent them from shrinking? What cleansing agent is best for wool? Can an electric blanket be washed?

To answer these and to provide a guide for the laundering of all washable woolens, the Institute suggests first a list of basic rules to be followed.

1. Look for the washable label, particularly when buying woolen garments for children. Dry cleaning is generally recommended for the smooth hard-surfaced worsteds. Washable woolens include hosiery, underwear, shirts, lightweight challis and flannels, scarves, blankets and infants' wear.

2. Wash any wool garment before it is deeply soiled. Perspiration weakens wool and in the case of heavy socks will cause them to harden, particularly in the soles. Spots on wool attract moths. So *Continued on page 68*

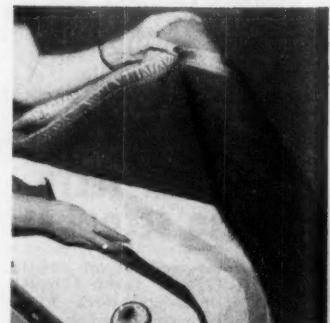
To Dry Wool Socks

To maintain the elasticity of the ribbed top of socks, use forms to fit the foot and lower leg only. When drying indoors, attach cuff to clothes hanger. Dry away from radiator.



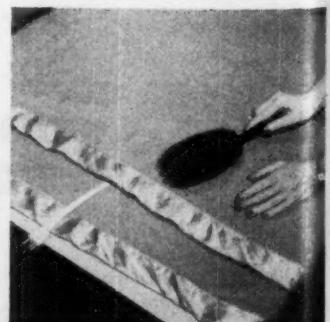
Trick for Blankets

Put dry, hot absorbent bath towels between folds of blankets before putting into automatic dryer. This keeps blankets fluffy. Drying should be finished at room temperature.



For Fluffy Blankets

When completely dry, brush any plain or electric blanket lightly with a nylon brush, to raise the pile. Press the satin binding with a moderate hot iron while still damp.



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The most eagerly awaited Canadian book ever written



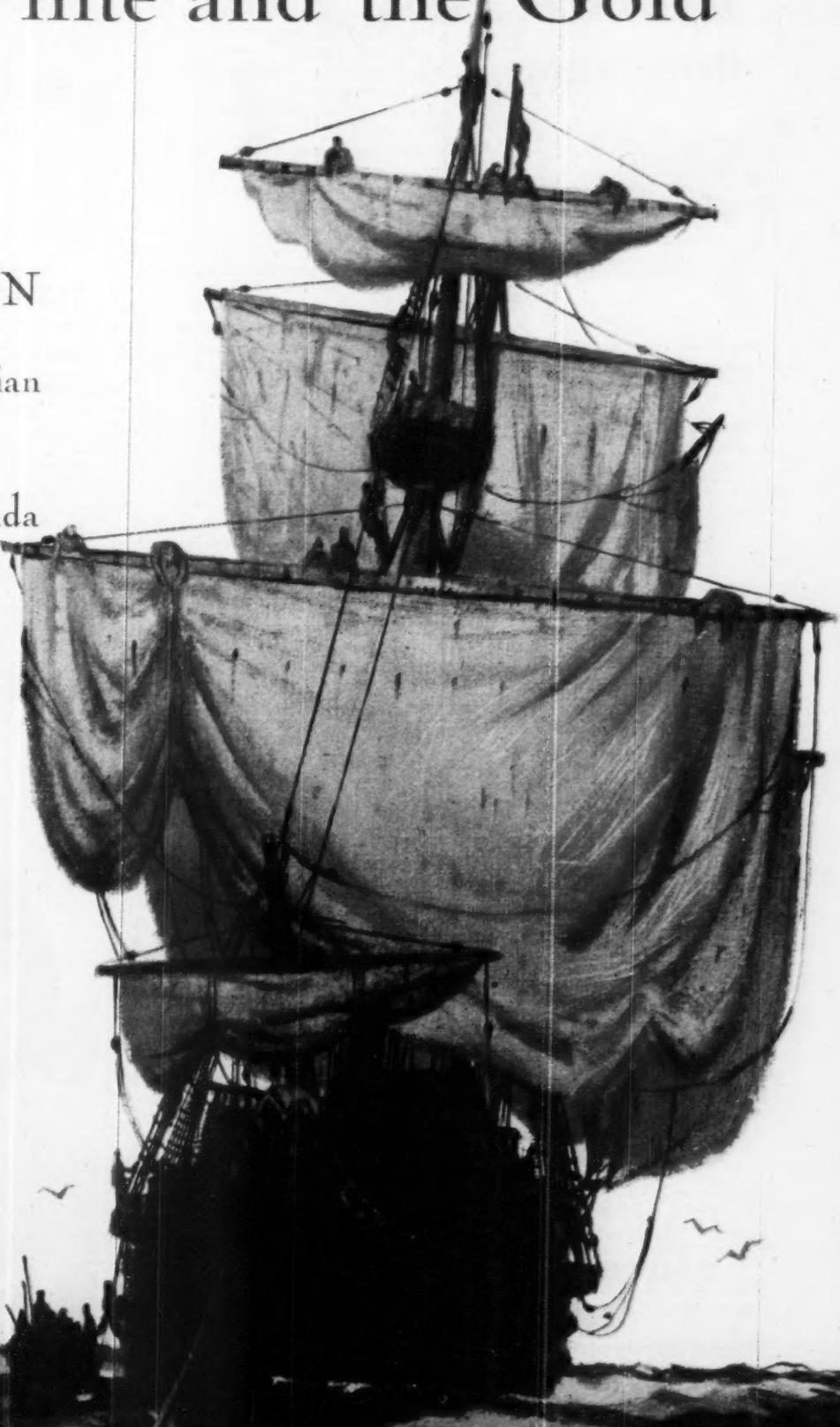
The White and the Gold

by
THOMAS B. COSTAIN

A famous Novelist and Historian
tells the Bloody and
Dramatic Story of Early Canada

FOUR YEARS ago Thomas B. Costain, author of such best-selling novels as *The Black Rose*, *The Moneyman*, and *The Silver Chalice*, as well as the noted *Pageant of England* historical series, decided to embark upon a history of his native Canada. As his subject he chose the fabulous seventeenth century that made Canada—a century that began with Champlain and ended with Frontenac, a century laced with blood, fire, torture and brave deeds; a century when most of the New World paid homage to the white and gold flag of France. Now, well in advance of book publication, Maclean's will publish Costain's epic narrative in fifteen stirring chapters, fully illustrated with oil paintings and drawings by our cover artist Franklin Arbuckle. Don't miss this wonderful series now appearing regularly in Maclean's Magazine.

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or shower



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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED,
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Continued from page 66
wash wool often and do not put it away soiled.

3. To keep wool clean with the least possible damage to its texture and effectiveness, always wash it in lukewarm water (not over 100 deg. F.). Use an unbuilt synthetic detergent and lots of water. A mild flaked or granular soap can be used in soft or softened water but be sure to rinse thoroughly.

4. Squeeze (do not twist) garment to remove soil if washing by hand. Rubbing or agitation in the wash water weakens wool and causes fibres to mat. A soak wash is best for both hand and machine washing. (See special instructions for machine washing of woolens.)

5. Rinse woolens in water of the same temperature as that used for washing—lukewarm (not over 100 deg. F.). Handle as little as possible. Use lots of water.

6. After rinsing squeeze out gently and, for all but large items, roll in absorbent towel to remove as much moisture as possible.

7. To dry, hang sturdy garments such as underwear in the shade outside or away from radiators inside. Wool should be dried slowly, except during the short period in the automatic dryer. Handknits must be spread out on absorbent towels to dry, the garments gently pulled to shape while still damp. Never let woolens freeze.

Note: Some woolens can be dried in the automatic dryer (see special directions).

8. Few washable woolen garments require pressing but when this is necessary use iron at wool setting (medium low). Press garment on the wrong side while it is still damp. Use a damp cloth over the garment to prevent shine and scorching. Steam-ironing is good.

Woolen Socks

Washing after one day's wear is best for woolen socks as both soil and perspiration are hard on the wool. Soak-washing in a mild detergent and lukewarm water for ten minutes will help to prevent shrinkage and keep the wool soft. Avoid rubbing. If there are soiled spots squeeze suds through several times. Stubborn spots might need a light rubbing. Best results will be obtained if socks are hand washed. Rinse several times in lukewarm water. To dry, pull socks over stretchers that are just the right size for feet and main part of socks, so ribbed top will not be stretched. Hang in shade outside, clipping top of socks over line. For inside drying hang on clothes hanger or line away from radiators or stoves. (See illustration.)

Note: Socks may be partially dried (about fifteen minutes) in automatic dryer with dry bath towels. Use medium setting and put socks in a mesh bag. Remove and put on stretchers to finish drying.

Sweaters and Hand-Knits

Wash as for socks (lukewarm water—not more than 100 deg. F. and mild detergent, or soap if water is soft). No rubbing, no wringing. Roll tightly in absorbent bath towels. Let stand for fifteen minutes. Remove and pat into shape on absorbent towel. Dry flat. When dry brush lightly with nylon hair brush to fluff up the surface.

Machine Washing of Woolens

Some woolens can be washed in a conventional or automatic machine provided:

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD DO AT THE FIRST SIGN OF PIMPLES



Specialists warn that pimples undermine children's self-confidence . . . may even cause permanent damage to their personalities. What's more, neglect of pimples can cause permanent scars. So act early. CLEARASIL, the new scientific formulation especially for pimples, may save your boy or girl from these double dangers.

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CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

1. The machine can be filled before woolens are put in and, in the case of automatic machines, the cycle can be stopped at any point (agitation and tumbling in the wash water are responsible for most of the shrinkage and matting of blankets and washable wool fabrics).

2. The temperature of the water can be regulated. It should be lukewarm (100 deg. F.).

Method: Fill tub with lukewarm water. Add mild detergent, or granular mild soap if water is soft. Agitate until cleansing agent is dissolved. Stop action. Put in woolens. Soak for ten minutes. Turn articles over several times during the soak period. (For blankets, see special method.) Drain off the wash water. Fill tub with rinse water (100 deg. F.). Drain and fill again. Drain and spin out the last rinse.

To dry: Partially dry in automatic dryer along with several dry bath towels (about fifteen minutes). Remove from dryer, pat or pull into shape and finish drying at room temperature. (See directions for special items.) Never completely dry wool garments or blankets in the dryer as this will cause shrinkage. For outdoor or inside drying see step 7 of general directions.

Woolen Blankets

Machine washing: (See directions for machine washing of woolens.)

1. Wash one blanket at a time. Soak in lukewarm suds for ten minutes. (If ribbon bindings are soiled rub with soft brush or sponge and lukewarm detergent suds before putting blanket into machine.) For automatic machines: Set dial for washing and agitate one minute. Let wash water drain. After one minute of spinning stop machine. For conventional machine: agitate for one minute. Drain off wash water.

2. Fill with lukewarm rinse water. Drain and fill again with rinse water. After one minute of agitation drain off water and spin dry. For conventional machine adjust wringer so blanket can go through without too much pressure. **Note:** For cylinder or tumbling action machines follow manufacturers' directions for washing blankets. Stay with the washer, manipulating the process quickly to avoid too much tumbling. Be sure to use the soak wash method for best results.

3. Before outdoor drying, pull blanket into shape and hang over two lines. Bring in when almost dry. Press satin bindings with damp cloth and medium hot iron (low setting for rayon). Place blanket on flat surface and brush up pile with a nylon brush.

For automatic dryer—preheat dryer. Fold blanket putting dry, hot absorbent bath towels between folds. Set dryer at high heat. Put in blanket for fifteen minutes. Remove from dryer, put on flat surface and pull into shape, straightening edges. When almost dry, press satin binding, then finish drying on a flat surface. When completely dry, brush lightly with nylon brush to fluff up the surface.

Electric Blankets

Electric blankets can be washed according to the above directions for woolen blankets omitting the one minute agitation in wash water, and rinse water. Soak-wash only for fifteen minutes turning blanket over several times. Rinse without agitating but spin dry after last rinsing. Do not put through wringer.

bridal note...

Not a hair out of place

PRINCESS PAT
HAIR NETS



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ODO-RO-NO cream or spray effectively checks perspiration, stops odor, for a full 24-hours.



Guarantee

Double your money back if not satisfied new ODO-RO-NO cream or spray is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return container with unused portion to Northam Warren, Montreal.

ODO-RO-NO

CANADA'S FIRST DEODORANT

If ribbon binding is badly soiled rub with soft brush or sponge and mild detergent suds before putting electric blanket into wash water. Partially dry in automatic dryer as for wool blankets. Note: Electric blanket manufacturers supply complete washing instructions in each carton. Keep this information handy so you can follow the right method when you wash your blanket. Be sure to avoid agitation in the wash water and dry for only fifteen minutes in the dryer.

Some Other Questions

Can I Dry Heavy Woolen Underwear in an Automatic Dryer?

Yes, you can dry it partially (about three-fourths dry). Then take it out of dryer, pat or pull lightly into shape and let dry on a flat surface.

What Can Be Done to Prevent the Soles of Woolen Socks From Becoming Hard?

Frequent washing according to directions given in this article (see Socks). It is the combination of perspiration and rubbing that causes the hardness. Wash socks daily if possible.

Washing my Daughter's Navy Wool Tunics Is a Problem. They Shrink Badly and Are Difficult to Iron. Can You Tell Me What to Do?

Serge and worsteds unless labeled washable should be dry-cleaned. If labeled "washable," wash by themselves according to directions for washing woolens. When partially dry smooth out garment and pull into shape. While still slightly damp press on wrong side through a damp cloth or with a steam iron.

Is It Possible to Bleach White Woolen Garments Such as Babies' Knitted Jackets?

A sodium perborate bleach powder can be used in the first rinse water if the garment has been washed with a mild (not built) detergent or soap. Follow directions for hand-knit woolens. For first rinsing, dissolve the bleach powder (amount as directed on package) in hot water, then dilute until water is lukewarm. Let garment soak for ten to fifteen minutes. Squeeze out and rinse in clear lukewarm water twice. Do not use a chlorine bleach. The sodium perborate powder is mild so do not expect it to give startling results if wool has become badly discolored. It will help to prevent white woolens from becoming yellow if used occasionally. *

Have you tried?

to prevent tarnish from forming on flatware by using a metallic leaf in dishpan of hot water and detergent.



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The most comfortable walking you have ever known is yours to enjoy in Blachford's Research Shoes. Easy going comfort is teamed up with style-right smartness. Your feet will feel fine and look shapely. For Research Shoes are designed to fit and support the foot in action. New styles for summer are now in better-class shoe stores. Latest colors and leathers—plus that wonderful comfort of Research Shoes. Call in for a try-on. We'll send you the name of your nearest dealer:



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"RESEARCH" SHOES FIT RIGHT AND FASHION RIGHT

SERVE HOT OR COLD

Continued from page 25

For picnic sandwiches combine chopped corned beef with pickle relish and a little mayonnaise; ground luncheon meat with chopped celery and prepared mustard; sliced, canned or ready-cooked tongue with mustard relish; chopped summer sausage and hard-cooked eggs, relish and mayonnaise.

For outdoor meals take along canned frankfurters to roast and serve in buns; luncheon meat to grill and serve with barbecue sauce on buns; canned ham to slice and fry over the campfire—good with canned pork and beans or spaghetti.

For the little luncheon make a gelatin vegetable salad in individual molds and with each serve several slices of cold ham rolled around sticks of Swiss-type cheese. Fasten the rolls with a toothpick topped with a pimento-

stuffed olive. Serve with hot French bread or hot baking-powder biscuits.

Make a dinner plate of cold sliced canned meats or cold cuts with bubbling hot scalloped potatoes, macaroni and cheese or Spanish rice. Chili sauce, mustard relish or pickles might be served along with a hot green vegetable or a crispy salad. For hot-weather meals begin with a nourishing hot soup, then with the cold meat serve potato or macaroni salad and sliced tomatoes.

How to make party-pretty Aspic Rings



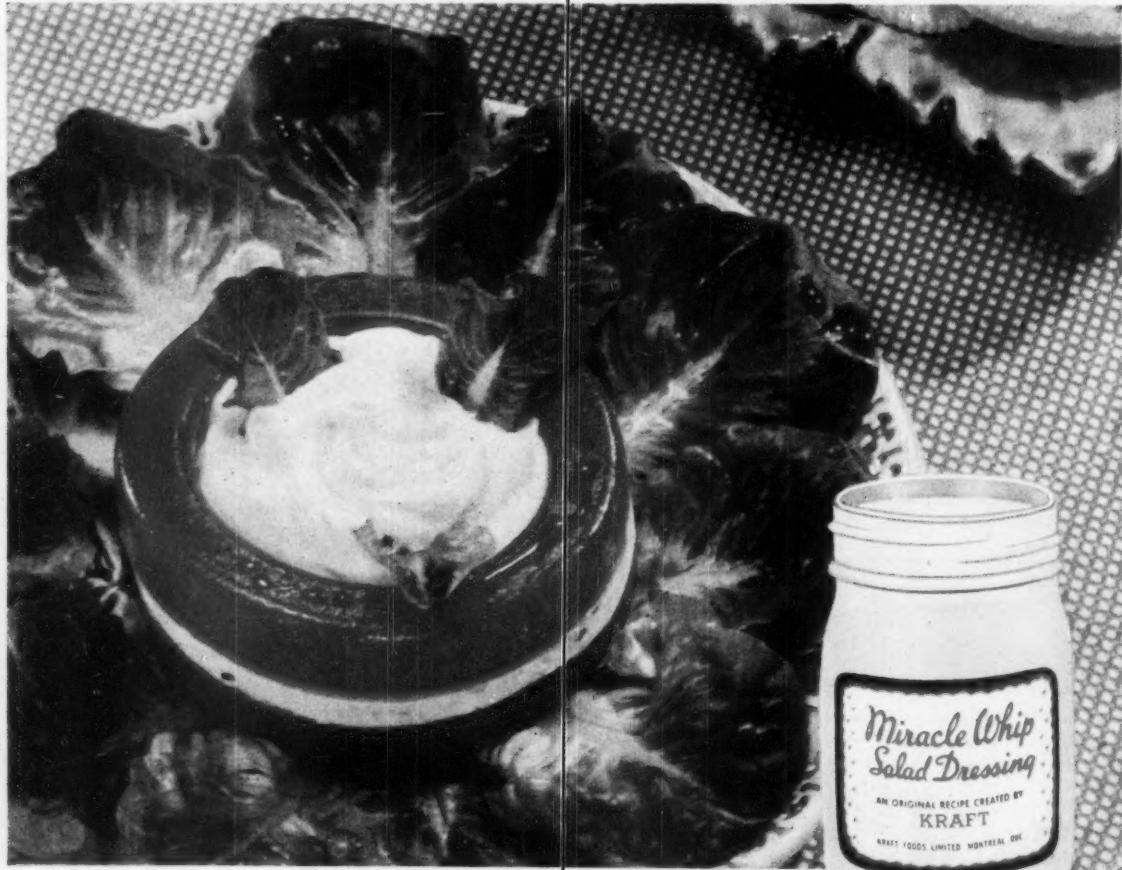
Soften envelope gelatin in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold tomato juice. Dissolve in $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups boiling tomato juice. When cool, add 1 tsp. lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. minced onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper. Blend. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mixture into each of 4 individual ring molds.



Chill until firm. To two 4-oz. pkgs. Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, add sufficient chopped chives for lively flavor. Blend in 2 tbsps. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. You'll love the satiny texture of Miracle Whip, and the tart-sweet flavor. Spread over aspic layers.



Chill till firm. Cover with remaining aspic; chill again till firm. Unmold on lettuce, and serve with Miracle Whip. Miracle Whip brings out the best in salads of every kind... and it can't be copied, because the recipe is a secret known only to Kraft. It's truly unique!



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THE DIFFERENCE
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Miracle Whip

No wonder millions prefer it

The best qualities of old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise are combined in Miracle Whip! Millions agree—Miracle Whip is truly the "one and only"!

RECIPES

LIME HORSERADISH MOLDS (for cold-meat platter)

1 lime jelly powder	2 tablespoons
1 1/2 cups hot water	chopped sweet pickle
2 tablespoons cider	1/2 cup finely shredded cabbage
1 teaspoon horseradish	1/2 cup grated carrot

To jelly powder add hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and horseradish. When partially thickened fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into small molds that have been rinsed out with cold water. Serves 8 to 10.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

COLD CUTS MOLD

1 1/4 cups tomato juice	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup finely chopped summer sausage or bologna	3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 package lime jelly powder	1/2 cup finely chopped celery

Heat tomato juice, pour over jelly powder and stir until dissolved. Add seasonings and lemon juice. Cool until partially set then fold in meat and celery. Pour into molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Turn out on lettuce, surround with finely shredded cabbage and garnish with hard-cooked eggs and ripe olives. Serve with toasted cheese sandwiches or cheese biscuits. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MEAT AND VEGETABLE PUFF

1 1/2 cups chopped cooked meat	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 (10-ounce) can cream corn	1/8 teaspoon pepper
5 medium potatoes	2 eggs, separated
3 medium onions	Paprika
	Butter

Combine meat and corn (meat can be leftover canned ham, luncheon meat, corned beef or tongue). Turn into greased deep casserole. Cook potatoes and onions in salted water until tender. Drain and mash. Add salt, pepper and egg yolks. Beat well. Then fold in beaten egg whites. Pile lightly on meat and corn mixture. Sprinkle with paprika and dot with butter. Bake in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 50 minutes or until top is lightly browned and firm. Serves 4.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CORNED BEEF PIE

1 can corned beef	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 can condensed vegetable-beef soup	1/2 teaspoon celery seed
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce	3/8 cup milk
2 cups biscuit mix	

Cut corned beef in cubes and combine with soup and Worcestershire sauce. Turn into an 8-inch bake dish at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep. To biscuit mix add parsley and celery seed, then add milk. Pat out in circle to fit bake dish. Place over meat mixture. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out upside down to serve and cut in wedges. Serve with buttered asparagus or quick-cooked cabbage and chili sauce. Serves 6. ♦

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Chatelaine Meals of the Month

May

BREAKFAST			LUNCHEON OR SUPPER			DINNER			BREAKFAST			LUNCHEON OR SUPPER			DINNER		
SAT 1	Frozen Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Pepper Pot Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Tea	Carrot Cakes Parsley Potatoes Lemon Snow Coffee	THU 20	Whole Oranges Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee	Spinach Jelly Tea	Tomato Bouillon Cucumber Celery Salad Cinnamon Trifle Cocoa	Kidney and Liver Stew Biscuit Topping Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee									
SUN 2	Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Waffles Coffee	Corn and Cabbage Casserole Bread Sticks Raisin Date Cake Tea	Roast Beef Pan-brown Potatoes Frenched Green Beans Diced Beets Pineapple Icebox Dessert	FRI 21	Grapefruit and Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Milk	Fruit Salad Bread Tea	Pan-fried Fillets Duchess Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Maple Tapioca Coffee									
MON 3	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Clam Chowder Cheese Stuffed Celery Soda Biscuits Chocolate Blanmange Tea	Meat and Vegetable Puff Spring Salad Preserved Peaches Mocha Cake Coffee	SAT 22	Mixed Vegetable Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Tea	Corn Fritters Stuffed Celery Variety Pickles Chocolate Cake Cocoa	Boston Baked Beans Side Pork Spinach and Carrot Salad Blueberries Sugar Cookies									
TUE 4	Stewed Prunes Oatmeal Porridge Coffee Cake Coffee	Oxtail Soup Jellied Salad Floating Island Sugar Cookies Tea	Beef Stew with Vegetables Hot Rolls Rice Pudding Orange Sauce Coffee	SUN 23	Grapefruit Halves Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Conserve Milk	Onion Omelet Beet Salad Bread Pudding Tea	Roast Pork Whipped Potatoes Apple Jelly Baked Pears Maple Syrup									
WED 5	Apple Juice Bananas with Cereal Toast Coffee	French Toast Old Cheese Cabbage Salad Peach Whip Tea	Liver and Onions Stewed Tomatoes Buttered Broccoli Raisin Pie Coffee	MON 24	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Cornflakes Toast Coffee	Jam Milk	Cottage Cheese Salad with Sardines Strawberry Meringues Tea	Cold Cuts Scalloped Potatoes Chocolate Cake Ice Cream Coffee									
THU 6	Oranges Whole-grain Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Cottage Cheese Tomato Bake Rye Bread Herb Butter Blueberries Tea	Veal Patties Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower with Cheese Cherry Gelatin Dessert Coffee	TUE 25	Apple Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Jelly Milk	Noodle Soup Hungarian Goulash Italian Braid Strudel Tea	Pork Biscuit Roll Green Beans Tomato Slices Potato Chips Plums									
FRI 7	Grapefruit Juice Whole-wheat Biscuits Toast Coffee	Spanish Rice Salad Greens Pineapple Chunks Butter Tarts Tea	Baked Haddock Tartare Sauce Walnut Potatoes Yellow Beans Grape Sponge Tea	WED 26	Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Bran Muffins Coffee	Milk	Curried Eggs and Cabbage Raw Relishes Yeast Doughnuts Tea	Stuffed Heart Boiled Potatoes Vegetables Jusline Lime Sherbet Coffee									
SAT 8	Vegetable Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Onion Soup French Bread Cheese Fondue Raisin Bran Muffins Tea	Wieners and Rolls Celery Salad Relishes Boston Cream Pie Coffee	THU 27	Stewed Rhubarb Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee	Preserves Milk	Cheese and Salami Sandwiches Carrot Curls Cherry Jelly Cocoa	Corned Beef Pie Buttered Asparagus Butterscotch Meringue Pie Coffee									
SUN 9	Citrus Fruit Cup Pancakes Maple Syrup Coffee	Jelly Omelet Toast Apples Tea	Cherry Glazed Ham Canned Sweet Potatoes Green Beans Wax Beans Rhubarb Crisp	FRI 28	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Milk	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Hot Rolls Fruit Cup Tea	Salmon Steaks Stuffed Peppers Creamed Rice Lemon Curls Angel Cakes									
MON 10	Grapefruit and Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Fried Eggs Toast Coffee	Tomato Soup Ham Sandwiches Stewed Apricots Oatmeal Cookies Tea	Barbecued Spare Ribs Fluffy Rice Green Peas Preserved Raspberries Coffee	SAT 29	Grape Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Milk	Shopping Lunch with Dad downtown	Sautéed Sweetbreads Parsley Potatoes Wax Beans and Spinach Gingerbread Coffee									
TUE 11	Grapefruit Halves Prepared Cereal Broiled Bacon Toast Coffee	Apple Juice Macaroni Casserole Toast Cases Raspberry Whip Tea	Minute Steaks French-fried Potatoes Tossed Salad Cherry Upside-down Cake Tea	SUN 30	Strawberries with Cream Scrambled Eggs Sausages Toast Coffee	Jam Milk	Salmon Salad Lettuce Cups Bran Muffins Syrup Tea	Chicken Fricassee Dumplings Green Beans and Cauliflower Berries and Cake Coffee									
WED 12	Stewed Rhubarb Raisin Oatmeal Toast Coffee	Eggs in a Spinach Nest Fruit Bread Tea	Tomato Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Baked Onion Chocolate Sponge Coffee	MON 31	Oranges Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Milk	Sausages Succotash Salad Raisin Rice Pudding Tea	Liver Loaf Baked Potatoes Cabbage and Carrots Cheese Tray Coffee									
THU 13	Frozen Orange Juice Whole-grain Cereal Conserve Toast Coffee	Consommé Tuna Rice Mold Banana Cream Pie Tea	Barbecued Tongue Cheese Creamed Potatoes Raw Vegetable Salad Foamy Jelly Hermits Coffee														
FRI 14	Stewed Prunes Rice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee	Spanish Omelet Buttered Asparagus Preserved Pears Fruit Bread Tea	Fish and Chips Harvard Beets Cabbage Slaw Apple Pie Coffee														
SAT 15	Tomato Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Vegetable Plate Lemon Butter Rye Bread Rhubarb Bavarian Tea	Chinese Supper Soy Sauce Grapefruit Onion Salad Ginger Muffins Coffee														
SUN 16	Grape Juice Poached Eggs on Toast Toast Coffee	Sausage-Cheese Rolls Cabbage Wedges Russian Dressing Applesauce Tea	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Diced Turnip Lemon Pie														
MON 17	Citrus Fruit Cup Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Coffee	Scalloped Tomatoes with Corn Onion Rings Lemon Tarts Tea	Broiled Bacon Mushrooms Shoestring Potatoes Slivered Carrots Orange Sections														
TUE 18	Grapefruit Juice Whole-grain Cereal Marmalade Toast Coffee	Peanut Butter Sandwiches Raw Relishes Cinnamon Cake Cocoa Tea	Chicken Pie with Vegetables Dumplings Rhubarb Betty Tea														
WED 19	Apple Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toasted Rolls Coffee	Lima Bean and Bacon Casserole Fluffy Rice Prune Mallow Whip Tea	Lamb Chops Mint Sauce Lyonnaise Potatoes Green Peas Half Grapefruit														

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

LUNCH-BOX RAISIN DATE CAKE

- 1 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 cup seedless raisins, washed
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1 cup chopped dates (1/4-inch pieces)
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice

Line the bottom of an 8 x 8-inch pan with waxed paper. Combine 1 1/4 cup of the sifted and measured flour with the fruit. Mix until well coated. Sift together the remaining flour, baking powder, salt and spices.

Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for one hour. Remove from oven, allow to stand 5 minutes and turn out on cake rack to cool.

Note: This cake keeps well and eats better the second day.

*Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue



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**GLASS TOWELS
AND TOWELLING**



THE IRISH LINEN GUILD
137 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO.

**3 tempting
whole-wheat varieties
from
One Basic
Dough!**

NEEDS NO
REFRIGERATION



Make these treats with new
Active Dry Yeast

If your family enjoys whole-wheat bread, give them not one but three treats next time you bake! See how Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast helps you to serve a variety of tempting things with no extra trouble. When you bake at home, make sure you have Fleischmann's on hand.

Basic WHOLE WHEAT Dough

Scald

3 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup granulated sugar
4 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

3/4 cup lukewarm water

1 tablespoon granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

3 envelopes Fleischmann's Active

Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

6 cups whole wheat flour and beat until smooth and elastic; work in 4 cups more (about) whole wheat flour

Turn out on board sprinkled with whole wheat flour and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead 10 minutes. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:



1. WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

Shape one portion of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased loaf pan about 4 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until just doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 35 to 40 minutes, covering loaf with heavy brown paper after first 15 minutes of baking.

2. PAN BUNS

Cut one portion of dough into 16 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a slim roll 4 to 5 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Split rolls and fill with salad or heated wieners.

By M. FRANCES HUCKS, Chatelaine Institute

The date is set, the time and place have been decided. The ceremony will take place in the bride's own church and the wedding reception in her parents' home. To many brides, these are the ideal arrangements.

True, a wedding reception at home will mean extra work, it may even mean a smaller guest list, but it's worth the extra effort. If there's a tidy lawn or a pleasant garden, an outdoor setting is perfect. Yet an indoor reception can be just as lovely with fresh flowers tastefully arranged and extra space created by removing all unnecessary—and movable—furniture.

With every detail planned, events follow each other smoothly and graciously and you know, even without the compliments of the departing wedding guests that "it was a lovely wedding."

Immediately after the church ceremony, the bridal party and the parents of the bride and groom go to the house to prepare for the arrival of the guests

who come from the church at a more leisurely pace.

This is the time when, frequently, photographs are taken. Do try to arrange them so the receiving of the guests is not delayed. If pictures of the bride and her attendants have been taken before the ceremony, those of the whole bridal party needn't be prolonged.

The Receiving Line

With the arrival of the first guests, the receiving line should be ready to welcome them and as the guests greet the last member of the wedding party, they are directed to the refreshment centre by a route which does not cross the path of those who are just arriving. If the bride wishes, this route may pass through a room where the wedding gifts are displayed.

The receiving line is headed by the mother of the bride and should be near the entrance to the reception room. If possible have the guests approach the

— How to plan it, from the reception line to toasts

— How to prepare refreshments in proper quantities

— How to enjoy it, even if you're the bride's mother

line from the left—it's easier to shake hands that way. The bride's mother, as hostess, welcomes the guests and introduces them to the groom's father who is standing next to her. Then come the groom's mother, the bride's father, the bride, the groom, the maid or matron of honor and the bridesmaids. If the bride's father mingles with the guests he, along with the best man and ushers, can be extremely helpful in seeing that things are running smoothly.

When the guests have all been greeted, the receiving line breaks up and its members move into the refreshment room or out into the garden.

The Wedding Feast

The refreshments served will be determined by the time of day and the number of guests present. Close friends of the bride have been asked to assist with the serving and a responsible person is in charge of the kitchen, so the hostess is free to devote herself to her guests and to her own enjoyment of this once-in-a-lifetime occasion.

Her enjoyment is possible because every step of the food service has been carefully planned, a written outline posted in the kitchen, certain duties assigned to each assistant and the general procedure actually rehearsed.

In this preliminary planning, the first important point is to select a menu that is well within the scope of the kitchen facilities. This is no time for elaborate experiments. In fact, the simplest arrangements are almost invariably the most successful and a well-planned unpretentious reception which conforms to the position and means of the bride's family is certainly in the best taste.

Tea-type refreshments are appropriate for either afternoon or evening receptions. The table is set as for any afternoon tea, with the loveliest party cloth, flowers to blend with the color scheme of the bridal party, and small dishes of salted nuts and colored mints—and, of course, the wedding cake as the centre of interest. With its decorative icing, the base swathed in tulle and dainty flower arrangements trailing onto the table, it is a tradition of most wedding receptions. Be sure it is placed so that the bride can cut it gracefully and it may be easily removed for further cutting in the kitchen.

The food served will include an assortment of fancy sandwiches with other savory finger foods—hot or cold.

Attractively arranged plates of rich cookies and small fancy cakes are passed after the savory foods. These should all be easy to eat—no crumbly cookies, sticky confections or iced dainties which stick fast to a little paper cup. It isn't necessary to have dozens of different

kinds, but have enough variety in shape, color and texture to make the arrangements on serving plates look appealing. Recipes are given for a few varieties, and in general you will do well to select from such basic types as shortbreads, chewy squares such as brownies, fruit or nut bars or drops, macaroons, petits fours and crisp, but not crumbly, wafers.

At this type of reception, the toasts usually follow the serving of refreshments and just after the bride has cut the cake and the small pieces have been passed to the guests.

The minister or a gentleman friend of the family is asked beforehand to propose a toast to the bride. The groom responds—briefly and sincerely. This may be the only toast, but if there are others, the bride's parents may ask the minister or a family friend to act as toastmaster. A toast to the bride's attendants is often proposed by the groom as he concludes his reply or the groom's father may undertake this pleasant duty. In either case, the best man replies. Or he may propose the toast and the head usher reply. A friend who knows the family well may propose a toast to the mother of the bride and her husband replies for her.

All the toasts and the replies should be short and those who are giving them should know beforehand what they want to say, say it smoothly and simply—then stop.

Punch may be served from a punch bowl set on a buffet or table, or glasses may be filled in the kitchen and passed on trays.

Wedding Buffet

At late afternoon or evening receptions, a more substantial menu is often chosen. Either buffet service or plate suppers may be the choice, depending on the accommodation and the number of guests.

The menu may be built around a hot or cold main dish—if the service is buffet style there might even be a choice. Whatever is served, the buffet table offers wonderful scope for decorative ideas. Cover it with a pastel cloth to harmonize with the bridal party colors, centre it with flowers and tall lighted candles, and set out plates, silver and napkins in orderly array. With one or two guests delegated to serve the main course, the guests move smoothly around the table helping themselves to rolls, relishes or other accompaniments. If space permits, small tables may be arranged where the guests may sit if they wish. If they remain standing, do make sure that the food can be comfortably handled with fork or fingers. The bridal party is seated at a special table and the best

Continued on page 75

LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HALP!!—WHEN AH TOOK THIS JOB
O'BABY-SITTIN'AH

DIDN'T KNOW
YO' WAS
GONNA
BE TH'
BABY!!



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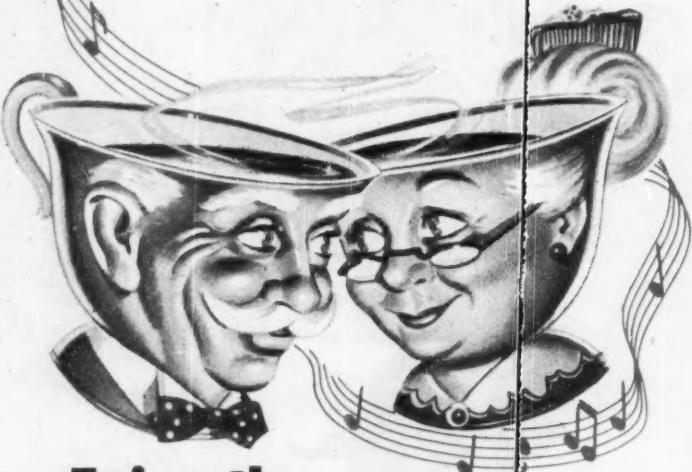


*FOR DIETS DEFICIENT IN THESE ELEMENTS

PICTURED:
"CREAM OF WHEAT"
WITH JAM



The "little top leaves" for fragrance,
The "little top leaves" for zest:—
The flavor in Tender Leaf Tea Bags
Proves the "little top leaves" are best!



Enjoy the Lively Flavor!

Just the "little top leaves"

Where the new young leaves sprout from the top of the tea plant—that's where Tender Leaf gets its *lively*, lilting flavor. Get Tender Leaf Tea Bags today—enjoy the zest and fragrance of this exquisite blend of finest Orange Pekoe.



The most convenient
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HOW TO USE THOSE

Plastic Bags

By JEAN BYERS
Châtelaine Institute



POLYETHYLENE PLASTIC BAGS
do double duty. The type with holes is filled with mothballs to mothproof closets. Plain bags store the winter woolens.



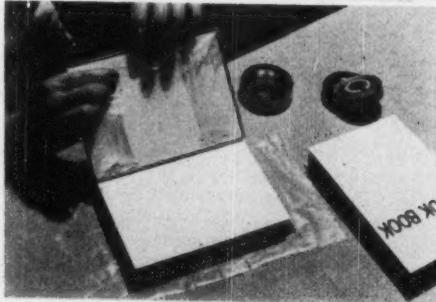
SHOWER CAPS HANDY AND QUICK
keep curls looking chic. For traveling too, the bags can hold soap, shoes, washcloth, anything damp or mussed.



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in plastic. Place in bag, add a camphor block, remove the air with vacuum. No tarnish or dust; silver stays looking new-bright.



CLOTHES DAMPEN EVENLY
in polyethylene bags. Store in refrigerator if not to be ironed that day. Separate white and colored clothes.



WASHABLE COOKBOOK
covers from bags cut to fit. Recipe cards stay neat and clean. Try this for schoolbooks, too.

Continued from page 73

man and ushers see that the bride and groom and the bridesmaids are served.

When the first course appointments are removed the dessert may be placed on one end of the buffet table and served by another willing friend, the guests helping themselves to the cakes. At the other end of the table another friend pours coffee.

The wedding cake has a place of honor on the bride's table and the punch may be served in either of the ways suggested for the wedding tea.

Wedding Breakfast

Morning weddings—and this means any time up to and including noon—are followed by a luncheon type menu as a rule. This meal could also be served buffet style, but it lends itself so well to table service that many prefer this method of serving.

If it is a small wedding with just the families present, everyone may sit at one table. The bride is at the groom's right and opposite them the mother of the groom sits at the right of the bride's father. The best man sits at the bride's right and the maid or the matron of honor at the groom's left. The wife of the minister is placed at the left of the bride's father and the minister at the right of the groom's mother. Next to the minister is the mother of the bride with the groom's father beside her. In between these specially placed people, along both sides of the table, the bridesmaids and ushers are seated alternately, as are the other members of the family.

At larger weddings, or when space

will not accommodate so many at one table, the bridal party sits along one side of a table facing the guests and the parents of the bride and groom are seated at a special table directly in front of them. The minister and his wife sit with them and they may wish to invite a few close family friends. Grandparents too would be seated at this table.

Small tables, set with linen, silver and small floral centre decoration, are arranged for the wedding guests. The bridal table is set as for a luncheon, with white or pastel luncheon cloth and napkins, centre decoration of fresh flowers, and silver and glasses in place. The various courses are served in the kitchen and brought to the table by the girls who are helping with the serving. Here again the cake cutting ceremony follows. At this type of meal, the cake may be brought in and placed in front of the bride and groom who rise to make the traditional first cut. Then it is taken to the kitchen for further cutting. Sometimes a layer has been reserved and small pieces tied in little white boxes so the guests may take their wedding cake home with them. The punch may be poured as soon as the first course has been served—filling the bride's glass first, then the groom's, then on around the table. Toasts may be given between courses or at the end of the meal.

Advance Planning

When every detail of the menu has been decided, the preparation and serving of it should be planned as a general plan a major campaign.

The cake is made or ordered weeks in advance. Linen, silver, dishes, table

Continued on page 78

Ready anytime...
Perfect everytime...

Gattuso OLIVES

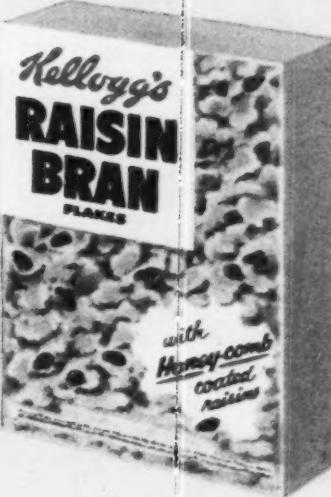
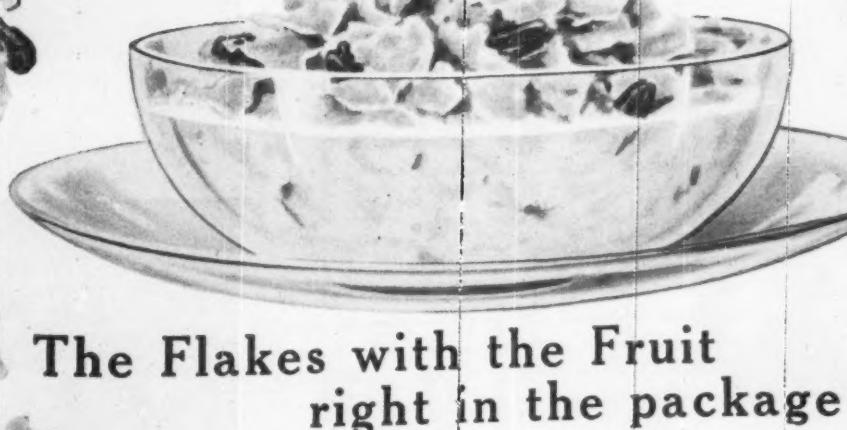
Enjoy the satisfaction of flavourful Gattuso Olives. Every Gattuso Olive is picked for perfection... every bite... just right! In salads, hors d'oeuvres, or as a side dish to your main meal... give your taste a treat... insist on Gattuso Olives.

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in re-usable refrigerator jars. Gattuso
Olive flavour is locked in... always fresh...
and the jar becomes a handy kitchen container.

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Honeycomb coated raisins



THEY WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER
Plump, juicy honeycomb-coated raisins—a perfect match for Canada's most popular bran flakes! You'll find this happy union in the Kellogg's Raisin Bran box at your grocer's. Now, how about carrying a package over your doorstep tomorrow?

No soaking!
No hard scrubbing!



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GREASY BROILERS get a "shine-up" scouring in seconds with a sturdy metal-fiber Brillo® Soap Pad. Brillo whisks off scorch and grease fast!

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SAVE MONEY! Brillo Soap Pads have more metal fiber, more soap... and you get more pads in every Brillo box!

BRILLO SOAP PADS (red box)
Soap-filled pads
BRILLO CLEANSER (green box)
Pads plus cake soap

THRIFTIER!
5 and 12 pad boxes

HOW TO GROW BARRELS OF BERRIES

Pick your strawberries right off the veranda this summer

By LAURA HARRIS

If you live in the city, gardening space becomes a problem and one solution that will give dividends in fruit, and beauty as well, is the strawberry barrel. Plant the berries in the spring at the same time you would plant them in the garden itself. One couple I know have two small barrels on the sunny veranda of their apartment. Here's how to make one:

Get a sturdy oak barrel the size you can accommodate. A full-size apple barrel costs about two dollars from a barrel firm and takes fifty plants. Smaller ones will hold thirty-five. To make the holes draw pencil circles around a fifty-cent piece for drilling, and stagger the rows. Drilling oak by hand is hard work. I rented an electric drill for a day for three dollars and drilled three large barrels in one morning. After drilling holes, I brushed on wood sealer inside and out to prevent rot. Most barrels have top hoops, but if not, tie staves securely with wire or sash cord soaked in spar varnish. Your plants will hide it.

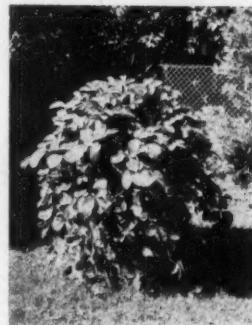
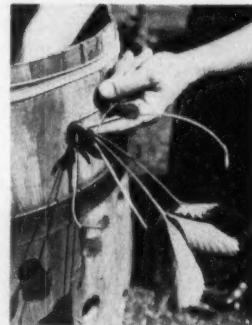
Next, for extra beauty, paint the outside of the barrel white to show off the shiny green leaves and red fruit. Then place barrel in its permanent position because after filling it will be too heavy to move. Set it on several bricks to prevent bottom rot.

To fill the barrel use any good garden soil that will grow vegetables. Fill to the top of the bottom row of holes and jiggle it a bit to settle. For planting, use two-year-old plants and insert one plant per hole. (We've photographed the top row here for a better view.) Insert roots from outside leaving the crown out a bit and place at the top of the hole as illustrated. This is important. The soil settling will drag plant down and in, so that crown will be just at edge of hole where it should be. Spread roots out inside the barrel and cover with soil up to top of second row of holes.

When you reach the second row of holes stack two weeping tiles on end down the middle of the barrel for easier watering. Two tiles are the height of a big barrel.

Plant second row of plants exactly as you did the first then fill around tiles to third row holes and insert plants and continue until barrel is full and planted. The top will take about eight plants. Use runnerless everbearing strawberries and keep the barrel well watered. From the start it makes a beautiful showpiece and soon it will make a pretty show of blossoms.

Now just sit back and wait for this to happen to you!



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presents the World's Smartest

Refrigerators and Home Freezers

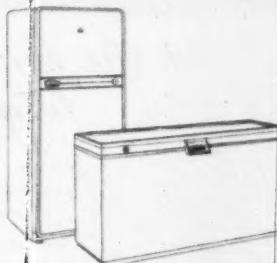
new

faces

Never before a refrigerator so lovely to look at! Its clean, new lines will give a fresh, new look to your entire kitchen. No other like it—anywhere! A refrigerator you just have to see!

7 all-new models.

Smartest looking, most convenient home freezers ever! Work surface material can be applied to counter-top of all 4 chest-type models. Refrigerator styling in all 3 upright models.



new

spaces

More room for more food than in any other refrigerator—size for size!

Here's the refrigerator that was planned to hold tall bottles and odd-shaped dishes. Planned to hold more of everything. And planned to put it all right at your fingertips!



Still the World's Leading Freezers. All 7 models are real "space savers"—hold more food on less floor area. You eat better, live better.

Decorate if you wish



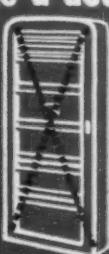
Door of refrigerator or upright freezer can be left gleaming white—or decorated to match kitchen color scheme. Top of chest-type freezer can be covered with work surface material.

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CHATELAINE — MAY, 1954

Never before a door like this!

Rigid Adroices. Door has exclusive welded steel construction to prevent warp, twist or sag. Tests prove door still airtight even after equivalent of 2 years' service.

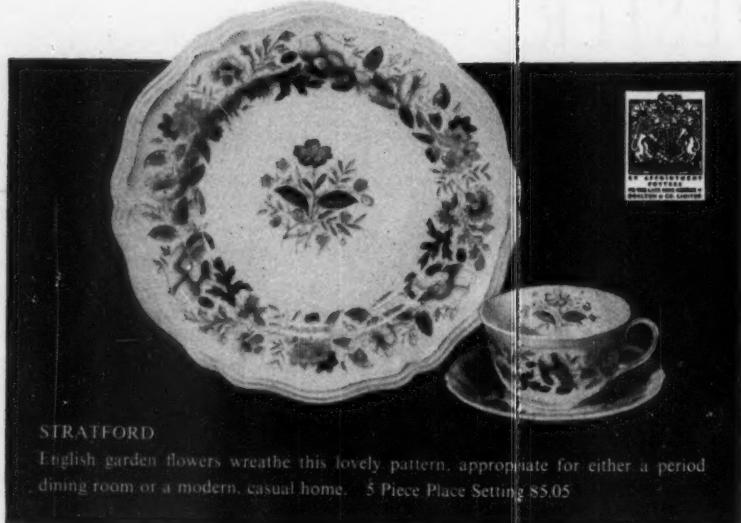


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See the great new IH refrigeration line at your IH dealer's now. Available for 60 cycle areas only.

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STRATFORD

English garden flowers wreath this lovely pattern, appropriate for either a period dining room or a modern, casual home. 5 Piece Place Setting \$5.05

Add the charm of old England to your new home



THE ERMIN COAT \$23.75

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FINE DINNERWARE

Made by the ROYAL DOULTON POTTERIES, BURSLEM, ENGLAND

**Eenie
Meenie
Miny
Mo**

What a wonderful breakfast game--you can't lose! Blindfolded (or with your eyes wide open) you just reach out and before you can say "ten generous servings of delicious oven-fresh Kellogg's cereals," the cereal you want for breakfast is right in the palm of your hand. So be sure to keep Kellogg's Variety Package within reach of your family!



Continued from page 75
appointments are collected and put in order several days ahead. Flowers are ordered. Arrangements are made for extra chairs if necessary.

Kitchen equipment is checked and, on the day before the wedding, is assembled where it will be used.

Lists of needed supplies are made and foods are bought or ordered. Definite times are set for the preparation of those items which are to be made at home ahead of time. And most of the menu can be prepared in advance—small cakes, patty shells, meringues, the punch base and other items, depending on the menu. In the home with a freezer, many of the sandwiches can be made several days ahead; chicken or fish can be prepared for salads or hot dishes; ice cream can be stored and a stock of ice cubes held in readiness.

Quantities

Quantities are important when all these plans are being made. You should know exactly how many to plan for, since all the invited guests will—or should—answer their invitations promptly. Here are a few figures which will help with your planning:

For 50 people you will need:

1 1/4 pounds coffee
1/4 pound tea
1 1/2-2 pints cream
1 pound loaf sugar (approx. 100 lumps)
4 quarts punch (about 3 oz. per person)
5 quarts ice cream
20-25 pounds chicken (drawn weight for salad or creamed dish)

10-12 (7 oz.) tins tuna fish for salad or creamed dish

150-200 sandwiches (fewer if other savory foods are served)

(a 1-lb. sandwich loaf cuts into 20 slices, requires approximately 1/4 lb. butter and 1 1/2 cups of filling)

100-150 small cakes (5 or 6 varieties—25 to 30 of each)

Sandwich Suggestions

For reception sandwiches, use a variety of breads, and make several shapes. Open-face sandwiches are decorative, but not as easy to store or to eat. To keep sandwiches fresh, line a pan with waxed paper (the vegetable crisper from the refrigerator is excellent if you can spare it), arrange the sandwiches carefully, cover with waxed paper and a damp towel and store in the refrigerator until just before serving. Here are a few combinations for fillings (add seasonings to taste):

Minced ham and cucumber, mayonnaise
Chopped cooked bacon and mustard relish
Chopped shrimp and celery, lemon juice, mayonnaise
Chopped egg, green pepper, walnuts, mayonnaise
Cream cheese, chopped chives—soften with cream
Cottage and blue cheese, chopped watercress
Cream cheese, chopped ripe olives and green pepper
Shredded raw carrot, chopped celery and peanuts, mayonnaise
Chopped chicken, almonds and celery, mayonnaise

or salad
other
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Other Savory Suggestions

Tiny hot cheese biscuits or cheese puffs
Bouchées (miniature cream puff shells) filled with deviled ham, chicken salad, etc.
Finger rolls, split, slightly hollowed and filled with crab, lobster or tuna salad mixture, with chopped olives and cream cheese or with chopped eggs and almonds, subtly seasoned
Small hot sausage rolls (serve on toothpicks)
Celery fingers stuffed with Roquefort or nippy cheese
Large green and ripe olives

Wedding Suppers

HOT

Tuna Fish and Mushroom Shortcake
French Fried Noodles or
Julienne Potatoes
Spiced Fruits—Watermelon Rind
Ice Cream with Fresh Fruit Sauce
Assorted Small Cakes

Coffee

COLD

Molded Chicken and Almond Salad
on Pineapple Rings
Buttered Finger Rolls
Meringues with
Fresh Sugared Strawberries
Fancy Cakes
Coffee

Wedding Breakfasts

EARLY

Chilled Fruit Juice
Broiled or Fried Chicken
with Bacon Strips
Hot Scones Corn Muffins
Fresh Berries and Cream
Coffee

LATE

Lobster Patties
Savory Potato Croquettes
Minted Green Peas
Buttered Rolls
Pineapple or Lemon Sherbet
Assorted Cakes
Coffee

Small Cakes

ALMOND SLICES

$\frac{2}{3}$ cups sifted flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup melted butter
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup almonds,
1 egg	blanched, toasted and
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	chopped
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar	

Measure sifted flour and sift again with the soda. Beat egg, add brown and white sugar, melted butter and prepared almonds. Add flour and mix well. Pack closely into a square cake pan lined with waxed paper. Chill overnight, remove from pan, cut in half and slice crosswise in thin slices. Bake on a greased baking sheet in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 5 minutes. 5 to 6 dozen slices.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

SWEDISH PATTIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	1 cup flour
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	Finely chopped walnuts
1 egg, separated	

Cream butter and sugar, add slightly beaten yolk and flour. Roll into small

GOOD LUCK CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT MARGARINE!

A difference? You bet! Sweeter, fresher GOOD LUCK
has that real "Melt-in-your-mouth" goodness!

Try Good Luck and find out just how sweet, how *fresh* a margarine can be!

you finer flavour . . . more Vitamin A or wholesome energy. Made with *pasteurized ingredients*, Good Luck is as pure and nourishing as a spread can be!

A difference? Just *try* Good Luck—and you, too, will change your mind about margarine!

Ask your grocer for Good Luck. Foil-wrapped twin-bar package with handy color wafers . . . or the new color-mix bag. Pre-colored, too, wherever permitted.



SAVORY STEAK SPREADS

To serve steak at its wonderful best, spread it with Good Luck Margarine—and be generous! For variety, cream some Good Luck, add chopped chives. For a garlic spread, add a little minced garlic to creamed Good Luck. For a lemon spread, just add a little lemon juice (to creamed Good Luck).

GOOD LUCK

the sweeter, fresher margarine!

You can buy Good Luck ready-colored, in foil-wrapped twin bars in areas where provincial laws permit the sale of colored margarine.

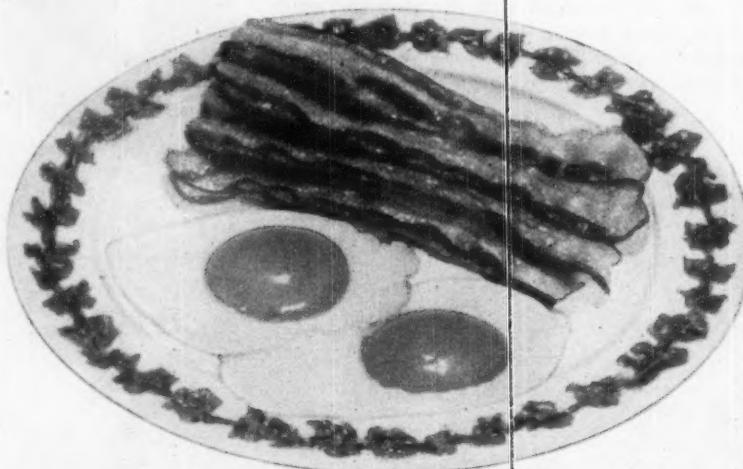
All bacon doesn't taste the same!

WATCH almost any man at breakfast and you'll find he's *real* fussy about the flavour of his bacon. In fact his morning temper is a kind of bacon barometer—which will be "set fair" once you serve Swift's Premium Bacon.

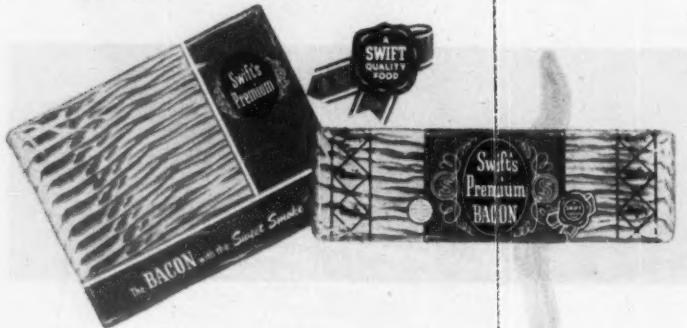
How can we be sure? Because Swift's Premium has that old-time sweet smoke flavour that every man remembers from his boyhood *and still wants*. And what's more,

Swift's Premium is the *only* bacon that is *certain* to come up with that flavour every time. For Swift still insists on the old-time, long, sure way of curing. Result—a quality that's uniform with a flavour that really L-A-S-T-S.

So for brighter breakfasts, better lunches, more savoury suppers, **ALWAYS** insist on Swift's Premium Bacon—the largest selling bacon in the world.



Swift's Premium Bacon tastes even better cooked this way: Place slices in cold frying pan. Do not overcrowd. Cook slowly turning often. For extra crispness pour off fat as it is accumulating.



Swift's Premium Bacon with the sweet smoke taste

SWIFT—to serve your family better!

SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED

balls, dip in egg white which has been slightly beaten. Roll in finely chopped walnuts. Put on greased pan and press down centre of each. Cook in a slow oven (300 deg. F.) for 5 minutes. Remove from oven and press down again in centre, return to oven and continue baking for 10 to 15 minutes. Fill top with a spot of jelly while still warm. Makes 30 patties.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHOCOLATE FRUIT BARS

1 1/2 cups sifted pastry flour	1 cup pitted dates, chopped
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder	1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained and chopped
3/4 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup candied pineapple, chopped (optional)
3 eggs	1 tablespoon maraschino cherry juice
1 cup granulated sugar	Grated rind of 1 medium orange
1 package (6-oz.) chocolate bits	1 cup seedless raisins
1 cup walnuts, chopped	

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Beat the eggs until light, add sugar gradually and continue beating until the mixture is thick and light-colored. Add the chocolate bits, the nuts, the prepared fruits, cherry juice and orange rind. Fold in the flour mixture. Turn into two tins about 7 1/2 inches square, which have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 25-30 minutes. Cool and cut in bars. This will make about 4 dozen bars.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



The Institute approves
furniture polish that
brings a gleam to many
different surfaces



WHEN YOU SHOP for a furniture polish you want to be sure your choice will produce the desired lustre without much hard work. You will also expect the polish you buy to be effective on more than one kind of surface finish. So when a company asks Chatelaine Institute to grant our Seal of Approval to a furniture polish we first collect a number of pieces of furniture of various woods and finishes for our tests.

With Lecton Furniture Care, a new creamy polish made by the Lynian Manufacturing Co., the polish was applied and rubbed according to the directions on the bottle, with special notes made before and after each application. Only a section of each test surface was treated so we could clearly observe the result.

Particular attention was given to the "no hard rubbing" claim. A little polish was poured on a soft cloth, spread lightly over the surface, then wiped off with another soft cloth, as directed on the label. On all surfaces the result showed good lustre without streaks.

The Institute, just like any housekeeper, looks for the lasting effect of a furniture polish. So our tables and chairs were examined some days later to see if the polish remained or if it showed finger marks or more than average smudging.

To make sure there were no harmful ingredients in the polish, sample bottles were submitted to our research chemists for analysis.

An important part of the evaluation of the product included detailed study of the directions on the bottle. These, according to the Institute's standards, must be clear and easy to follow.

In the case of Lecton Furniture Care all our rigid standards, both household and laboratory, were met. As a result this product was awarded the Chatelaine Seal of Approval.

Punch for 50

2 1/2 cups sugar	2 cups lemon juice
3 cups water	2 to 3 cups ice water
2 1/2 cups pineapple juice (20-oz. can)	2 quart bottles ginger ale
5 cups orange juice	

On the day before:

- (1) Combine sugar and water, heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boiling and boil 4 minutes. Allow to cool in pan, pour into covered jars and store in the refrigerator.
- (2) Place pineapple juice and ginger ale in the refrigerator.
- (3) Squeeze oranges and lemons, measure juice into tightly covered jars and store in refrigerator.

Just before serving:

Combine all the chilled ingredients in a large kettle, adding ginger ale last. Ladle into pitchers for pouring.

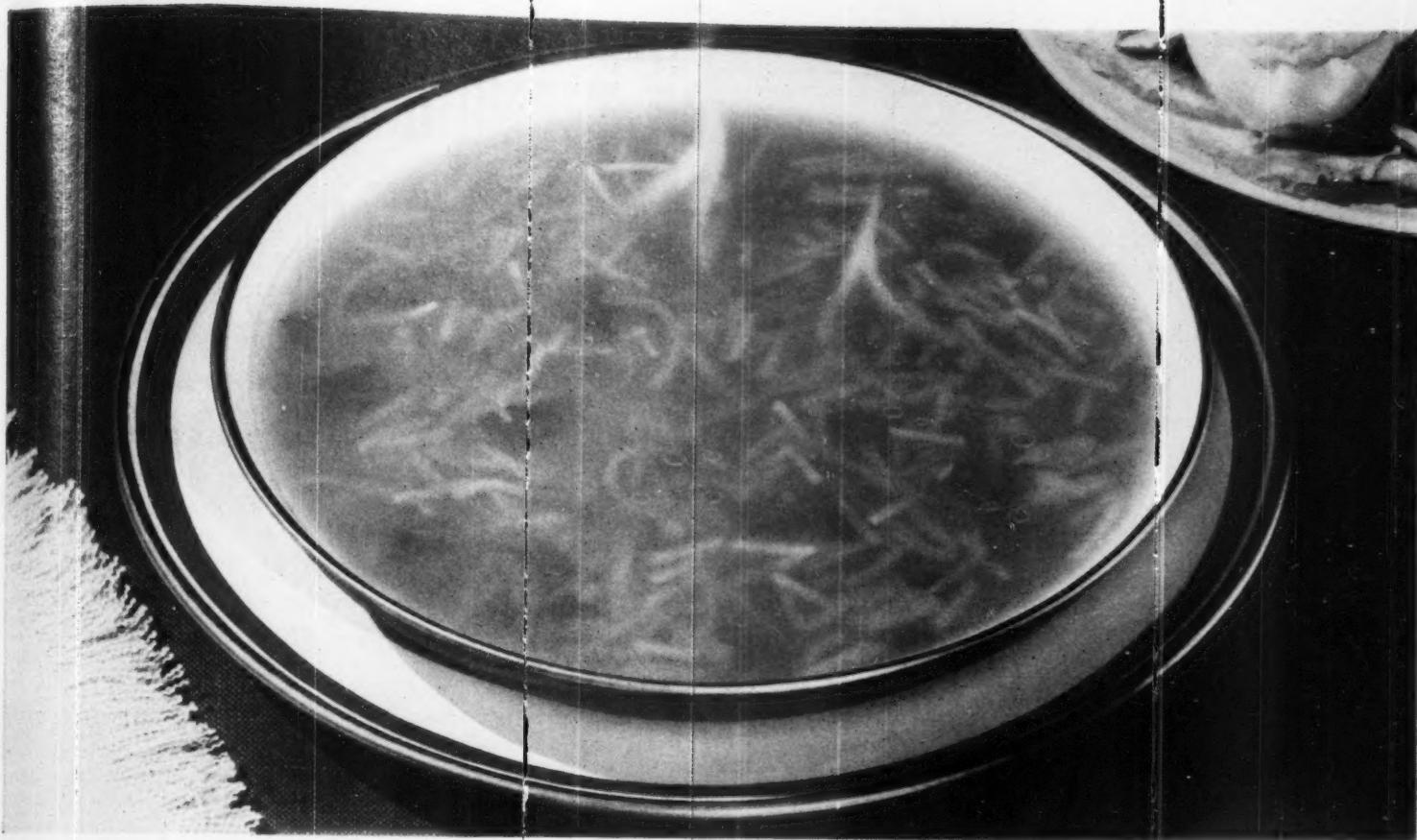
If a punch bowl is used—combine everything but the ice-water and ginger ale in the punch bowl. Add a block of ice or 3 or 4 cups crushed ice instead of ice-water.

Decorate with thin slices of orange or sliced, lightly sweetened fresh strawberries.

Just before serving add the chilled ginger ale.

This quantity will allow approximately 3 ounces—or a small fruit juice glassful for each person. *

Approved by Chatelaine Institute



NEW FLAVOUR! NEW RICHNESS!

New Lipton Recipe for Tomato Vegetable Soup Mix means heartier, tastier soup—homemade the modern way



**More soup for less
money...with Lipton!**

Variety for variety, you pay less for these Lipton Soup Mixes than for most canned soups. Furthermore, Lipton gives you more soup than most canned soups!

SMOOTHER, DEEPER FLAVOUR—thanks to a wonderful new Lipton recipe! Now, Lipton's Tomato Vegetable Soup Mix gives you a soup that's better than ever! Homier, heartier, more delicious!

Country-garden vegetables, picked at their peak of perfection—tender egg noodles, plump and rich—tangy broth of red, ripe tomatoes! To top

it off, a real homemade goodness that's the special flavour secret of soups you make with magic Lipton Mixes!

Get some today. Enjoy the tangy, sparkling goodness of Lipton's New Tomato Vegetable Soup—the best Tomato Vegetable Soup you've ever tasted!



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WELLESLEY FUDGE CAKE

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
 1/2 cup hot water
 1/2 cup sugar
 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
 1/2 teaspoon baking soda

With butter, margarine, or lard, 2/3 cup milk, or milk.

Place chocolate and water in top of double boiler. Cook and stir over hot water until chocolate melts and mixture thickens. Add 1/2 cup sugar; cook and stir 2 minutes longer. Cool to lukewarm. Sift flour once, add soda and salt; sift three times. Cream shortening, add 1 1/4 cups sugar gradually; cream until light. Add eggs, one at a time; beat thoroughly after each. Add vanilla; blend. Add flour, alternately with addition. Add chocolate mixture; blend. Pour into two 9 x 9 x 2-inch pans, lined on bottoms with paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

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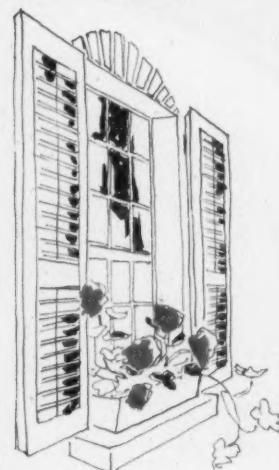
THE CHIPS WITH THE FAMOUS BAKER'S NAME



THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

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GARDENING



GERANIUMS ARE BACK IN FASHION

Great-grandmother could have told us that geraniums provide more beauty for less trouble than almost any other flower

By HELEN O'REILLY

REMEMBER WHEN Venetian blinds came back? Every, but every, new house had to have them and yet they were as Victorian as a fringed shawl draped over the piano. Now it has happened to geraniums, pride of great-grandmother's formal garden—they're so new that people keep explaining to each other that they are really pelargoniums as if this were a fresh scientific discovery. As great-grandfather would have put it slantly, geraniums are all the go!

The real discovery, perhaps, is that great-grandmother knew her way about, for geraniums give more and longer bloom for less trouble than almost any other flower you could name, unless it is the petunia which she had her eye on too. The geraniums you set out now—that is, as soon as you are certain there will be no more frosty nights—will flower right through until September with as little care as decency allows. And whether you go all Victorian and put them in great decorative urns or keep them crisp and modern in the built-in borders of your terrace or patio, geraniums will do you proud.

But to settle that name business once and for all, geraniums are unimpressive natives of the northern hemisphere with a seed case that the botanists tell us looks like a crane's bill. *Geranos* is Greek for crane as you know, of course (I have just looked it up). Pelargoniums were brought to England about 1700 from the Cape of Good Hope where they are

a sub shrub, and botanists claim their seed case is more like a stork's bill. *Pelargos* is Greek for stork—hence the name. Now great-grandmother saw at once that the imported variety was vastly superior but she did not care for the name *pelargonium* or stork's bill so she serenely called these plants geraniums and, although the botanists have never given an inch, geraniums they are called by the rest of us to this day.

Go to your favorite greenhouse, then, and ask to see geraniums and if you are lucky you will have considerable choice. It is interesting to know that there are now more than four thousand species and varieties of geranium but do not expect to be shown the full range! You will find your choice limited very probably to six or seven garden varieties called zonals, one or two trailing or ivy geraniums, a few scented-leaf ones, and just possibly a dwarf or two. My advice is to start with a dozen or so of the zonals—doubles or singles as you prefer—and progress to the less usual ones as you learn to love them. (Not least of the charms of geraniums is that they are not at all expensive.)

Even so it will be hard to choose between the glorious shades of red, the subtle tones of pink, and between the full, double-flowered clusters and the immense florets of the newer single-flowered varieties. For me it's a tossup, for instance, between Radio Red with its showy bright scarlet double flowers and Paul Crampel whose brilliant red



CUTTINGS should be of firm, not woody, growth, preferably shoots that have not flowered. Make a sharp clean cut below a small joint and snip off lower leaves.



POTTING: Use a mixture of sand and peat. Water cuttings and firm them in. Cork and fill a tiny flower pot with water and seepage will keep cuttings moist.

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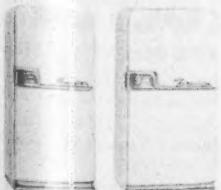
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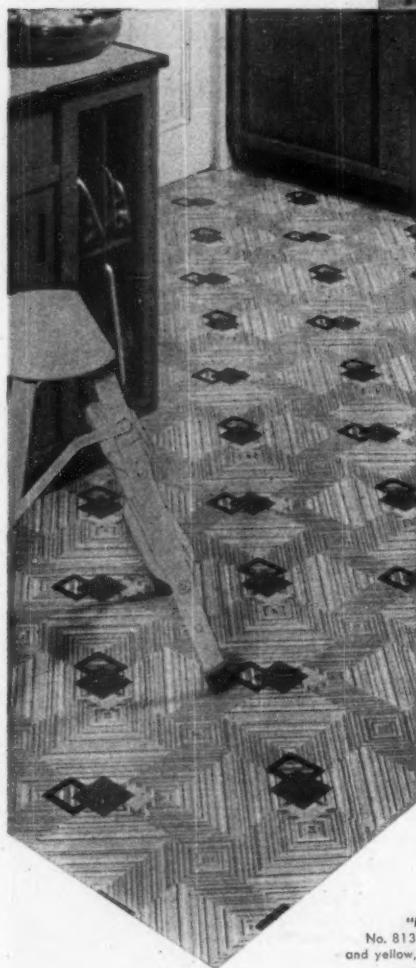


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single florets are an inch and a half across! Then there are the cerise shades and the deep pink of Alphonse Ricard, the delicate pink of Mrs. Lawrence, and a magnificent double white called Madame Buchner. There is the problem of whether to match your colors sedately or gaily mix them—and the geraniums are in bloom so you can see what you are doing!

You buy geraniums in pots so, when you have made your momentous choice, bring them home and set them in a sunny window until all possibility of frost is past, then transplant them into your borders or set out the pots on your balcony or terrace. Now (and this is another endearing feature of geraniums) they do not need a rich soil, they do not need continual watering, and it is the most unlikely thing in the world that pests will attack them within our Canadian borders. Your only responsibility, therefore, is to place them in a reasonably sunny location, make sure they have good drainage, that is, that water can never lie around their roots, and give them a good, soaking watering once a week.

If your geraniums do not thrive they will "go to leaf" or, as one geranium fancier puts it, "grow to cabbage," and not flower. This means that they have too much shade, too rich a soil, or too much water. Remember they come from South Africa and grow wild in California and you will know how to handle them. All you should have to do is pick off the dead clusters of flowers, cultivate the soil around them occasionally, and enjoy them until the frost comes.

Which brings me to the most engaging quality of geraniums—you do not have to part with them! If you want to try your hand at a geranium winter window garden, take cuttings of your favorites in June—if you simply want to carry them over until next summer, take cuttings in August or September. But do not expect to dig up or move in your outdoor beauties and have them go right on blooming. Great-grandmother may have dug up her geraniums and hung them upside down from the beams of her nice dark, damp, earth-floored cellar but these tactics are not for you with the modern basement.

Whenever you decide to take cuttings—and you may do it successfully at any time of the year—select end pieces of firm but not woody growth, preferably shoots that have not flowered; make a sharp clean cut just below a small joint and snip off the lower leaves. If you are doing only one or two cuttings, simply place them each in a glass of water in a north, or non-sunny, window until they take root, but if you are doing half a dozen or more, use Helen Van Pelt Wilson's pot-in-pan method.

This requires a wide shallow flowerpot called a bulb pan, a little three-inch flowerpot, and a cork to fit its drainage hole; put the little corked-up flowerpot full of water in the centre of the bulb pan and fill in around it with clean sand or a mixture half sand and half peat moss. Now insert your cuttings around the small flowerpot deeply enough to stand upright, hold them in place as you water them and firm them in securely. There will be enough seepage of water through the porous walls of the centre pot to keep the soil evenly and constantly moist. Add more water as needed and shade the whole thing from the direct sunlight. In three



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weeks your cuttings will be tiny plants.

Transplant these rooted cuttings into the smallest pots you can get, preferably the two-and-a-half-inch size, filled with the usual mixture of one third sand, one third garden soil, and one third compost but do not add fertilizer or manure. Within ten weeks you may expect flowers, if all goes well, and within about four months you will have to shift your plants into three-inch or three-and-a-half-inch pots, and later into four-inch ones, but remember that geraniums do better when their roots are a bit crowded since tight potting encourages them to bloom.

There are three musts for growing geraniums indoors and they are all easy ones. The first is sunshine—and that means all you can give them—so put them in a south or east window but not over a radiator because the second must is coolness—a temperature between 60 and 70 degrees is best so, if your house or flat is very warm, choose the coolest spot you can find that is

★ ★ ★

THE BUILDERS

By R. H. Grenville

Loyalist wife and seigneur's daughter,
Highland lass from across the water,
Habitant spinning, Dutch girl baking,
What is it that your hands are making?

Weaver of homespun, maker of shoes,
Builder of swallow-swift canoes,
Farmer at work in the clear spring weather,
What is the dream that you share together?

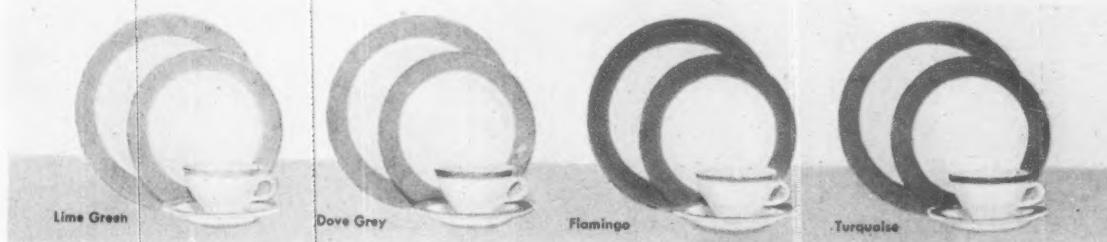
Rich farms lie on the prairie's breast,
The rails go singing east and west,
And cities rise from the forest glade—
The proud young nation your strong hands made!

not draughty. The third must is moisture and here there seems to be a widespread idea that, because geraniums do not need the moist conditions of an African violet, they live like camels. Geraniums in pots need a good, thorough watering at least once a week but in between soakings they can dry out a bit and it is a good plan to stand the pots on pebbles to drain completely.

Turn the pots occasionally so that the plants will not grow lopsidedly toward the sun and do experiment with new varieties. From now on you will find more and more kinds available as interest in geraniums grows; you will be tempted by the lovely trailing, ivy-leaf ones with delicate pink blossoms that are enchanting for window boxes or dividing-walls in modern rooms (if sunlit); by the scented ones whose leaves smell so deliciously of roses, nutmeg, almonds, lemons, or sweet cider; by the gay dwarfs with prim, toylike flowers, and by the fancy-leaved geraniums whose patterned foliage is as Victorian as ruffled pantaloons, for all of them are fun to grow no matter what color your thumb. *

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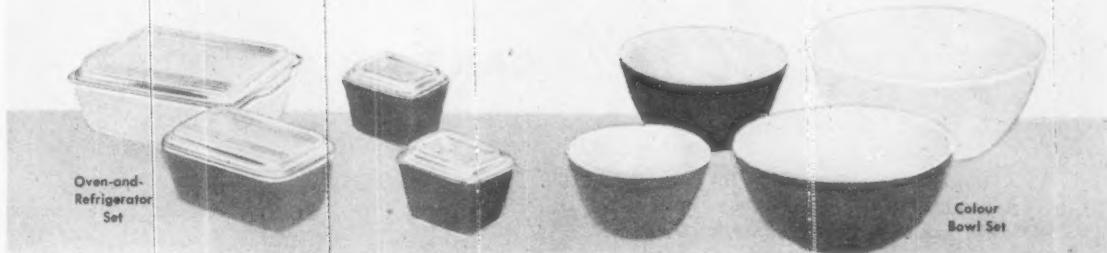
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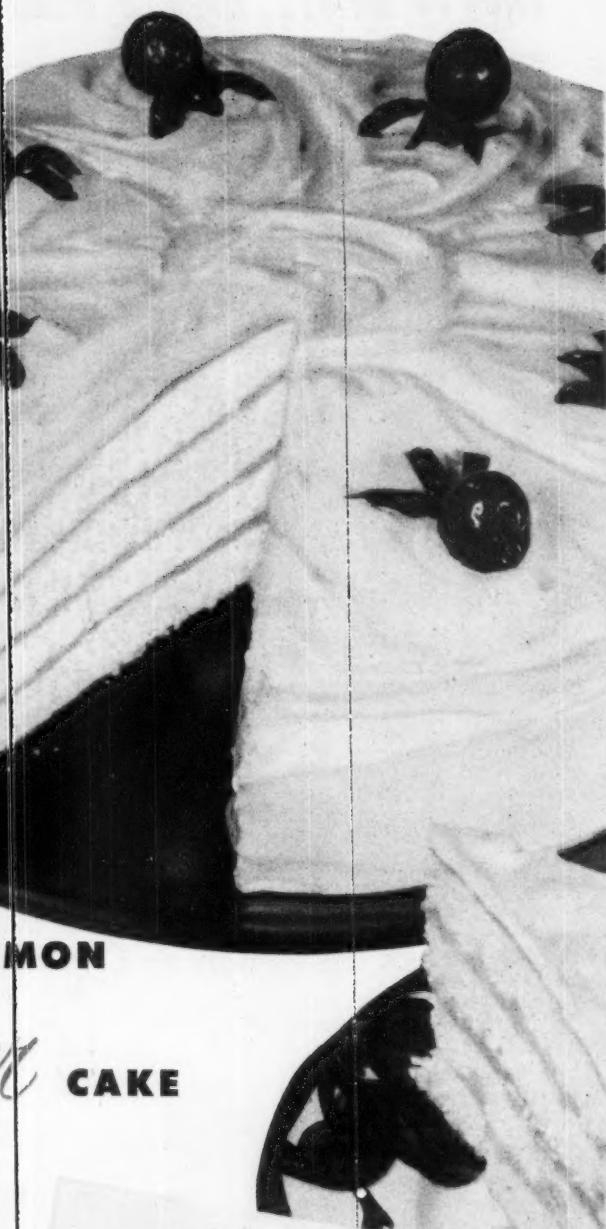
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LEMON 4-DECKER CAKE

2 1/4 cups sifted pastry flour or 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	10 tbsps. butter or margarine
3 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder	1 cup fine granulated sugar
1/2 tsp. salt	2 eggs
	2/3 cup milk
	1 tsp. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Pre-heat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar; add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Measure milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven about 25 minutes. Split layers of cold cake and put all together with lemon cake filling; cover with 7-minute frosting flavored with vanilla and lemon extract; decorate with well-drained maraschino cherries.

THE MENACE OF MR. SAMSON

Continued from page 16

as one says here, to leave this school." She could at least display independence, for she brought languages by the hour—French with Latin thrown in—to all the small private schools of Folkestone.

But the real victim was Miss Cox, who was resident teacher and taught all the tiresome subjects as well as her favorite, botany, and dearly would have loved for her favorite just a little of the enthusiasm. She was bound to the school for her living and the satisfactions of her life while Mr. Samson only augmented his pension very slightly with these lessons at Mrs. Skinner's, and when a lesson was over buttoned tight his jacket with the brass buttons and stomped off to an unknown life that stirred the children to speculation. Gall-ing indeed it was to her to see him and the sea in such ascendancy while botany languished, was practically submerged. And now in late February she could only struggle and plead for it with pictures in books and roots dangling stiffly earthy from frozen plants while the children squirmed.

Yet botany was a wonderful subject. Her eyes glowed when she could hold aloft a flower with all its parts, when she could guide the children in prying apart with pins all these parts for learning—only for learning could she make the sacrifice—"See, children, see. We can't know the complex brilliant flower unless we know the roots, tough for burrowing, sensitive for drawing sustenance, unless we know the tunneled stem, and the leaves all arranged for their work with sunlight. See the urgent stamens. Open the ovule. See the seeds, innumerable, all waiting—incipient lives—" Her eyes brimmed when the children relievedly, at the close of the lesson, brushed the tatters into the wastebasket.

Now in February even the walks which she as resident teacher must conduct daily—even, briefly, in the cold rain while Mrs. Skinner took a respite from her school—wound seaward at the children's insistence. She couldn't balk their wills and take them to the chill grove where the earth lived under the brown mat of leaves, and the twigs—if they would only look—were really lumpy with buds. They wanted the sea—singing their sea songs. They wanted to be down by its fierce tumble, down on the pebbly beach where the sea pounded and dragged and flung icy spray that stung her waiting just above them on the stone walk.

This was bad enough, but they were also always watching for Mr. Samson. Surely he would be here by the sea, they insisted. And one day they spied him stomping back and forth on the walk above the stretch that most attracted them, where the rocks reached out roughest.

"Captain!" they shouted, though he certainly couldn't have been more than a second mate.

"Wait!" she cried unheard as they went rushing.

He turned when they were almost upon him, and bluffly welcomed them. She could hear his voice above the sea. And before she could get there they had

clustered with him down the steps to the beach.

They paid no attention when she arrived just above them on the walk. But he must have heard when she called again, for he looked round and bellowed, "Will you come an' sit down, Ma'am?" He offered her the breakwater.

She shook her head furiously, put up her umbrella to rebuff him and the sea, shield herself against the spray. What right had he to come here quite out of his hour and combine his power with the sea's till the children were quite lost to her? Oh what right had he to draw all the children to himself and the sea when she would have been grateful for only one convert to botany? Behind the umbrella her indignation gathered and gathered till tears stung worse than the spray could.

Peering around, she saw him go with the children to the edge of the sea where it was out baring the rocks, the pools, the fantastic creatures of shell, claw, scuttle and underwater shape in the outrageous way it had—brazen as if the earth had flung back its cover. There they all went together, he stiffly, over the weed-slimy rocks, till this time she almost screeched, "We're going back to school now!"

The sea drowned her voice. Furious, she found herself hurrying down the steps to the beach, wobbling over the pebbles toward where the group flirted with the sea.

Inspired by the presence of Mr. Samson, the children behaved as they wouldn't have dared with her alone here, outrageously as the sea itself, gamboled, teased the waves, grabbed starfish and crabs from the seething reach as it drew

out a little, only to beethed in closer, till she cried unheard, "Your feet, your feet—oh, what will Mrs. Skinner say?—oh, that sea—that sea—"

Mr. Samson, his face blank, cupped his ear back at her—yes, she had been sure he was deaf by the loudness of his singing. But now they had to come in a bit because the incoming tide was enormously spraying them back over the barnacled rocks. And the sea lashed out with a special arm over a jagged rock and struck her and soaked her skirt.

"Oh," she cried, looking furiously at Mr. Samson. But he didn't apologize, only spoke of his sea with loving tolerance, "Better look out for her, she's skittish when she's coming in fast—better get moving . . ." And he herded her and the children over the pebbles and up the steps to the stone walk, the children's feet all squishy with the spray.

"Look what you've done," she said bitterly, pointing to their feet, turning from their rapturous faces that held no enthusiasm for her. "Oh what right have you to ruin them for me?"

"Eh?" he said, his weathered face startled, staring, as though he only at that moment realized the force of her indignation, her feelings against him. How could he be so slow to realize it? He stared while she saw his whiskers rough on his face and his blue eyes sea-squinted. Then he turned abruptly, awkwardly, and went stomping off along the walk.

The children took up their sea songs again and seemed not at all disturbed or impressed by what she had said. But she herself was disturbed. She felt it deep in her. Now he had soured her

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CHATELAINE — MAY, 1954

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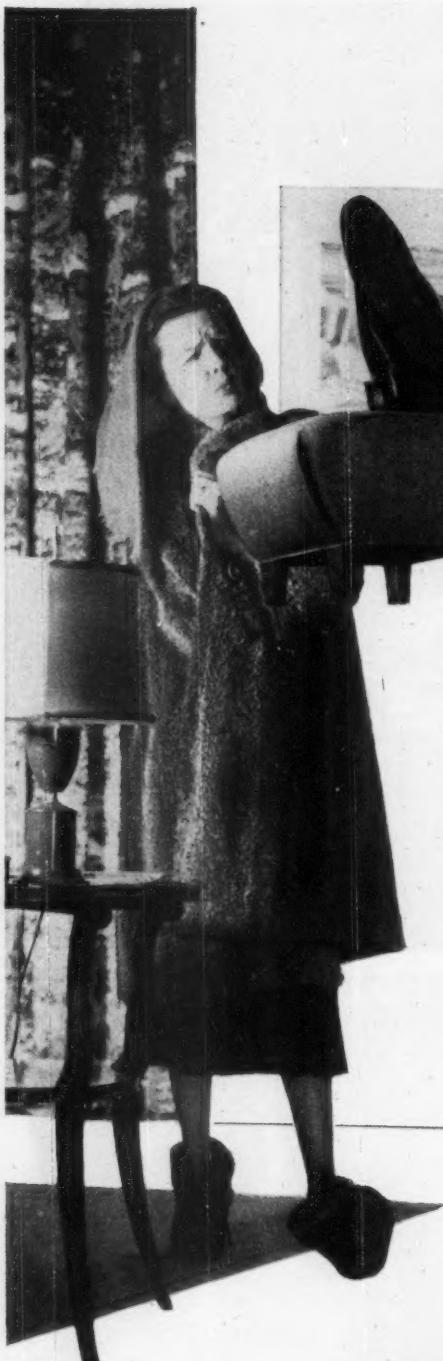


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with resentment, brought bitterness as well as frustration. Now she was indeed blighted.

The children were worse with the sea than ever. At singing lessons their sea songs rose even more clamorous. They were even more sea-minded in other lessons. On daily walks they rushed to the beach and, wild as the waves, rushed about crying, louder than the gulls, "Oh, we jolly sailormen—oh, we jolly sailormen aloft . . ." while the sea tried to reach them and drench them for her to deliver to Mrs. Skinner. And always they were alert for Mr. Samson who didn't appear, they were sure, because he had decided a beach wasn't enough of the sea for him.

But the blight in her because of resentment distracted her even from their unruliness, and she longed, longed for the spring grove to bring back the power of botany, gather the children about her, and thus surely release her.

At last in April—the primrose month, the bluebell month—she did have the moving queue of their daily walk headed for the grove. It was almost by artifice. She had persuaded Mrs. Skinner that the school would benefit from greater balance by letting her take the children out to the growing flowers in botany hour, which was the last hour of the school day. She trusted—oh, surely—that involvement in botany, so fragrant and intricate, would hold them intrigued far beyond the hour in the lavish grove behind and above the town.

Mrs. Skinner greatly valued Mr. Samson, who was so popular and inexpensive, but she did acknowledge her school needed more balance. So the children went marching with Mrs. Skinner's orders rigid upon them right back from the sea toward the hills.

The day, even in the town, wafted about them in perfume. The whole force of nature was behind this hour with botany. And now the street softened away into the road running up the hill to the sound of the brook running down.

The queue (she could feel it in them) was lightening and expanding—not, she was sure, to rebellious pranks, but to delight and acceptance. It bulged, twisted, broke up, and the children went skipping and calling well ahead of her up toward the grove.

Panting she took in the day and them. She carried the little trowel for the delicate digging and the magnifying glass for contemplation of the flowers in growth. She had been weak often in the classroom, but her subject was so powerful that no one could resist it in the end. Now it mustn't fail her.

"Can we go to the shore after class?" called back one of the skipping children. But she only smiled a little. Up ahead twinkled the grove. They would only look at the primroses exposed and pure in the glass, and would dig just enough of the bluebells for study from the perfect sea of bluebells.

The sea of bluebells brimmed over from the grove. The children spied it and were running. "Wait," she cried as they disappeared among the first trees. She didn't want them plucking, as such an upsurge of flowers might stimulate outsiders to be doing—stamp, trample, pluck the jubilant upsurge. Oh, how much she went through to win at last perhaps one real convert.

Louder than the birds came their voices from the sparkling grove. Then

ness as
indeed

the sea
their sea
They
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They turned to her quite docilely,
almost as though they needed her in
their disruption. "Just look," she re-
peated. And they did look about them
at the upsurge, the sunlight, the little
wind in waves through the leaves.

stopped. How busily they must be
picking. She hastened.

She saw the children now. They were
standing in a still clump staring at
somebody picking, somebody stockily
bending over. "Oh!" she cried.

Mr. Samson came unrooted, turned
around, holding his bunch of bluebells,
looked confused.

He stared at her and then at the
children with his weathered eyes that
seemed not to see too well in the golden
light. She saw the children standing
open-eyed, open-mouthed, staring
amazed at Mr. Samson in the spring
grove.

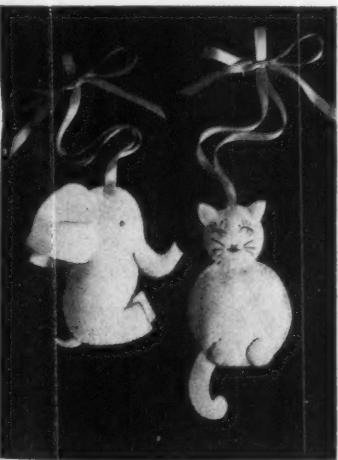
He cleared his throat, "Er—ah—"

And she too stood shocked still. Mr.
Samson. Here in her grove. Threatening
her day of botany, the children as
converts, the green upsurge. She felt
the desecration all through her.

He was threatening her release from
resentment. She rallied. She glared at
him. Only she was collected now—into
protection of her rights here. "Chil-
dren—" she said to draw them from him.

The children still stood gaping and
staring as though there was nothing to
see here but Mr. Samson—here, here
of all places. At least they were quiet.
And grasping at their quiescence, she
began to give them instructions, her face
hot. "Children, just look about you.
Don't pick. Try not to trample. Why
should you wantonly destroy? Only
share the flowers' jubilance. And in a
little while we'll look through the mag-
nifying glass."

They turned to her quite docilely,
almost as though they needed her in
their disruption. "Just look," she re-
peated. And they did look about them
at the upsurge, the sunlight, the little
wind in waves through the leaves.



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Ah, a faint stir of triumph. The
children obeying. And Mr. Samson she
had lashed at with her criticism of
careless picking. She felt the children
gathered about her—almost against him,
so strange here. She looked to see how
he was taking it.

There he stood square, thick in his
stiff brass-buttoned jacket, right in the
sea of bluebells. And however spread-
legged and nautical his stance, he had
a confused look of needing the earth.
What a confused figure. And when he

saw her eyes on him, he held out his
grinned bunch quite pleadingly, "Ought
to live in a dreary room—"

It was an outrage that he should stand
trampling down the bluebells in his igno-
rance—such ignorance in one mature.

She answered him only with sym-
pathy for the flowers he had picked.
"You'll have to hurry them into water
—see the poor things. You'll have to
hurry home with them immediately." She
stood authoritatively in her own
green world.

"Why, I aimed to sit awhile," he said,
looking about him, and then at a spot
on a log in sunlight.

"They must have water!" She turned
from him. She felt the surge of green
life, of growing, from deepest root to
topmost leaf, to petals spreading on
inch-long stems toward the sun, the lift
and reach of it, and the earth of ages
in which it was imbedded. But she felt
him too, still standing there with the
flowers wilting. She felt him there in
Continued on page 92



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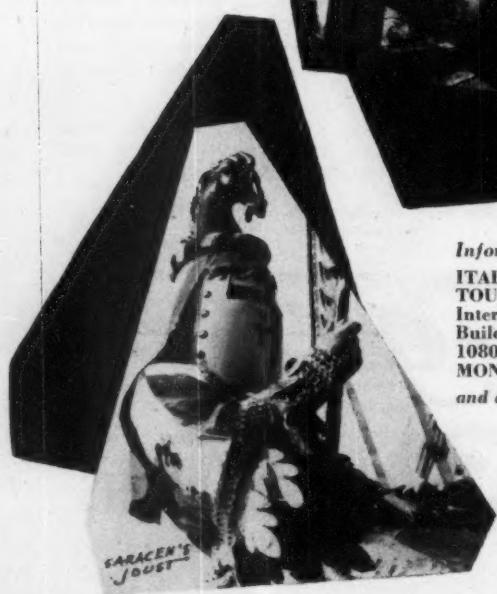
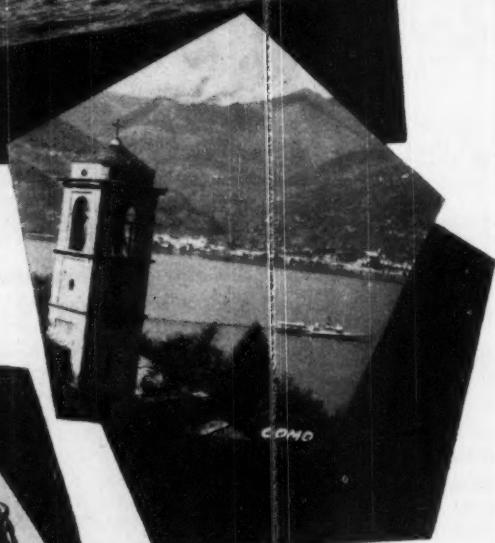
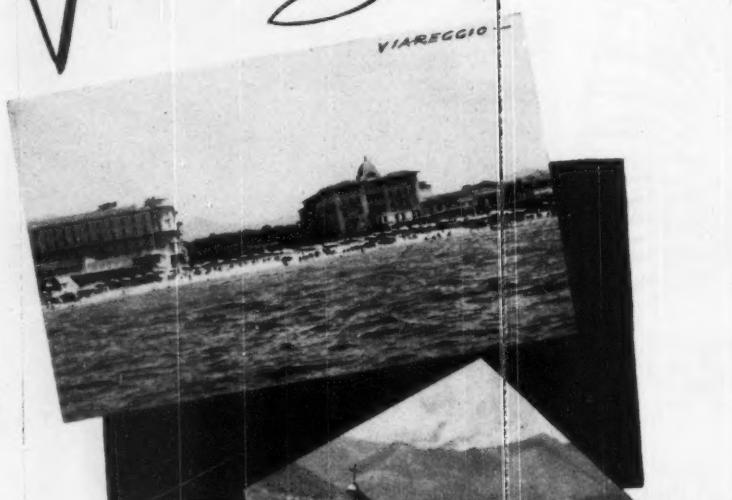
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HOW TO IRON A SHIRT WITH A HAND IRON

Here Chatelaine Institute shows you step by step how to hand-iron a man's shirt in only five minutes. Prepare the shirt ahead by dampening it evenly and leave it loosely folded for one or two hours before you start to iron.



1

SLEEVES: Place shirt on wide board or ironing table with collar toward you and right sleeve stretched on board. Iron inside of cuff, nosing iron into gathers of sleeve. Turn sleeve over and iron outside of cuff.



2

Start ironing sleeve at centre of seam and iron toward shoulder, pressing seam until dry.



3

Shift iron to left hand and iron into fullness at cuff.



4

COLLAR AND YOKE: Iron right side of collar and band. Fold yoke at seam, iron wrong side of collar and band. Iron yoke from seam centre toward sleeves and collar. Turn shirt around—tail toward you—and iron left sleeve in same manner as right.

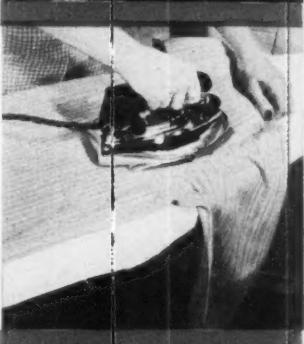
5

BODY: Lay shirt lengthwise on board and iron inside left back, pressing sleeve and underarm seams until dry.



6

Fold left front over and iron. Press band until dry. Move shirt away from you with unironed portion of back on board. Iron inside right back.



7

Fold right front over and iron. Hold band taut to iron around buttons and press band until dry.



8

Shirt completely ironed with a minimum of moving. Touch up collar if necessary and hang on hanger. If space permits put shirts away on hangers rather than folding and storing flat. Shirts wear longer if stored unbuttoned and with collar left turned up.



HOW TO FOLD A SHIRT

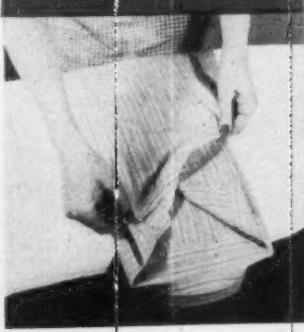
1

FOLDING: If shirts are folded, as they must be for traveling or if closet space is limited, do it this way. Lay shirt flat on board or table and button top, middle and bottom buttons. Turn over and fold back one side lengthwise. Turn sleeve as shown and lay lengthwise.



2

Turn other side back as shown and arrange second sleeve as before. Fold up tail of shirt just above cuffs. Then fold in half bringing front of shirt on top. To keep from unfolding, it may be pinned at upper corners of yoke. *



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BERLOU service available at better Dry Cleaners, Rug Cleaners, Floor Covering and Furniture Dealers.

THE MENACE OF MR. SAMSON

Continued from page 89

his need of earth. And she said in half-exasperation, yet awkwardly as he had spoken, "Perhaps we can find them a cranny in the brook."

She left the magnifying glass and trowel on the log and, suppressing her resentment of him, went with him to the brook. They found a watery niche among cresses for his bluebells and then returned to where bluebells grew against the log. He sat down respectfully beside the glass and the trowel, his knees spread apart and his brown hands between them. A little awkwardly she reached and took up the glass.

She called the children now, such a lightness and expansiveness was in her. Yes, she felt healed almost by the marvel of botany. She called with a quick expectancy of their eagerness, "Come, children, let's study the flowers . . ."

They came; they gathered slowly and carefully as if in an element too unsettled to be trusted, eyeing Mr. Samson, and crouched down beside her in the fragrance. One by one they peered down through the glass at a single flower all explicit and emphasized, made intimate to the inmost detail. They bent there while botany grew bigger and bigger before them.

Even though they were little more than dutiful, she sighed with pleasure after each peering. But when they had moved away there was an awkwardness and suspension.

She looked at Mr. Samson. He was looking at her. She tried to rally the resentment she had suppressed. She mustn't let him interfere with her renewal here in the grove. But he did look so lonely. And strangely, trying to rally resentment, she found in herself compunction.

Oh how she had treated him. She felt herself flushing. How he must feel about such treatment as she had given him here and by the sea. No, she couldn't possibly invite him to look through the glass with her. Yet he seemed to be expectant there with his weathered eyes watching her, sitting there all weathered and brown, buttoned tight in his blue jacket.

He had been a seaman; he had put up for a long time with the capricious and outlandish ways of the sea. Perhaps he hadn't minded her.

She got up tentatively and went over with the magnifying glass. And in another moment she was holding it while he was staring down through it at spreading petals.

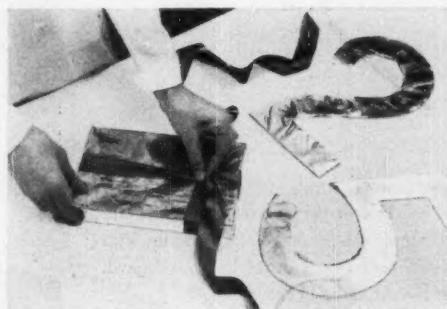
This was too much for the children, she saw. Mr. Samson studying botany with her. Mr. Samson—why, yes—her convert. They jumped up, they burst into their natural selves, rushed about, rushed for the running brook, snatched off their shoes and socks, threw in sticks they shouted were ships that would ride all the way to the sea.

She called remonstrance—"Bare feet! It's too early! What will Mrs. Skinner say?" But being seated now by Mr. Samson on the log in the waving sunlight, her hands and his big seaman hands held out like leaves, was too pleasant for her to pursue the protest further. *

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By M. FRANCES HUCKS
Châtelaine Institute



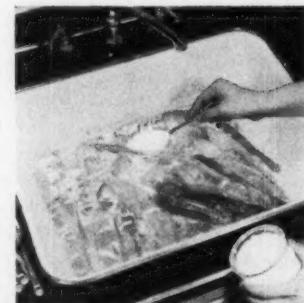
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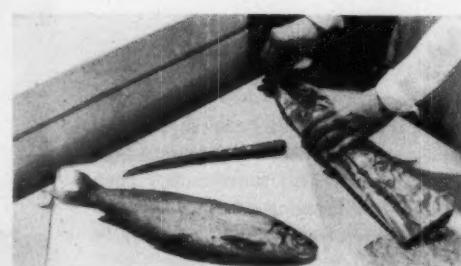
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MY DENNY IS THE MOST

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BY HÉLÈNE VAUGHAN

THE BOYISHLY HANDSOME young man with light brown hair and friendly hazel eyes ended my favorite song, Day by Day, and stepped back from the microphone smiling shyly with embarrassment at the squeals and whistles that rose above the applause. The gawky girl sitting next to me, who had been ardently hugging a brown zippered notebook all through the show, turned with a glassy "gone" look and almost sobbed, "Oh brother, isn't he the most? Isn't he real cool?"

I privately thought he was white-hot. In fact I think he's the best there is, but I limited myself to a mere nod of agreement. I remained where I was as she rushed to join the giggling gang of pony tails now descending on him with autograph books outstretched. I didn't dare allow myself even so much as a

glance in his direction for fear he would catch my eye and smile or wave. Instead I reminded myself firmly, over the high-pitched background music of teen-age enthusiasm, that he was a married man. In fact, that he was married to me.

As the wife of a popular show personality it has taken time to get used to sharing my husband, Denny Vaughan, with thousands of teen-age girls—but I have. It has been especially difficult for me because I am a Frenchwoman and in France bobby-soxers don't behave this way. But now, when I sit at the end of our chesterfield, hanging onto every note in Denny's nightly fifteen-minute radio show, it gives me great satisfaction to realize that hordes of girls in thirty-one cities all across Canada are doing the same thing. I am positively delighted when my hus-



They called Denny "the blond Tyrone Power" but I had never heard of Mr. Power.



The actual rival with whom I have to share my husband most is a grand piano.

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CHATELAINE — MAY, 1954

band receives letters that begin, "Dear Denny, I sleep with your picture under my pillow . . ." I've become philosophical about being jabbed in the ribs and shoved out of the way by women fighting their way to my husband when we are out together in public. Why he even proposed to me with a chorus of fans screaming in the background.

The more women in Denny's life the better. It's a sign that business is good, and that Denny will probably remain the most popular and one of the highest paid singers in Canada. Other wives watch the stock-market quotations, I watch the fan mail and the record sales, and stand over him to make sure he answers all those mush letters promptly.

But sometimes as I push a truckload of groceries around the supermarket and add another bunch of bananas (Denny likes them with burnt sugar and cream), the thought does occasionally flit through my mind, as I remember my upbringing, "It's fun—but isn't it fantastic?"

As I whisk through my morning dusting in our apartment in Toronto, I sometimes recall with humor that in my Italian aunt's home just outside Messina in Sicily, where I spent much of my childhood, there were three servants just to look after me, my brother and my sister. Sometimes when I mix up dough for Denny's favorite—apple pie—I am actually thankful that all those hours I spent pounding clay while studying sculpting in Florence are achieving some practical end.

I was born in Paris, and I even had a title—Countess Hélène de Colombe de Grandprey. After a cloistered education in a convent it was assumed that I would marry a Frenchman of my family's choice, probably very much like my conservative French papa, who is a perfume manufacturer. We would live in an apartment in Paris, have a summer home in the country. Every morning I would tell the cook what I would like for dinner—but I would never be expected to crack even one egg or so much as shake a duster.

That was five years ago. But today I live the life of an ordinary Canadian housewife, and I adore it. I thrill with pride when I turn out a fluffy omelet. I search the bargain counters for specials. I con magazines for new casserole recipes. As a Frenchwoman, I would like to cook with wine and herbs

more often, but Denny likes solid Canadian cooking—and that is what I set before him. But I insist on having a little of my own way too. We always, always eat by candlelight.

I watch radio rating the way most housewives watch the price of coffee. I am resigned to having at least one room of our apartment completely taken over by a huge grand piano, a drawing board, a swivel chair and Denny. At night when my husband, in slacks and sweater, with a pencil cocked behind his right ear, his right foot tapping out a rhythm, swings back and forth between the keyboard and the drawing board, I quietly settle down with the latest copy of Variety, only interrupting to silently place another cup of coffee within easy reach.

Denny is an intense and serious musician who can't be happy for more than three days away from his work. I long ago gave up trying to make him take more holidays. The best I can do is coax him off for a fishing week end occasionally, although I always make him throw the poor fish back when he catches them.

How did I get mixed up in this strange world? It all started when a distant

English relative invited me to visit her in London for a few weeks. Eager to make the visit a success in every way, one evening she invited a singer called Denny Vaughan over for dinner. She briefed me by telling me he was a young Canadian who had been with the Canadian Army Show in France, Belgium and Holland. After the war he had joined the celebrated Geraldo's orchestra in London and now he was singing over the BBC for forty-five minutes every day, besides writing the arrangements for the program. To his British audience he was known as the British Frank Sinatra, but as I didn't know who that gentleman was, I wasn't very impressed. Millions of British girls would give a year's sugar allowance for one date with him she assured me. But all this left me as cold as an English fog. To me, this Canadian's biggest selling point was that he would probably speak French. Didn't all Canadians speak French?

Denny didn't. We ate dinner in silence. After the meal was finally over Denny consented, at my hostess' urging, to sing. I was unappreciative. He left very early and I never expected to see him again.

Perhaps it was because of this evening



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seen anything as beautiful as this . . .



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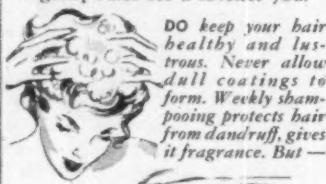
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By Carol Douglas
FAMOUS BEAUTY
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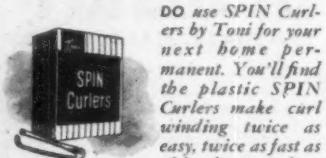


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that I decided it was time I learned to speak English and I decided to stay in London and study it. I had almost forgotten Denny when, several months after the dinner party, he phoned to tell my hostess he had three tickets to the theatre and ask her if she would like to bring "her little niece" along. Still busily trying to match-make she faked a sudden cold so that Denny and I had to go alone. After the play we went dancing. Three bobby-soxers at the next table came over and asked Denny for his autograph. I was appalled at their forward manners.

From Christmas to the next summer Denny dated me regularly and I gradually began to appreciate popular music, but in spite of all the words in all the songs, neither of us suspected for a minute that we were in love.

When summer came he told me he was going home to see his mother who was not well. I planned to spend the summer at my family's summer villa in Italy. One morning I went shopping with him to help him choose presents for his family. Half an hour after we parted, he was on the telephone, "I've made up my mind. I want to see you right away."

"Is your mother sick?" I asked.
"No. But I must see you."

"Why?"

"Well—I suppose you've never been proposed to on the telephone . . ."

"Proposed," I said, "what does that mean in English?" You can see I was no help at all.

In exasperation he said, "I'll tell you when I see you."

We hung up.

A few seconds later he was back on the telephone with an explanation of what "proposal" meant. Of course I didn't accept him then. No Frenchwoman would ever accept a proposal of marriage over a telephone. I agreed to meet him just before a luncheon he was to attend with the Denny Vaughan Fan Club. On the sidewalk outside a restaurant in Piccadilly Circus with the fans screaming for him inside, I consented to be his wife.

All that summer we wrote at the rate

of a letter every two days. I almost wore out his recording of You and the Night and the Music. At first neither of our families thought the match was a good idea, especially my father. I couldn't even explain to my French papa exactly what Denny did for a living.

At the end of the summer Denny flew back to England and then on to Milan. My mother and I met him at the airport. He charmed Mama instantly, so fast, in fact, I was almost annoyed.

The female front had fallen. Denny then flew to Paris to see Papa. I waited all day at the telephone. Finally a call came through from Paris. Papa was delighted with his prospective son-in-law.

We were married in London on December 28, 1949. There were a small number of guests and a large horde of photographers. When my father and I drew up in a limousine at the church he asked, "What are all these photographers doing here?" I said hopefully, "Perhaps they are for another wedding."

But they weren't. While we went honeymooning on the Continent, my parents stayed a few days longer in London and Papa was speechless to see our picture on front pages all over the city.

After a five-day honeymoon we took up residence in Denny's bachelor flat in London. The maid quit the day I arrived. But I tackled the business of keeping house with determination. The first morning I was delighted with myself when I produced a roll and succeeded in making coffee for breakfast. For lunch I started bravely in to make hors d'oeuvres and spaghetti but Denny hastily assured me a sandwich was all that he could bear to eat. I had never handled eggs in my life before and in my nervousness more of our egg ration smashed on the floor than in the frying pan, the first few months.

I had just got myself on familiar terms with the corner butcher so that he would cut me an especially good joint, when Denny got a big offer from New York. As we were planning to fly over and see Denny's family anyway, we decided to detour via New York and

investigate it. The offer was attractive but for business reasons Denny decided not to accept it. Instead he decided to try New York on his own.

We arrived in Manhattan with only one thousand dollars we were allowed to bring out of England. In London Denny was a big name. In New York he had to start all over at the bottom. We were down to our last forty dollars when Denny got a recording contract. That was the turning point. Soon he had landed a job as musical arranger for the Kate Smith show every week, and was making night-club and TV appearances as well as doing musical arrangements for such well-known people as Ezio Pinza, Eddie Fisher and Peter Lind Hayes. He was also making a hit in high society as a performer. Often he would climb on a plane and fly to a party in Palm Beach where a Texas millionaire would be having a few guests in. Denny would play their requests and sing. Mrs. Edsel Ford frequently had him fly to Detroit for her parties.

After two years in New York we were comfortably settled in a roomy English-style house, complete with leaded window panes and a brook running through the grounds, in Westchester County. Then Denny was suddenly offered an extremely enticing offer from Toronto—a daily fifteen-minute radio show of his own to be broadcast all across Canada. The offer was too good to pass up, and besides, we both liked the idea of living in Canada and having our child, Corinne, born here.

From a woman's point of view Canada and Canadian husbands, especially, are tops. Europeans may be a bit more romantic in the courtship stage, but afterward they tend to feel they rule the roost. In Canada marriage is more of a partnership, and that's the way I like it. As for raising a family here—I couldn't pick a better place and you must admit I have had a choice.

Sometime we hope to retire and build that Tudor home we spend so much time planning here in Canada. I hope we do, but wherever we are and wherever Denny sings, the more women who sigh over my husband, the better for me. *

A MINISTER'S FRANK TALK

Continued from page 19

their child was born. The astonishing factor in this is the number of people who say that they never discussed this matter before being married. I sometimes wonder what people do talk about, or whether they spend any time talking at all, before they get married. If you haven't discussed this aspect of marriage I suggest you do so at once, and if your partner does not want to have children I would advise you not to marry that person. The kind of selfishness that refuses to have children manifests itself in all kinds of other areas. None of you here is big enough to marry a partner who is essentially interested in himself or herself.

Let me give you a little practical advice about the matter of getting along in marriage. First, do not expect the impossible. You are not marrying a god but a man. When you are in love you

are likely to overrate his stature and, if you do so, he is to be pitied, because he is expected to be something which it is impossible for any man to be. Do not forget that human nature is faulty. The church name for this faultiness is sin. That people in love forget the "exceeding sinfulness" of man is the greatest cause of disappointment in marriage. The person you marry is not an angel. He is a faulty person who has, by the grace of God, within reach spiritual resources to keep his sin under reasonable control. We all, however, remain subject to sin all our lives.

Learn to discuss your differences. Learn to stick up for what you believe to be right. Learn to forgive. Do not make the mistake of storing up within yourself resentment and saying, "Well, I am not going to say anything. I have never crossed him yet. I will keep my mouth shut, even if I have to bite my tongue off." In so doing you do him and yourself tremendous injury.

Shocking as it might seem to you at this stage, I must say that in most successful marriages there are quite a few arguments and even some good

fights. In the marriages where there are not any good fights, one of the couple becomes a tyrant and the other becomes a mouse. You must learn to be equal partners in marriage and yet maintain a certain freedom and independence.

I would like to comment on one other aspect of disagreement in marriage. Some women come to me and say, "Mr. Lautenslager, do you see that bruise? He hit me!" They believe the whole world has gone to pieces.

Men must remember that women bruise easily and to be very gentle with them. As far as I can see a lot of bruises happen this way: there is disagreement. The man decides he will go and take a walk and cool off. The wife gets in his way and holds him back. There is a little pushing around. When a bruise becomes visible, consternation and horror set in. Then there is much ado about not very much. From my experience this happens in many splendidly regulated families. If it should ever happen to you, which I hope it won't, do not take it too seriously.

You should cultivate common con-



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victions. Your convictions are what you believe about life. A husband and wife have to be in essential agreement in their deepest convictions or they can never be happily married. You should have agreement in the practical working out of convictions, namely, in morals and ethics. You should agree on what is the decent thing to do. You should even agree on politics, if possible.

In connection with mutual convictions I want to tell you that I have never yet seen a man or woman, married over a period of years to a spouse who adheres to another type of religion, who commended "mixed marriage" to other people. Your religion is your conviction at its deepest point. Finally your religion is your self—the essence of what you are. By all means find agreement here or break off your engagement.

It is most important that both men and women be practically efficient in their part of the partnership. It should be a matter of primary concern to a husband that he is a good provider. The husband must also assume some responsibility for the raising of the children and the arrangement of the household affairs aside from that of the bread-

winner. Teaching the children to behave, playing with them, and leading them to respect people and worship God—all are a joint responsibility. When a wife has to carry this twenty-four-hour duty alone, she becomes spiritually exhausted and rightly indignant. Neither the mother nor the father should be put exclusively in the role of praising and correcting the children.

Danger in Two Incomes

The breadwinning aspect of marriage is undergoing some changes these days. I was talking about people working their way through university the other day. My wife said, "That is not so in the young generation. You do not put yourself through university now, nor is it your father who does it. It is your wife."

There are some circumstances in which it is quite legitimate for wives to put their husbands through university, but the circumstances have to be exceptional or the men are going to be unmanned in the process.

I would venture to say that nine tenths of you are both going to keep on working after you are married, but I would like to warn you about certain

dangerous in this practice. Wives, you can unman your husband by taking his place. If you are going to work, you should work only for a few years, and the term should be agreed upon before you get married. While working you should still live on your husband's income. Your income should be put aside for the capital expense of a house or even an automobile. Within one or two years, depending upon your ages, you should quit work and let him support you and live on what he can make. If you live on two incomes, you lead yourselves into the danger of not being able to face living on one.

The wife should also take pride in being good at her wifely job. In our day it is sometimes difficult for women to adjust themselves to this fact. Our education for women is practically the same as for men. It is hard for a well-educated woman who has been successful at a job, done interesting work among interesting people, to become a housekeeper in a little apartment or a tiny suburban home. If she is efficient, she can do all the work in two or three hours. Then there is nothing to do but wait for her husband to return. Once she has a baby, of course, time will not hang on her hands any more, but until then she has time to spare. The best solution is to engage in community and church work. Do not fool away your time and character by idly gossiping over alcohol and a game of bridge.

Today women have not much inclination for housework. But the fact is you have to do housework to be a good wife. If you have not learned to cook a meal before you are married, you ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself. You are in the same category as the man who has come to ask for your hand and has no training to support you. A man loves to be proud of his wife as a housekeeper and cook. The child that never becomes proud of his mother's cooking, who never learns in terms of food and comforts and good taste that he has something at home which is superior to anything he sees any place else, that unfortunate child has never had a home.

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of cake. Place sucker in centre of cake for Maypole, and loop streamers or ribbons from sucker down to dancers. Isn't that a beauty? Well naturally, it's a Swift'ning cake!

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will improve. If it is good, he ought to say so. In matters of decorating the house, the woman is generally the last authority, but the man has the responsibility of suggestion and commendation.

The husband is the head of the family, according to the Scriptures, but the wife is the heart of the family, and both are the hands. The husband is the head of the house in the sense that he is the spokesman for the family to the outside world. On all matters the wife ought to express her opinion and insist that it be considered. But when a decision has to be voiced to the outside world, the man is the spokesman. In the parliament which is the family, the man or the woman may be the prime minister but the male should always be the speaker.

This order of things demands strength in the man and maturity in the woman. Disobedience at this point has for its symptoms the tyrannical man and the subservient woman, who later becomes a rebellious woman. The mature woman educates the man's strength by encouraging him to play his male role and thus turns him into the kindly man.

Married people must cultivate habits of affectionate courtesy. That sounds easy when people are engaged and in love. The courtesy with which a young engaged man opens the door and shows the lady in, is no doubt impressive. But he soon discovers how easy it is to let her open the door herself. It becomes easy to walk out of the door first. It becomes easy not to bother to walk on the outside of the sidewalk. Perhaps the woman will begin to take things in her own hands and to pop around behind him. But I advise all women against this. Make the man act his part. Do not start to be the man yourself. It is most important to attend to these matters of affectionate courtesy at the beginning of your married life and then hang onto them.

The physical aspect of marriage is not the most important aspect of marriage. What is more important is the feeling of spiritual union, mutual agreement and sympathy. Once having said that, however, it must be admitted that the physical aspect of marriage is very important. A happy marriage is not possible without it, unless for some good reason of illness it must be omitted. In such cases marriage without it is possible, even for a lifetime. People in mutual sympathy and spiritually under-girded love can find the strength to carry on in any circumstances which may arise.

In the act of sexual intercourse both the man and the woman accept the sex that they were given. This is especially important today because both sexes are

unconsciously rebelling against the sex they were given. Women hanker to be men, and men, less consciously, hanker to be women. When women become masculine and men feminine, marriage goes on the rocks.

The act of sexual intercourse regularly enjoyed puts man in his proper place and woman in her proper place. The Bible directs married people not to deny each other the expression of their sex. To do so always causes trouble, sometimes terrible trouble. It is not the clergyman's role to inform people how to love each other or how often to love each other, physically. For this you should consult a sympathetic physician of either sex, or you should attend a good school for brides and grooms where this aspect of marriage finds its proper place on the curriculum. There are many good books available on this subject and you ought to read and discuss one or two. Do not read about this or talk about it to excess. If you do, you may become self-conscious to the point of impairment. God supplied you with instincts which, generally speaking, lead you to do the proper thing. There is much satisfaction in a couple's learning together through the years.

A Deadly Blow to Dignity

You must be warned that in this area there is also room for disagreement. Few married people want exactly the same amount of love-making. You will have to be prepared to adjust yourselves to the desires of your spouse. Apparently most men want more loving than most women. That you fell in love is an indication that you are sufficiently well mated to work things out in a reasonably satisfying manner. I remember hearing a woman doctor once saying to a bride, "No woman should leave her husband unloved any more than she will leave her child unfed." She might have added, "And she will give him her love with the same joy in which she puts food before her child." Love grudgingly given sours the male palate.

Always remember that you married into another family. It is quite true you are not marrying your wife's family—not quite. But the union with your in-laws is closer and more important than brides and grooms usually realize. Never compare your wife to your mother except favorably. Never criticize your partner's family, if you can possibly avoid it. You will discover that although your partner will criticize his or her family on occasion, they are offended when you agree with them. In practically every scrap I have had to referee, one of the distinguishing marks of it is that they dragged in each other's families and attacked each other's parents and relatives. Your family tends to become more important to you after you have left them for a few years. This is not a bad thing.

Never run to your family for comfort. Never criticize your partner to your mother or father. When you do, you strike a deadly blow to your partner's dignity, not to mention your own judgment.

If you simply have to go to somebody for comfort, and often we do—especially women seem to have to do this—go to a mature married friend who has sense enough to keep discreetly quiet about it and is experienced enough to know these things happen to everybody. A clergyman

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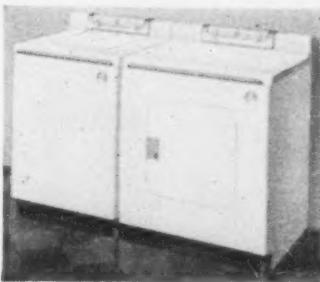


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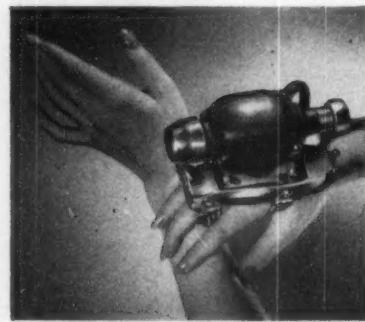
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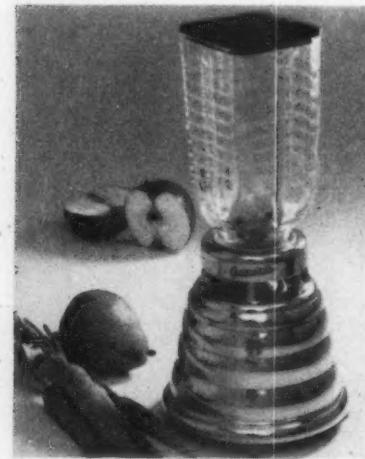
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Be careful of alcohol. Most people take a drink once in a while. It is useless to tell the average person never to take a drink. And for many people a drink does no apparent damage. But there are two factors to remember about drinking when you are married. First, many people cannot afford it. Entertaining with alcohol is very expensive. On that very simple ground, I would seriously advise you to dispense with it altogether.

Second, there are some people so constructed emotionally and physically that they cannot take alcohol and control themselves. You, your partner or some of your friends may be like this, and by serving alcohol you may contribute to their ruin. High-strung and abnormally ambitious people are often subject to the disease of alcoholism.

The increasing use of alcohol in hospitality is, in my opinion, largely due to the fact that too many wives go to business. They have no time to cook and bake. A couple of bottles seem to fill the void. The convenience of alcohol is a trap. Quit work and become famous as a hostess rather than have your husband remuster to "bartender." Home baking and bright conversation are better hospitality, though harder to produce, than what comes in bottles.

Beware of extramarital flirtations. By that I don't mean that you cannot express admiration for the pert stenographer in the office, or admire the wide shoulders of your husband's friends. Each partner is going to think these thoughts anyway and it is healthier to be able to say them out loud. But it is not good sense to get mixed-up in intimacies with other people. Some people can handle a little of this sort of thing and probably not be damaged. Men are more able to do this than women. Although love usually takes up the whole woman, it often does not take up the whole man. There are very few women who can let a man love them without giving themselves spiritually to the man. They leave something of themselves with him. Once married neither a man nor a woman wants to leave anything integral to anybody except to his or her partner.

If a man loves a woman casually,

which some seem able to do, he has exploited her. To exploit anyone is a sin. If he loves her other than casually, he leaves something of himself with her that belongs rightfully to his wife. It is a type of theft.

But if your partner does err in this way, do not run away with the idea on either side of the house that adultery cannot be forgiven and that, with Christian righteousness, you now have the right to break up your marriage. If you are married in a Christian service you have sworn, "I take thee to have and to hold for better or for worse, to love and to cherish till death do us part." Although adultery is a flagrant offense it is probably less hard to bear than many others I have come across in the course of my ministry. If it should happen to you, you must, without condoning it, forgive it.

If you should be the sinner, remember it is a sin of the flesh. All the sins of the spirit are worse. What you do then is discipline yourself and ask God's forgiveness. If it makes you feel any better to confess it to some human being, do so. And then just proceed to walk the straight and narrow path and keep your chin up. In the resources which God offers us there is no good reason to break up any marriage for any reason. Divorce or separation is always admission of unnecessary defeat.

I remember one woman, married to an alcoholic, who finally, in desperation, packed up and went back to mother and said, "Mother, here I am. I have tried everything. I can't go on any longer."

The mother said, "No, you haven't tried everything. If you had you would have succeeded. I am sorry but you are not welcome here. Go back and try again." And her mother got her a cab and sent her home. This couple is very happy together again today.

If we have enough love, marriage never fails. The trouble is, of course, we haven't always enough love. It is because we in our human nature sometimes haven't enough love, and our human nature is frail, that it breaks down at the point of marriage from time to time. But living together has tremendous possibilities for joy and satisfaction, beyond your wildest dreams. A marriage is one of God's rich blessings, and I wish you God's rich blessing upon your own marriage. *

THE INTIMATE STORY OF THE ROYAL TOUR

Continued from page 15

The Union Jack was put to some uses that may have caused the veins of traditionists to bulge but the Queen herself was seen to smile as she watched children from the "outbacks" ride in to see their monarch on shaggy little ponies proudly wearing flags as saddle cloths.

The Queen's first act in New Zealand was delightfully feminine. Stepping down the gangway of the liner she put out a hand to touch the rail which was wet. She looked at her soiled white glove with mild annoyance and attempted to brush the mark away. At this moment an excited radio com-

mentator announced to the New Zealand network, "The Queen steps ashore dressed in pearls and white gloves."

Wherever they went the Queen and the Duke made friends with children. While Maori war dances and songs enthralled them at Rotorua, a blond four-year-old wandered onto the dais. Before officials could intervene the Queen clasped the little girl's hand, gestured to her to sit at her feet. There she sat quietly for twenty minutes.

While the Queen addressed one mass rally of children, all dutifully stood stock-still except one little boy. With a box camera he boldly set out to stalk the Queen. Closer and closer he crept toward Her Majesty. Then a jump behind him appeared a zealous official. Just before the man grabbed the boy, the camera clicked, to the delight of the Duke watching out of the corner of an eye. As the royal couple went through

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the ranks their driver had to swerve slightly when three little boys suddenly pushed through the ropes for the best possible view. His eyes twinkling the Duke looked back and wagged a fatherly finger. "You naughty boys," he told them.

When the Sara family of Bellingen, N.S.W., complete with their three-and-a-half-year-old quadruplets, were brought two hundred miles to see the Queen everything went wrong. The boys, Mark and Phillip, clung fearfully to their father while Alison and Judith stayed close to their mother and howled. "It must be rather alarming for them with all this noise," said Her Majesty with a mother's understanding. "Come on, let's get the kids out of here," said a weary Mr. Sara after the royal party had passed. At Nelson in New Zealand the Queen met a woman who had been the daughter of a forester at Balmoral. "Three children," Her Majesty said to her. "You must be busy. I find my two a handful."

A mayor in a country town who was forced to mop his brow frequently because his official robe was heavy and the day was hot apologized to his royal visitor. "Why not take it off, then?" suggested the Queen. He did. She smiled when another chief magistrate, completely captivated and relaxed under the spell of her charm, addressed her as "M'dear."

The Queen's movie camera, with which she shot a story of the trip for her children, was never far from her side. Prince Charles had provided her with a kind of a shooting script when he asked specifically for pictures of kangaroos and koala bears.

The Queen will reach home with a good deal more than pictures in her pieces of luggage. Here's just a sample from gifts showered down by New Zealand in four weeks: greenstone pen rack, a blue nylon nightdress, a whale's tooth, a George IV axe, paper knives, a whalebone walking stick, trays, bracelets, cigarette boxes, Maori mats, china, spears, a fern-leaf brooch mounted with diamonds, fruit, bound volumes of provincial histories and photographs, a Kiwi feather cloak, gum from the kauri tree, bathing suits, a silver shell, a Maori Bible, all sorts of furniture, doll's clothes and pram for Princess Anne, a small sailing boat for Prince Charles.

Every detail of the visitors' apparel, particularly the Queen's, was the subject for comment. It was noticed, for instance, that Her Majesty had forsaken pastel shades. She wore little hats of bright red and a coat with a red check. And emerald green seemed to be her favorite bright color for hats and accessories. At Dunedin she wore a dress of emerald green and black shot taffeta, and a close-fitting hat of emerald green and black feathers.

The Queen's fondness for earrings started a run on jewelry counters. Her own favorite jewels for day wear were a triple strand of pearls with pearl earrings, and often a diamond brooch on her coat. The women of Auckland were pleased to see that she wore their Christmas present of a fern-leaf diamond brooch.

At night her jewels took everyone's breath away. She usually wore pearl or diamond drop earrings, magnificent diamond necklaces and, of course, glittering diamond tiaras. A glimpse of a tiara compensated for the disappoint-

ment of children who expected the Queen to wear a crown.

A Melbourne paper devoted five paragraphs to the Queen's successful efforts to dislodge a pebble from her "peep-toed" shoe.

The Queen's husband, with his quick observant eye and his facility of tongue, was no less popular with the crowds and those fortunate enough to meet the royal couple than was the monarch himself.

He particularly pleased the people of Sydney when he stepped out of the official procession while touring the university to speak to a group of spastic children in an ambulance. At one reception where the Queen chose, as she often did, a glass of orange juice, a bumper of the healthful extract was offered the Duke. "Dry area, eh?" he remarked.

In Wellington a watcher tossed a small object into the royal car from an upper window. The Duke alertly snatched it as soon as it landed and threw it out. He relaxed with a smile when he realized it had been no more than a single red carnation.

The Duke is a tireless collector of information and the Queen was once heard to ask, "Is there someone who can answer all my husband's questions?" He investigated the operation of the totalizator betting system at the tracks. "The government seems to get a good cut," was his comment. He likes to get away on his own, when he can, to ask questions. At one New Zealand hospital he slipped into the kitchen. "Ooh, Philip," gasped a startled maid who was washing up. "That's right. That's me," he answered with a grin and began to quiz the girl on some of the labor-saving devices used.

On another occasion when a flashbulb exploded harmlessly in a photographer's face the Duke said to him, "Now you know how we feel." At Sydney Cricket-ground where Western Australia was playing New South Wales spectators yelled, "Have a bowl, Phil." The Duke declined with a laugh when the offer was repeated by one of the captains.

At a school near Wellington he leaned over to give encouragement to his wife who was showing signs of weariness. "Chin up! Do your stuff," he said in a low voice. The delighted smiles that broke over the faces of the children and the staff were puzzling until the visitors recalled that this was a school for the deaf and everyone, including the teachers, could read lips.

Not only in their welcomes but in their farewells did the people express their deep affection for the Queen and the Duke. As they sailed away at the end of the New Zealand tour the Gothic was filled with the flowers from gardens all over the country and the band played the haunting Maori song of farewell, well known to Canadian troops, Now Is the Hour.

At Christchurch, which has somewhat the same reputation as Canada's Victoria for being "more English than England," the Cathedral Society of Bellringers rang their first full peal of 5,040 changes in honor of the Queen's visit.

But, as the society announced, it was "considerately decided to postpone their attempt at the peal till after the departure of the royal party because they supposed that the sound of the bells might be disturbing to them." *



the ever-increasing family of the "over 65's"

As living standards improve and medical knowledge advances, more and more Canadians are reaching retirement age, still healthy and vigorous. Sixty years ago only 4.6% of Canadians reached the age of 65; in 1931, 6.8%. In 1951, 9% of Canadians had passed their 65th birthday. The steady increase in this age-group points up the growing need for retirement plan-

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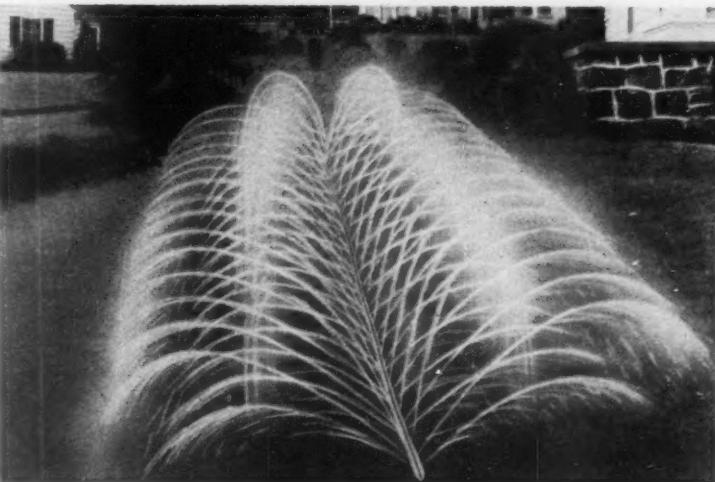
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Being cooped up in a car brings out the beast in children. Mother's vital job is to do anything, short of a tap dance on the radiator, to keep attention away from the driver.

HOW TO TRAVEL WITH

All you need is iron nerve and a plastic bagful of tricks, says this artful mother, who's learned that the happiest distance between two points requires patience and planning

THERE IS NO TRICK whatsoever to traveling with children, providing they are going in the opposite direction. In the summer-holiday season—the going-to-visit-grandma season, the opening-the-cottage season, the see-Canada-first season—this happy situation almost never prevails. Now that the subject has come up, it must be admitted that not many parents would have it otherwise.

Today's children are a most portable crew. The first baby in the family invariably adjusts himself to going visiting with his parents, sleeping on strange beds and being roused after midnight to be bundled gently into his snowsuit. Until he goes to school, he accompanies his mother into the back yard when she hangs the clothes, to the grocery for a box of cereal; he sits in the outer office when she is having her teeth repaired; he is also in the outer office when she makes her monthly visits to the doctor that precede his sister's birth. He goes with his father to the service station, trots along when his dad is gardening or fishing or getting cigarettes at the drugstore. With the high price of housekeepers, leaving him behind on a vacation is both economically and emotionally inconceivable. For the peacefulness of the trip without him, the parents would have to trade their

peace of mind. So there is no alternative but to take the children along.

Unfortunately, however, travel brings out the beast in most children. Cooped up in a car or bus or train for long periods, their unspent energy turns into peevishness and unreasonable behavior. Turned loose in the circumspect environs of a hotel lobby, dining car or restaurant, the child promptly gives a chilling impersonation of a banshee crossed with a hyena, ageing his parents perceptibly. At the end of such a trip the child returns home embittered with his parents, a feeling which is warmly reciprocated.

However, it is possible to travel with children without this mutual frenzy. The only method of avoiding the hysteria in hotels and dining rooms is to permit the child to stretch his legs and lungs in some less conspicuous place. On motor trips the children can be let out to run at city playgrounds, at roadside picnic grounds, in deserted apple orchards, around service stations or on some quiet side street. During train trips across the nation, the extra effort of taking the child out to walk the platform at each stop will be repaid, and all buses make comfort stops during which the children can leap and shriek without endangering the sanity of the other passengers.

One experienced father habitually takes these rest stops with his children on long car trips to ensure that they run fast enough and long enough to tire themselves thoroughly. His panting and heaving when he returns to the car is alarming to his wife, but they are rewarded with mild little angels at the restaurant.

Some parents take the extra precaution of explaining to the child that the trip will bring him into an adult's world, where children are scarcely tolerated. In such places—hotels, diners, restaurants—the child must try to pretend he is a grownup, so he will fit in properly. He mustn't run, skip, holler or eat with both hands. It is remarkable how such a challenge brings out the ham in some children; their sedate, simpering portrayals of adult behavior are highly comical to their parents and much admired by waiters, desk clerks and other guests.

Experts in the field of traveling with children frown on practitioners of peace at any price—desperate measures which involve a high turnover of soft drinks, candy, ice cream and gum. Such methods lead the child to suspect, rightly, that he is in a strong bargaining position and he is more apt to become a tyrant in such cases than if business proceeded as usual.

Some parents get relief from the constant association with their young by arranging to eat separately when the family stops for the night. The parents supervise the youngsters' meal, put them to bed and then have their own dinner. If the children are very young, a sitter can be hired for a few hours. The bell captain in most hotels is able to supply someone on short notice. If the oldest child is more than six or seven years old, the parents can work a deal with his sense of importance by making him the "sitter." If the stopover is a hotel, the child can be instructed to pick up the phone and tell the desk clerk if he wants his parents; the parents then inform the desk clerk where they will be in the dining room. At motels, most of which have adjoining restaurants, the parents can take turns in checking that everything is peaceful. Such measures, while intricate to set up, restore serenity to the souls of jangled adults and give them a rest from juvenile conversation.

Many parents make the tragic mistake of expecting their children to be entranced with the scenery throughout the *Continued on next page*



Stops to let them exercise their limbs and lungs—and the bigger the workout the better—pay off in miles of comparative peace later.



Brightly illustrated story books will hold the audience spellbound, if mother packs drama into the reading and father can stand the plot.

CHILDREN

BY JUNE CALLWOOD



First aid to peaceful travel is plenty of blankets and pillows because most children on a long journey can easily take one or two little naps every day.



Try to get them to play-act at being adults in restaurants. This will bring out the ham in most children, but makes for good public relations with waiters and other people in the restaurant.

Continued from previous page
trip. This is true only of children over ten years of age; a younger child is intrigued briefly only with the more mobile aspects of the countryside, such as cows, trucks and trains.

Older children are such composed and interested travelers that it is not necessary to give their problems as much planning as their restless, relentless young brothers and sisters. One eleven-year-old boy who had been last in his class at school vaulted to first following a three-thousand-mile trip into the States. He became aware of history driving through Gettysburg; he saw rivers and peninsulas which had always been dusty definitions; geography perked up for him as he unfolded the road map and the finishing flourish to his determination to learn was supplied when some American children in a drugstore asked him how many people lived in Canada and he was unable to answer.

Such transformations, though generally less dramatic, are not unusual with children older than ten. In addition to the painless lessons taught by observing the panorama wheeling by the window, older children are drawn closer to their parents during a long trip. With

time at last to talk uninterrupted, parents discover unexpected depth in their young and the children find unexpected wisdom in their elders. One mother was flabbergasted when her twelve-year-old son made some well-informed comment on a news broadcast about the Korean peace talks—no one in the family had ever realized he was reading the front page of the papers.

With older children a charming civilized relationship is possible—a game of cards or checkers, word games such as Twenty Questions, listening to the car radio or a portable one or reading books and magazines. One family traveling from Winnipeg to Vancouver took along a chess set and a book of instructions and learned the game en route.

With younger children no such idyllic situation is possible. Every effort must be exerted to keep the children normal; there is little hope that they will behave better than they do at home. The best arrangement that can be expected is that the children will become absorbed in some project and will not notice their severe confinement.

The wise mother accordingly packs a shopping bag or a cardboard carton with handicraft type of toys, which she

keeps beside her in the front seat and doles out at spaced intervals designed to make them last the entire journey. Bulky inanimate objects, like trucks and oversized dolls, take up too much space and rapidly bore small children to death. Small intricate toys, like jigsaw puzzles and bead strings sets, are also not very inspiring. The parts get lost and the car jiggles excessively, both infuriating to youngsters.

Crayons and coloring books, paper dolls and blunt scissors that really cut, catalogues, magazines and scrapbooks and a pot of glue, embroidery sets and plasticine make ideal toys and are inexpensive to purchase. The plasticine and crayons should be kept off the back seat ledge of the car, however; the sun pouring in the back window will turn them into a sticky mess.

Most dime stores are equipped with books containing a hundred or two semi-educational problems for certain age groups, like "color six balloons blue, three green and one yellow and how many balloons are there altogether?" This sort of battle of wits fascinates six to nine-year-olds; naturally, though, it leaves preschool children cold.

The littlest children are the most difficult. Two-year-olds can sometimes be occupied for a half hour at a time with empty, clean food tins that fit inside one another, an empty tin of colored plastic clothes pins, educational toys like colored wooden spools that stack on a fat wooden spike. A collection of brightly illustrated story books will keep the entire car spellbound, if mother is a dramatic reader and father can tolerate Goldilocks.

A marvelous aid to peaceful travel is a plentiful supply of pillows and blankets to induce the children to nap. Even teenagers become exhausted about mid-afternoon of a long trip and smaller fry can be expected to doze off about twice a day. It is inviting trouble to expect children to share a pillow; bring along one for each child and mark them with different colored thread to forestall arguments.

Preventing quarrels will keep both parents industriously occupied throughout the trip. Children are ingenious at selecting material for argument. One family had its vacation almost ruined because the three children in the back seat bitterly contested the two seats by the windows. After a pitched battle, the mother decided on an hour-long shift sys-

Mothers! Now your baby can have Beautiful CURLS



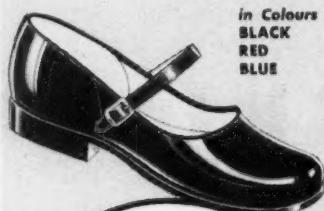
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For over 35 years, mothers have relied on Nestle Baby Hair Treatment to give their babies beautiful curls. This safe, gentle lotion also makes babies' hair look thicker... keeps scalp and hair clean and healthy. Why not get a bottle today! At drug, dept. stores, baby and beauty shops \$1.50, or order from Nestle - Lemur Co. (Canada) Ltd., 680 King West, Toronto.



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tem, which promptly broke down when one of the children fell asleep or the time-keeper became absent-minded. The next day the father made a Solomon decision that the two seats next to the windows would rotate every day—but to his horror the children immediately fell on the road map in order to estimate their time of arrival at the Rockies.

Most families as a matter of course pack a thermos bottle of water and some plastic drinking glasses, but an increasing number of people are taking hampers filled with food on their trips with children. Aside from the expense, grabbing a lunch at a highway restaurant is a discouraging affair. The service often is irritatingly slow, the hungry children are petulant and their food, once it is before them, is only picked at.

It is simpler to plan to eat only breakfast and a hot dinner at night in restaurants and pick a few small snacks from the hamper all day long. It is easier on the queasy appetites of the children, easier on the nerves of the parents and gives the expedition a party atmosphere. Heavy, greasy foods naturally will turn everyone green, but cheese and crackers, apples, pieces of broiled chicken, slices of bread and butter and cookies will advance mother's prestige considerably.

Traveling with babies is an art in itself. If the baby is nursing, the mother can travel wherever she pleases with her infant; if he is bottle fed, it will be necessary to stop at roadside restaurants during their slack periods, like mid-afternoon, and mix up a batch of formula. There are several brands of portable ice boxes to keep the bottles chilled. It is important, of course, to

look for the pasteurized label on the milk before making the formula. The noon meal en route presents no problem at all for older babies eating tinned baby food—mother simply brings along a can opener, a spoon and a bib. Most babies are not too distressed to get their food unheated for a few days—and even sitting on the dashboard will take the chill off the tins.

No trip is complete without a damp face cloth, wrapped in wax paper to keep it moist, with which to swab off

faces and hands at regular intervals. This necessity of life should be kept in the glove compartment, ranking equally in importance with the road map and the gasoline credit card.

A Perambulating Laundry

If the baby is in diapers, the car should be equipped with some container with a lid to store the used pantaloons. If a jar of detergent is packed with the nighties and pyjamas, the lady of the house can rinse out the diapers every

night, hanging them on hangers to dry. A slightly raffish method of drying diapers to tissue softness is to clamp them from a tightly closed car window and allow them to whip in the breeze. Training pants can be dried by clipping them to the sun visor inside the car with clothespins. This gives the car the effect of a perambulating laundry, quite horrifying to residents of the communities you pass.

Possibly the best time saver of all is to provide indoor toilet facilities for the

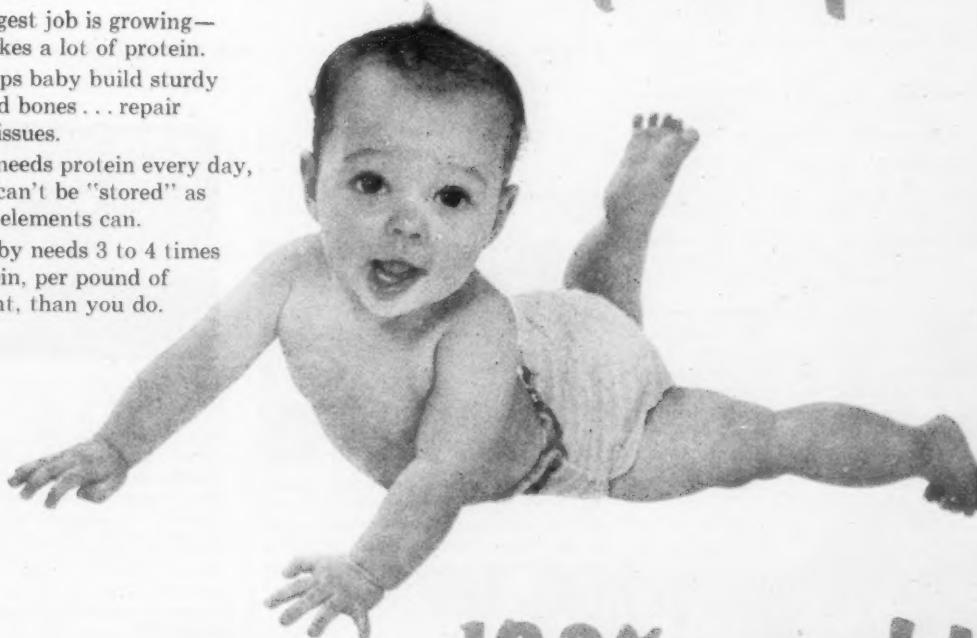
Baby needs protein

every day!

Baby's biggest job is growing—and this takes a lot of protein. Protein helps baby build sturdy muscles and bones... repair worn-out tissues.

And baby needs protein every day, because it can't be "stored" as other food elements can.

In fact, baby needs 3 to 4 times more protein, per pound of body weight, than you do.



Start him early on this

100% meat!

Start your baby on Swift's 100% meat early. Beef, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Liver, Heart, and Liver-and-Bacon.



SPECIAL OFFER—3 plastic lids to cover opened tins! Just send labels from three tins of Swift's Meats for Babies or Juniors and 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing to Box 547, Winnipeg, Man.

Ounce for ounce, here's 10 times more protein than even mother's milk provides.

Swift's Meats for Babies is concentrated protein... plus iron... plus vital B vitamins... in a form as digestible as milk.

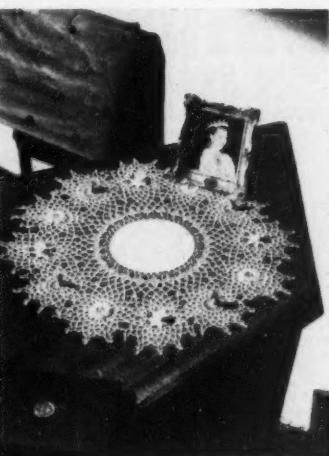
Pre-cooked and strained so fine, babies can drink it in their formulas when only three weeks old—later eat it by spoon.

Now—Swift's Strained Salmon for Babies!

Yes—all the body-building proteins and iron that fish supplies are now available in a form easily acceptable to baby. Swift's Strained Salmon for Babies is finely sieved—ready to eat—just open, heat and serve.

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Worked in natural colors or all white, this centerpiece will bring many compliments from your friends. We supply white or cream linen centre plus complete instructions for crocheting the rest. Please state color choice for linen. Price—50c. Order No. C120.

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younger children, who notoriously feel a need to go to the bathroom in staggered sequence. A small chamber with a lid is a better investment for travelers than a small chamber without a lid.

The best clothes for small-sized tourists are jerseys and jeans, regardless of the sex and age of the child. Such garments don't muss, need no ironing and absorb crayon marks and mustard stains almost invisibly. Most doting parents would prefer to have their offspring sassed down more becomingly

for the parade into a dining room at night; a solution is to pack in a separate duffle bag a good outfit for each child, take it out each night at six o'clock and return it at approximately seven.

One lady saved all her children's worn-out socks for their vacation trip: Every morning each child had a clean pair of socks with a giant hole in the heel and every night they threw the socks away without a flutter of conscience. The same system could apply to tattered underwear.

It eliminates a great nuisance if all the family's night attire and needs can be packed in one bag, simplifying the luggage problem for father. In addition to pyjamas, toothbrushes, toothpaste, hairbrushes, shaving equipment, and rubber pants for the untrained baby, the bag should contain a change of underwear, socks and jerseys for the children. A shopping bag, tucked beside the spare tire in the trunk, can hold soiled clothes until mother catches up with a laundromat.



Mrs. Dan Gerber

National Baby Week (Apr. 25-May 1) seems a fine time to review all those little things you haven't had time for, put off, or have plain forgotten. So why not ask yourself these questions:

1. Is it time for one of baby's regular check-up visits to doctor? Remember, he's the final authority on baby.
2. Do baby's toys need sorting? This is a good time to toss out damaged toys with sharp or broken edges.
3. Are baby's clothing supplies adequate? Has he outgrown his shoes? What better time to refurbish that wardrobe?
4. Have you plenty of baby foods on hand? Double-check your grocer for the varieties that are missing from your shelves.

You can chalk up a lot of contented coos at mealtime if you serve baby a variety of Gerber's Strained Foods. Each one is famous for inviting true color, appetizing natural flavor and smooth-to-the-tongue texture. And look at the grand Gerber choice: 5 Vegetables. 5 Soups. 8 Fruits. 4 Desserts. 6 pure Meats, Orange Juice.



Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF FIVE

Cup cue. New mothers frequently ask when baby should be weaned from bottle to cup. Actually the age varies with the individual baby. Many doctors suggest letting baby sip orange juice or water from a



cup at 3 or 4 months... milk at 5 months. But to stop bottle feedings before a year may be hurrying. Baby needs the comfort he gets from a nursing nipple as well as the exercise that helps develop his jaws.



Cereal cue. Five delicious ways to keep baby's appetite interest alive: rotate Gerber's famous Baby Cereals - Rice, Barley, Oatmeal, Wheat, and Mixed Cereal. Each one has a bland, but distinctive flavor partial to delicate palates. Each one is enriched with the supplementary iron, calcium and important B-Vitamins every baby needs shortly after birth. Of course, all of Gerber's Cereals are pre-cooked and ready to serve. Simply add milk, formula or other liquids to get the smooth-on-the-tongue texture babies like.

Short story on a long subject. When little overalls get too short in the legs, or worn at the knees, snip 'em off for sun suits. Summer is around the corner, you know.



Recipe-in-rapture for a toddler:

Mock Poached Egg

1 potato for each serving Salt
Butter or margarine Hot milk
Gerber's Strained or Junior Carrots
Cook and mash potatoes. Add butter and hot milk. Season. Heat carrots and serve in center of a mound of mashed potatoes.

Babies are our business... our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS

5 CEREALS • 47 STRAINED AND JUNIOR FOODS
INCLUDING MEATS

The best places for a family to stop at night are, of course, motels. Most Canadian centres now have handsome new motels which, while not overjoyed at the prospect, will accept children. The main argument proprietors have against the younger generation is that it is apt to wet their mattresses. Even a thoroughly trained child of four or five may become upset at the unfamiliar room and wet his bed. A small plastic sheet or plastic panties will save embarrassment and ensure better relations with motel owners.

It is probably not necessary to add that mother's most vital job in a traveling car is to divert all interference with the driver—hugging father from behind, sleeping in his lap and hanging on his arm have to be discouraged with loud cries of alarm sufficient to permanently discourage such advances. There'll be no problem about mother sharing the driving—father wouldn't trade places with her if she threw Marilyn Monroe in his lap.

"Fasten Safety Belts"

Next to abstaining from dropping a paper bag over the driver's face, the best safety device any automobile can have is a belt for each passenger similar to the ones found in airplanes. Injuries and fatalities in car accidents, in a majority of cases, are caused not by the initial impact with another car or a telephone post but by the impact of the passengers against the inside of the car *after the accident*. When a car traveling at fifty miles an hour crashes into something, the people within continue to travel at fifty miles an hour until they smash themselves against the dashboard or the windshield. Safety belts are not expensive to install and they will certainly delight your insurance company.

Most families in the present age travel by automobile, but trains, planes and buses have their adherents. Bus travel is very difficult with babies, who are bound to have weepy periods that will infuriate the other passengers and humiliate the mother. Older children manage well on buses, though, because the frequent comfort stops allow them to work off excess energy.

Trains and planes are ideal for babies, because both have kitchen facilities, and stewardesses and porters are adept at warming bottles. If it can be managed, compartments are the best arrangement

Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson

tells

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT POLIO

in her popular monthly column

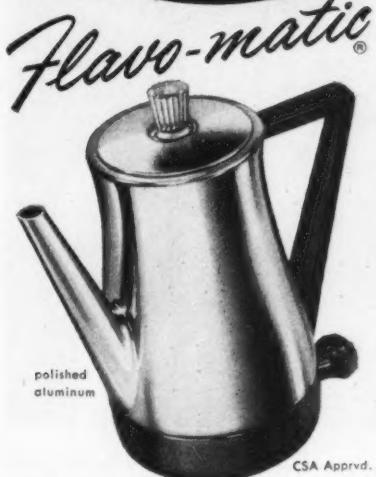
YOUNG PARENTS

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Trig Teakettle
Singing 2 1/2-qt. teakettle with trigger-operated spout. Cherry red and sunset-gold aluminum, or chrome on solid copper.

for traveling with children on trains, since the beds can be left down and the children can nap in comfort. TCA stewardesses habitually seat mothers and children first to give them seats with the most leg room and the least vibration.

Many small children, particularly excitable, emotional little people, are subject to motion sickness, a misery for which there has been no cure in the past except a copious supply of containers. The Allied navies put considerable research into the matter during the last war and the best of their discoveries is now available at any pharmacy. These pills, small and not unpleasant to take, are administered a half hour before the trip begins and at four-hour intervals afterward. Their first effect is to induce sleep, but after a half hour or so the child is as perky as usual.

If the child only occasionally feels slightly nauseated, the spell should pass if he sits quietly keeping his head in one position. Motion sickness has some relationship to the inner ear and is relieved by keeping the head still. Solid foods, especially soda biscuits and pretzels, hold the stomach down efficiently. Hard candies are also good therapy but a long drink of water or ginger ale will prove a disastrous mistake.

Where's Mother?

A mother properly equipped for a long automobile trip with her family is a potential victim of screaming claustrophobia. Beside her on the seat of the car is a hamper of sandwiches, candies, cheese, plastic glasses, thermos bottles, tinned baby food, hard-boiled eggs, salt, spoons, bottle and can openers, soda biscuits, tissues for blowing noses, and cookies; at her feet is a carton containing coloring books, scrapbooks, catalogues, reading matter, scissors, crayons and glue; on top of which is piled a blanket or two, extra sweaters and the road map. Beside this on the floor is the chamber. In the glove compartment are the carsickness pills and the wet facecloth, sunglasses, baby powder and extra training pants. She can't see out the window beside her because the diapers are drying and she can't see out the window in front of her because two cotton jerseys are drying. In her lap is the baby.

"Look," says her husband pleasantly, "do we turn north at Edmonton? Would you mind looking at the map."

"I have to go to the bathroom," says the four-year-old in the back seat.

"I can't find my doll's red hat," wails the seven-year-old.

"Tookie!" screams the baby.

At that moment it won't seem possible—but she'll take the children along on next year's trip as well. *

TEETHING TROUBLES



At teething time, baby is often fretful and peevish because of irregularity in the upset tummy. Try Baby's Own Tablets. These sweet little tablets have been used by mothers for over 50 years to overcome this condition. Equally effective for constipation, digestive upsets and other minor infant troubles. No "sleepy" stuff—no dulling effect. Get a package today at your druggist.

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Wonderful frosting flavor for all cakes

Your own recipes or packaged mixes



FREE MAPELINE RECIPES—Write Marian Bell, Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. E, Seattle, Wash.



No more tears from
"soap in the eyes"



New Johnson's Baby Shampoo

Won't burn or irritate eyes like other soaps and shampoos
Gets hair gloriously clean in the pleasantest way ever



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Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED MONTREAL

THE FIRST AND PROVEN
Partly Skimmed-Concentrated Milk
MADE

"Just for Baby"

THE FORMULA MILK
DOCTORS RECOMMEND AND MOTHERS TRUST



*When it's for baby
 Mothers know there is
 no substitute for
 proven quality.*



There have been many more babies feeding happily, thriving steadily since the now-famous Farmer's Wife No. 2 Partly Skimmed Milk was introduced ten years ago . . . at the request of paediatricians. Its lower fat content, higher protein value and increased vitamin content are "just what the doctor ordered" as the ideal formula milk for a large percentage of babies. From experience, Mothers have learned that it's best for baby to have the milk that is the original, special milk for baby. If your formula says *partly skimmed* milk, always insist on Farmer's Wife in the famous blue tin.

If your doctor tells you to use . . .

- EVAPORATED WHOLE MILK—
 buy Farmer's Wife No. 1—RED label

If your formula calls for . . .

- CONCENTRATED SKIMMED MILK—
 buy Farmer's Wife No. 3—YELLOW Label

Get the formula from your doctor then choose the right formula milk . . . Farmer's Wife . . . the kind that is made *exclusively* for babies in the heart of Canada's sunshine pastureland.



"Farmer's Wife"

FIRST FOR QUALITY — FIRST FOR BABY

PRODUCTS OF

COW & GATE (CANADA) LIMITED

"Specialists in the Processing of Milk Foods for Infant Feeding"

YOUNG PARENTS



"Fares ready!" cries the young conductor as his passengers crowd aboard, just the way adults do in rush hour. But this play streetcar has been solidly anchored to the ground for safety.

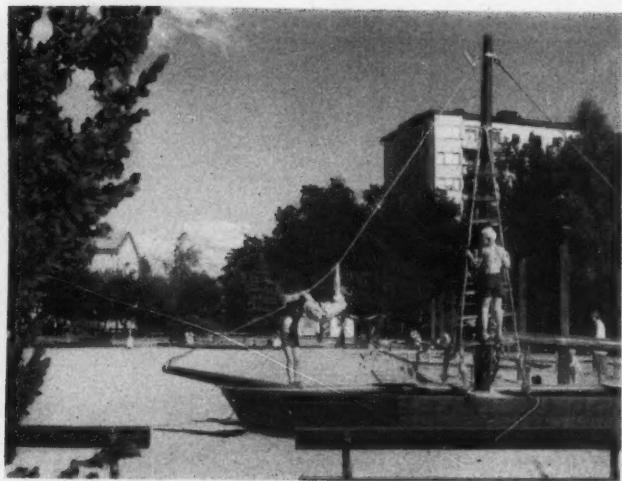
"LET'S PLAY BIG PEOPLE"

FOR CHILDREN the world over the most wonderful games always start, "Let's pretend . . ." and pretending you're grown-up is most wonderful of all. These playgrounds photographed in the Scandinavian countries offer children genuine sample pieces of the adult world. Youngsters can play all sorts of pretend games on old buses, streetcars, bread wagons, even planes, without once hearing a grownup say, "Don't touch!" Items like these are available in all Canadian communities and ingenious recreation committees will think of new ones. Eliminate all obvious safety hazards (by removing doors that may jam, all torn and jagged edges, dangerous working parts, glass, etc.). Be sure to anchor any vehicles solidly in concrete or mount them on a secure base. Then just stand back and watch the small fry take over.

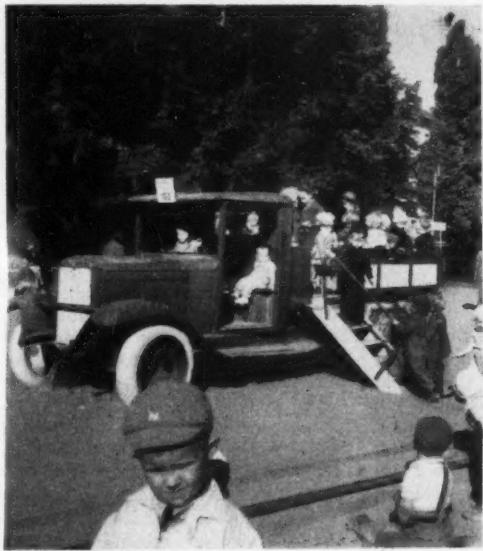


Before take-off a pilot has to check his aircraft top to bottom. Discarded planes (with all dangerous working parts removed) are so popular they wear out in five months in playground.

GROWN-UP TOYS WILL HELP THEM LEARN



Lack of water won't deter a crew of tough hard-working young seafarers when there's a real boat to sail. One day they're off to trade in faraway oceans, another they repel a pirate horde. From these life-size toys the children can even start to learn water safety habits of real value to them later on.



An old truck undergoes several changes to make it safe for youthful drivers and passengers. Wheels are given concrete tires and fixed firmly to the ground, doors and glass are removed and a solid rail helps even toddlers climb up easily.

It isn't an item you'll pick up just anywhere around town — but children love to clamber over and scramble in and out of this new form of sculpture created just for their enjoyment in a Swedish park by Danish sculptor Egon Mielson.



Moisture-Proof

Your Baby Against Diaper Irritation



Z.B.T. Baby Powder with Olive Oil soothes like powder, protects like oil. Moisture-proofs skin against irritating acid-moisture of wet diapers and perspiration. Actually sheds moisture, does not absorb it. Guards against painful chafing, prickly heat, urine scald, and diaper rash. Keeps skin dry, comfortable. At every bath and diaper change, use Z.B.T. Baby Powder.

Does not contain
zinc stearate or boric acid

USED BY OVER 1700 HOSPITALS



No other carriage like it in all the world!

The *Lloydlite*

So light — you have to push it to believe it! The "Lloydlite" just floats along because it is the lightest full size carriage in the world. Easier to push, handle and to carry . . . it weighs 40% less than any comparable steel carriage because it is made of tough aluminum alloy — as used in building airplanes.

The "Lloydlite" has all the special features of safety, comfort, quality and economy, which have made Lloyd carriages the favorite choice of Canadian mothers.

Lloyd steel carriages are also available in a wide range of styles and prices.

Lloyd Carriages are made in Canada by Heywood-Wakefield Company.



Heywood-Wakefield Co. of Canada Ltd.,
Dept. C5
ORILLIA, Ontario.

Please send me my copy of the 36 page book "What's in A Name?". I am enclosing 25c in coin. -

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Prov.

(please print clearly)

To help you choose your baby's name, we offer this book of 500 names and their meanings. Mail coupon with 25c in coin.

YOUNG PARENTS



THEY WANT TO BE GOOD

*Training a child for living is more important
than just proving you're boss*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

A FEW MONTHS AGO a lively home-and-school association in a new suburban area sent out a list of seventeen questions to their members and asked them to check those they would like to have discussed at their meetings. The question that most concerned these parents and the one that seventy-five percent of them wanted discussed was "What disciplinary methods are most effective?"

Whole books have been written on discipline, so just the high spots can be touched here. Also discipline is a good deal easier to write about than to carry out. Discipline means far more than punishment—it has been aptly defined as "a plan of training." One young father we know claimed that he didn't want his son, then one year old, to have to do anything he didn't want to. Actually such a system, besides being impossible to carry out completely, greatly handicaps a child in learning how to get along with others and it

would assuredly make life difficult for both his parents and anyone else in charge of him. Children certainly don't always *want* to do the things that need to be done.

The more consistency, patience, ingenuity, self-control, imagination and humor you can muster, the fewer problems you'll run into in training your youngsters. As the child grows you teach him, when he is ready to learn and by rather slow stages, how to feed, wash, dress and do many other things for himself. For the most part he likes to take over these jobs, especially if you praise him for his efforts even though they are far from perfect. You would be wise to keep your requests to a minimum and to make sure he understands what you want him to do or not to do. Also, of course, what you ask should be within his ability. Putting your requests in an encouraging way helps to head off trouble. For example, "You can put your sweater on fast,

APRIL 25 TO MAY 1 IS
NATIONAL BABY WEEK

can't you?" is much more likely to get action than "Put on your sweater."

You should plan to interrupt his play as little as possible. A preliminary warning before meals, bedtime or other routine activities or working your request into his play also stimulates his co-operation. Suggest, "Let's put your truck [with which he is playing] in the garage and then you can wash your hands like the truck drivers do before lunch." Where possible tell him why you want him to do something and where possible the reason should involve his interests and pleasure. Don't be arbitrary. If he wants to take his tricycle, don't say "No, I don't want you to ride it today." If you explain why he should leave it at home, he'll be far less likely to make a fuss. Occasionally you have to demand quick action and there's no time for an explanation, but if he feels your requests are usually reasonable he will accept this one on faith.

If you can be firm and still pleasant he'll be more likely to co-operate, because he knows you'll see that it is done. Treating him as an equal helps. Of course he is not your equal in experience but he appreciates courtesy just as much as an adult. The intense, determined child is harder to train, but lots of parents have accomplished this and such children usually become very valuable citizens.

Allowing free, vigorous play—without interference from you—between his routine jobs is extremely helpful in his

management. Also you'd be wise to let him blow off steam verbally as well. Half the time that he says "no," he doesn't really mean it and many of his aggressive or abusive remarks sound much worse than he really intends. Ignoring them discourages him from talking in this unacceptable way. If he finds that such talk makes you excited and angry, he is much more likely to keep it up, even if all the results are not pleasant for him.

Punishment is inevitable now and

then but it rarely needs to be slaps or spankings. He shouldn't be punished for accidents or for first offenses. Once warned in a way that he understands, however, he is a candidate for punishment if he deliberately repeats the misdemeanor. Scolding him for the wrong he has done, and showing him how he could have done it right is often all the punishment he needs. The psychologists warn us against giving him the idea that he forfeits our love when he is naughty. You certainly

don't like what he has done, it is true, but you still like him. If you find you are curbing and scolding him constantly, that means you haven't arranged his activities suitably and you need to look for new ways of giving him more free scope.

Punishment for a young child should follow the misdeed promptly, so that he connects the two. It should be graded to the offense and should if possible be a natural sequence of it. For instance, he is slow dressing, despite



WE

By Edna C. Hanson

In a dim museum, dusty and undisturbed,
The Tablets of Stone are laid;
We have outgrown them, and the Golden Ark,
We, the Unaframed.

No longer, even, ask we for a sign;
(This angered Him, they say, in ancient times.)
Would we believe a sign,
If one were sent?
Or understand, exactly, what it meant?
We have climbed higher than old Sinai,
Higher still
Than the top of the monstrous Cross,
Though it stood on a hill—

We labored up
From the sulphurous craters of Ignorance;
How sweet the air on the rim!
But sweeter the hill.
How high the mountains seemed . . .

We have passed the peaks,
The fork of the lightning, the back of the cloud;
Intense, impatient,
Clawing at distance,
Forever warring with time,
Groping for stars, our feet upon the hills,
A generation
Too strong for faith,
Too wise for miracles.

We're proud of our new arrival!

Happy new mothers will be in a mood to rejoice with us over five new additions to the famous Heinz Baby Food Family—Strained Beef, Strained Liver & Bacon, Strained Beef Liver, Strained Veal and Strained Beef Heart. It's the newest, most wonderful baby food news in years.

Doctors nowadays are recommending finely-sieved, easily-digested protein meats to supplement normal infant diet within the first few weeks. What a treat for you to have exactly the right thing for your baby, ready to heat and serve. You'll find all five of Heinz Strained Meats at your dealer's now. Watch for more new arrivals.

5 Strained Meats . 4 Baby Cereals
35 Strained Foods . 20 Junior Foods



"MOTHER-DESIGNED"

MONARCH Babyalls

FOR AGES 6 TO 24 MONTHS



SO COMFORTABLE FOR BABY



SO CONVENIENT FOR YOU!

There never were play togs with so many built-in advantages and time savers as famous Monarch Babyalls. That's because mothers of young children helped design them!

You'll appreciate, too, the softness, the rich color of Babyalls fabrics, the careful finishing which guarantees long service. Even as "hand-me-downs," Monarch Babyalls look almost like new.

Ask for them by name—Monarch Babyalls.



DIAPER CHANGING'S SO EASY!

Monarch Babyalls have sturdy dome fasteners on inside leg seams—so you don't have to undress baby. You just UNSNAP! CHANGE! AND SNAP!

ST-R-RETCH WITH BABY!

Monarch Babyalls have completely elasticized non-slip shoulder straps and back band to give greater comfort and neater fit . . . keep baby snug even in drafts.

NO BUTTONS OR HOOKS!

Monarch Babyalls have guaranteed dome fasteners throughout. Nothing to break in the wash, fall off or get in baby's mouth.

FULL SIZE RANGE!

Monarch Babyalls also come in an Extra-Large size for 2-year olds.

SANFORIZED COLORFAST!

Monarch Babyalls are Sanforized fabrics—easily washed—and guaranteed not to run or shrink.

MANY MATERIALS AND COLORS

- 1 Corduroy—in light blue, yellow, aqua, pink or grey, \$2.98
- 2 Cotton Gabardine—in light blue, yellow, aqua, red or pink, \$1.98
- 3 Embossed Corded Pique with "Everglaze" finish—in light blue, yellow, aqua and red, \$1.98
- 4 Vat-dyed Woven Chambray—in faded blue and red, \$1.98

MONARCH BABYALLS
an instant hit as a gift!

Look for the sanitary
cellophane package



COMMENDED BY PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Monarch Babyalls now carry the coveted Seal of Commendation from Parents' Magazine.

Monarch Babyalls have passed exacting laboratory tests—tests on workmanship, design, washability, colorfastness, wearing qualities.

The Parents' Seal is just one more guarantee of value for your money when you buy Monarch Babyalls. So don't chance substitutes. Ask for Monarch Babyalls by name—Commended by Parents' Magazine.



MONARCH WEAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED

327 CUMBERLAND AVE., WINNIPEG

Also makers of famous SKIPPY PLAY-TOGS for older children.
If your regular store cannot supply you, write us for the address
of your nearest Monarch dealer.

warnings, and so he misses the ride. He has to learn not to hurt other children. If he persists in doing so, he has to play by himself. If he damages other people's property with one of his toys, that toy is forfeited for the time being and he plays in his own back yard. He needs to be appropriately punished when he uses forbidden articles or refuses routines, but of course you will put as little temptation to do so in his way as possible. This is where your ingenuity comes in. For a very young child, who is too young to understand, a slap on

the hand as he is about to do wrong is often very instructive. However, with older children spankings and force make the child afraid of you and this practice is apt to grow on you. Almost always more effective punishments can be found.

With practice you can anticipate many difficult situations and take steps to head them off. Your ultimate aim is to socialize your youngsters without repressing their good qualities of curiosity and initiative or making them rebellious to all authority. *



THIS SUMMER...

GO

ROUND

THE

WORLD

WITH

CLAIRE WALLACE

Here's your ticket for romance and adventure all summer long, as you follow the exciting travels of famous radio reporter and magazine writer Claire Wallace, exclusively in the pages of Chatelaine.

Go with Claire as she rediscovers the Fourteen Wonders of the World . . . Fly by globe-girdling airliner, sail through the Dodecanese Islands of Greece, travel by elephant, camel and rickshaw . . . Visit the strife-torn Middle East, the troubled ancient capital of Cairo, see Pakistan and India through Claire's inquisitive eyes, skirt the bamboo curtain from Hong Kong to Tokyo—and finish your trip in carefree Hawaii.

Country by country, month by month from June through September, Claire Wallace will file last-minute dispatches for you to read in Chatelaine every issue for four issues.

Don't miss the take-off next month in

JUNE CHATELAINE

Wherever you go in Canada this summer you can keep up with
Claire in Chatelaine, at your nearest newsstand

NOW-get the kind of sleep you dream about

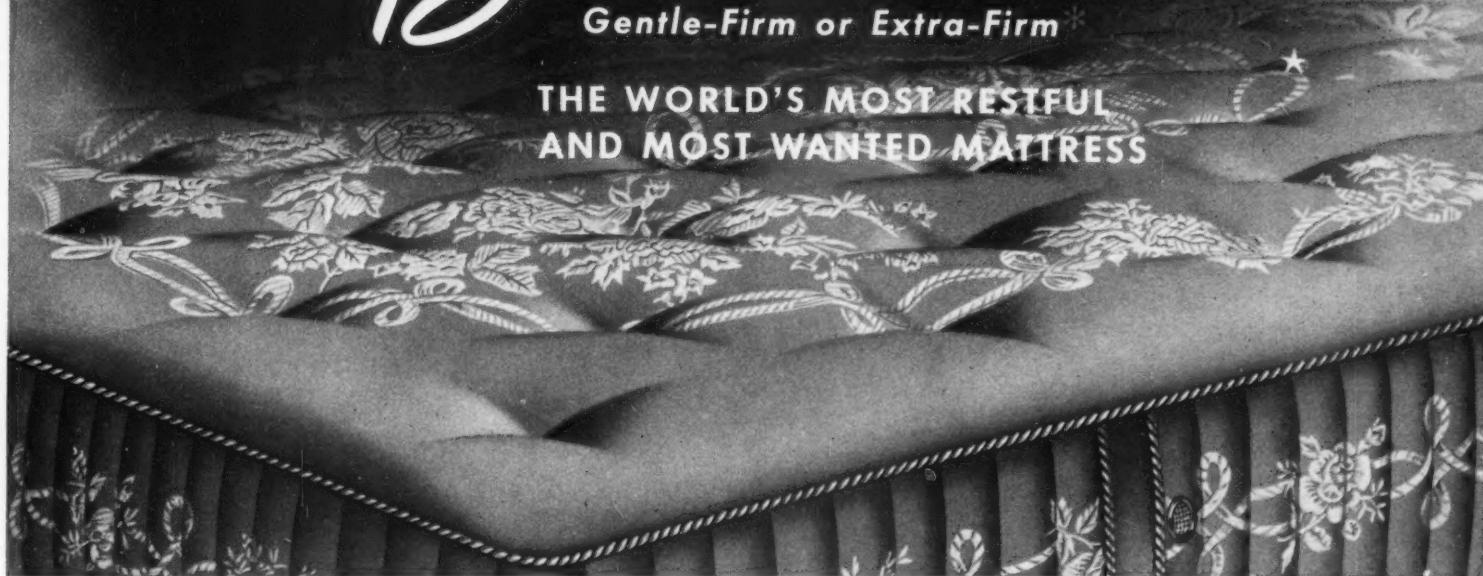


with

Beautyrest

Gentle-Firm or Extra-Firm

THE WORLD'S MOST RESTFUL
AND MOST WANTED MATTRESS



* Your choice of TWO Beautyrest Models—

GENTLE-FIRM
(STANDARD)

EXTRA FIRM



Both available with matching box springs

MADE ONLY BY

SIMMONS
LIMITED



Air vents allow free circulation of air inside the Beautyrest Mattress to keep it fresh. Taped handles are for added convenience in handling.



Precision "Jiffy-Join" tufting prevents side-sway and sag, and keeps everything in position. This insures uniformity and cannot be felt by the sleeper.



See how the ordinary inner spring "hammocks" under weight. Compare Beautyrest's independent coil springing, giving complete relaxation.



837 individually pocketed springs in Beautyrest act independently, can't pull each other down. Give firm, buoyant support to every body curve.

MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER

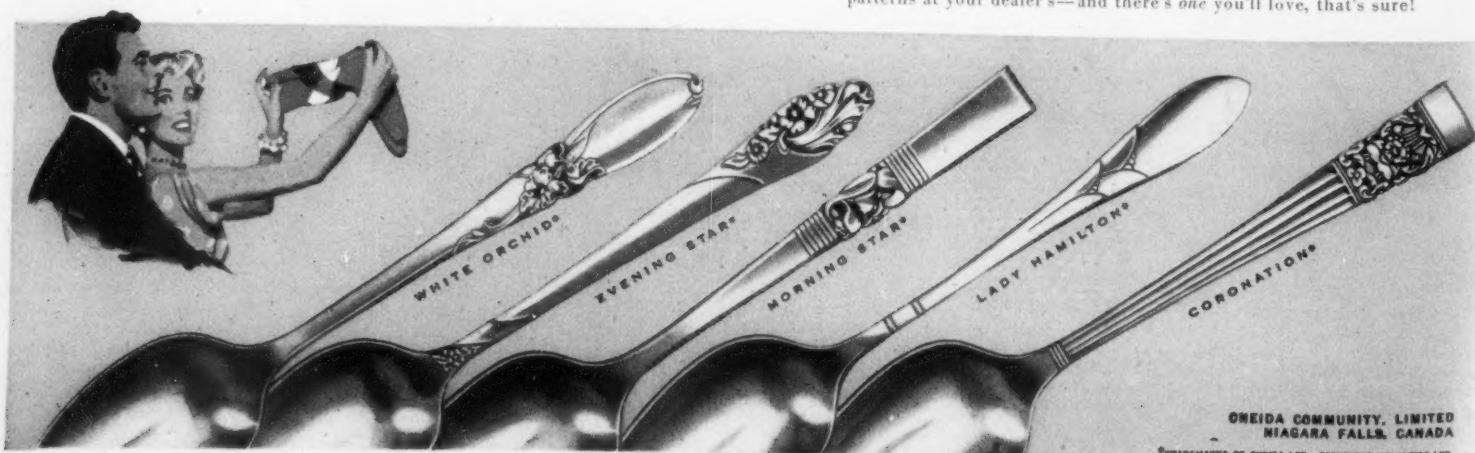


**ANY MOMENT NOW
... SHE'LL WANT**

Hold still, young man! She's a pretty particular girl, you know . . . and maybe that's one reason she's the girl for you, for keeps! Any moment now, you'll be off to your dealer's! He'll tell you she is wise to choose Community . . . its impressive weight and lifetime beauty will attest your good taste, its

pure silver "Overlay" will outlast your lifetime. And with dinner services for 8 starting as low as \$68.75, including a handsome anti-tarnish chest, there isn't any real excuse for not starting out with *all* the silverware you need . . . in the finest of all fine silverplate . . . Community!

Note to Mother: If the youngsters are taken care of, perhaps it's your moment, too, to choose an extra set of gleaming Community.* Five famous patterns at your dealer's—and there's *one* you'll love, that's sure!



ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LIMITED
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA
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June 1954

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ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

QUEBEC

Annual vacation for Rollin-Clark sole employees begins July 26th and extends to August 7th